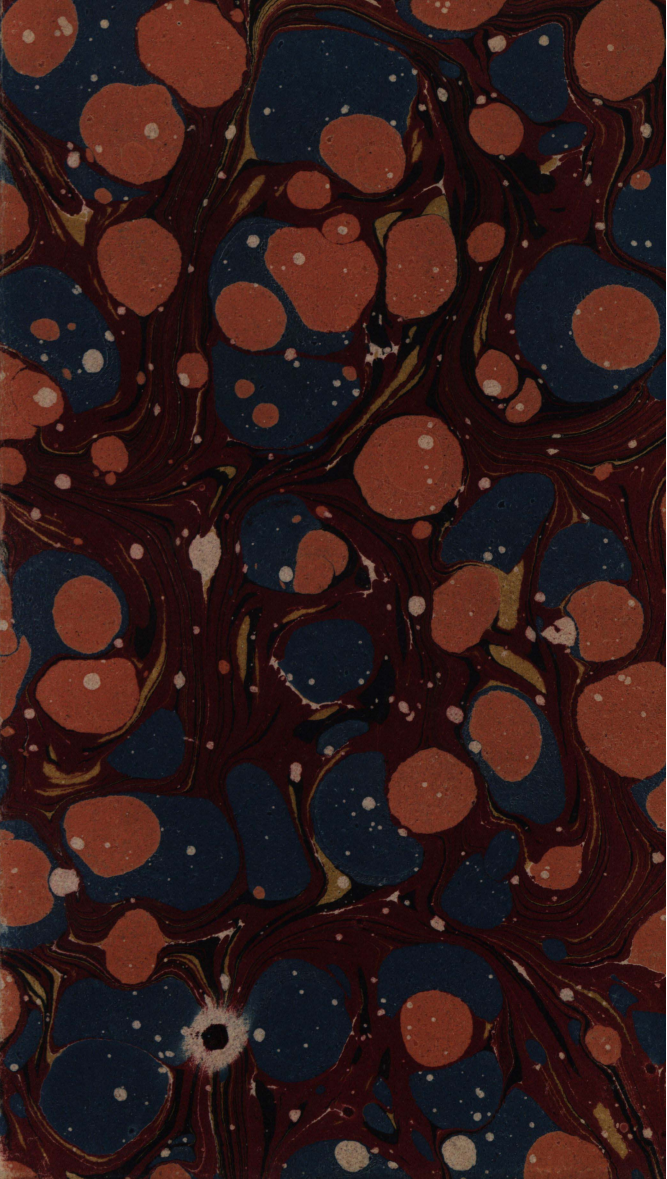




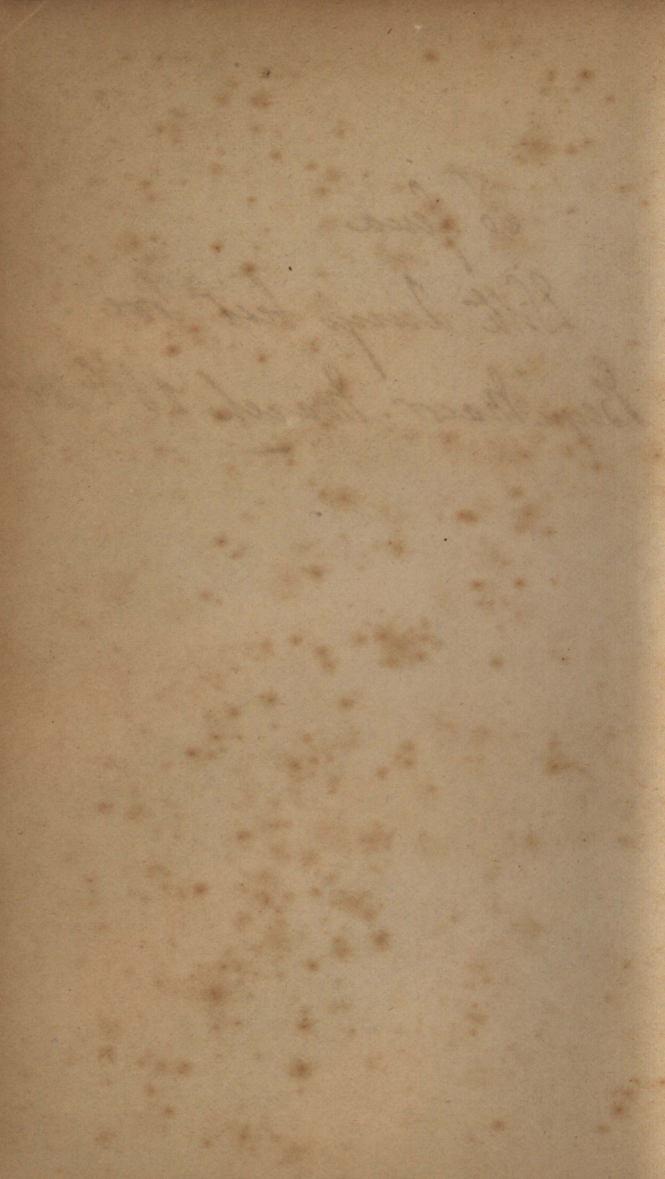
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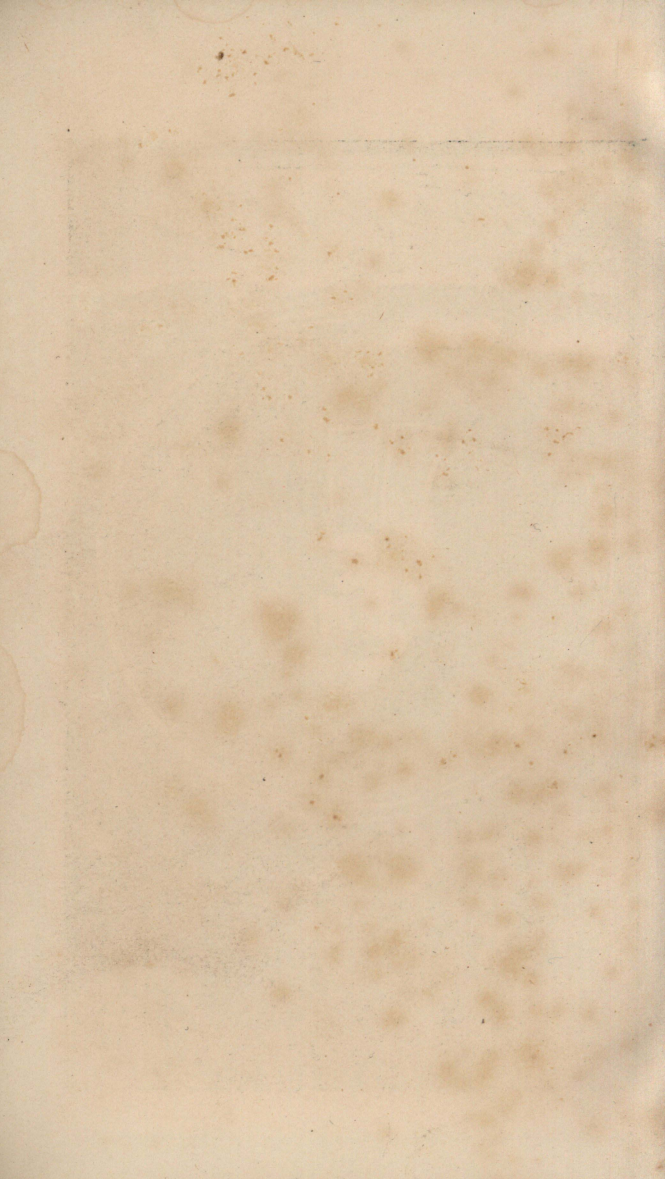


To Anna .

Little Anna's best love .

Bryn Mawr. March 26th / 8







Front.

RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs,

AND

OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS, TOGETHER
WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE.

By THOMAS PERCY,
LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE.

EDITED BY

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT,
INCUMBENT OF BEAR WOOD.

~~~~~  
Illustrated by Edward Corbould.  
~~~~~

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.
NEW YORK: 129, GRAND STREET.
1865.

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LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

PREFACE.

THE Publishers had a twofold object in producing this edition of the "Reliques." They wished to make a popular "Percy" in one volume. The design implied revision. Percy compiled his Ballads and Songs with taste and learning; but he sometimes littered the page with the lumber of the antiquary. When the "Reliques" appeared, the lumber itself was valuable, and the Essays on the Stage and Romance possessed a particular interest; but they are now superseded by later and ampler researches, and are therefore omitted in this edition. I have retained the discourse on the Minstrel; for it is composed in the best style of the Author, and conveys much information in agreeable language. Some illustrative notes are added. In a companion volume—"Ballads and Romances"—the interesting subject of metrical romance will be examined. The introductory Notices of the "Reliques" are either condensed from the originals, or wholly re-written. The limits of a volume made this treatment imperative; but the nature of the book seemed also to suggest and authorise it. A compilation taken up and laid down during several years is unavoidably marked by the desultory habits of the compiler, who, at the end of a poem, is found correcting an error in the beginning. Moreover, since the time

of Percy, ingenious scholars have diligently traversed the paths which he trod, lighting up many dark places in their way. But the claims of Percy deserve respectful deference: I have never talked when he might talk for me, and phrases in harmony with the old colouring of the verses are constantly preserved.

It is not the least singular circumstance, in the history of the "Reliques," that no attempt has hitherto been made to correct the mistakes or render the beauties of the Collection more conspicuous. Issuing from the press in various forms, the Introductions have always re-appeared in their original shape. The spots on the old face have been religiously transferred to the new. I include the questionable restoration of "The Wanton Wife of Bath," which the praise of Addison tempted the Editor to adopt, but which his maturer taste very wisely excluded. I should have gratified my own judgment by the omission of two or three other compositions, of which the merits and the fitness are extremely doubtful.

In all editions of the "Reliques" with which I am acquainted, the Glossaries remain as Percy left them. I have endeavoured to improve and enlarge them in this volume. The obscurer words are explained at the foot of each page, and, while constantly availing myself of Percy's assistance, I have sought other guides when he was silent. Mr. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic Phrases," and Mr. T. Wright's "Obsolete and Provincial English," are useful companions.

The poetical text is given, without any abridgment, from the fourth edition, which underwent the revision of the Bishop's nephew, a refined and judicious scholar. The punctuation has been attentively considered, and

modified, I hope, in some cases, with advantage to the clearness of expression. In the poetry, the correcting hand of Percy is frequently visible; but we have his assurance that, "when any considerable liberties were taken with the old copies," he was careful to indicate the fact by three asterisks subjoined. The pieces so amended are twenty-nine.¹

Among books which are related to the "Reliques," and promote the intelligent enjoyment of them, I ought to mention Mr. Chappell's revised treatise on Popular Music, and Dr. Rimbault's interesting "Illustrations." From these I have derived advice and instruction.

R. A. WILLMOTT.

ST. CATHERINE'S, *June 8, 1857.*

¹ The titles are—Sir Cauline, King Estmere, Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne, The Child of Elle, Edom o' Gordon, The Friar of Orders Gray, Gilde-roy, Sir Aldingar, King Edward and Tanner of Tamworth, As ye came from the Holy Land, The Heir of Linne, The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green, Sir Andrew Barton, Corin's Fate, King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, The Old and Young Courtier, The Baffled Knight, The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, King Arthur's Death, The Lady turned Serving-Man, Barbara Allen's Cruelty, Sweet William's Ghost, The Willow Tree, The King of France's Daughter, The Birth of St. George, The Spanish Virgin, Valentine and Ursine, The Boy and the Mantle.

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THOMAS PERCY.

THOMAS PERCY, a name musical to all lovers of poetry, was born, April 13, 1728, at Bridgenorth, in Shropshire, where his father was a grocer. He received his early education at the free school of his native town, and was sent an exhibitioner to Christ Church, Oxford, in July, 1746. Having been ordained a priest, he was presented by his College, 1756, to the vicarage of Easton Mauduit, Northamptonshire, which he held with the Rectory of Wilby, given to him afterwards by the Earl of Sussex. A country home afforded ample leisure for literary studies, which he cultivated with assiduity and good taste. In 1759 he married Anne, daughter of Martin Guthridge, or Goodriche, Esq., in the same county.¹ To this lady he addressed the charming lines, which will live as long as any of the "Reliques." At Ecton House, about five miles from Northampton, is a portrait of Mrs. Percy, holding in her hand a scroll, on which is inscribed the song, "O Nanny." If Madame D'Arblay's account be correct, "the fairest of the fair" borrowed her grace from the poet's pen:—"She is very uncultivated, and ordinary in manners and conversation; but a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly a nurse." Mrs. Percy was, at this time (1791), in weak health, and declining life. She died at Dromore, December 30, 1806, in the 76th year of her age; and we are assured that "to the last she remained a favourite" with Johnson.

Percy was busy in 1761. In that year he received (June 10) fifty pounds for a Chinese Romance called "Hau Kiou

¹ See Nichols's "Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century," vii. 252.

Choaan ;" "Chinese Proverbs," and a new version of "Solomon's Songs," brought smaller sums. The Chinese Novel was published in four volumes. Grainger writes :—" You have been at pains in collecting your notes to the Chinese History. They throw much light upon it, and, to deal frankly with you, they constitute the most valuable part of your book." The first Chinese Letter of Goldsmith had appeared in the "Public Ledger," January 24, 1760, and been favourably received. But "Hau Kiou Choaan" was a genuine Chinese story, preserved among the papers of Mr. Wilkinson, a merchant who spent several years in Canton. Percy translated the fourth volume from the Portuguese.

In the same year (1761), he signed an agreement with the Tonsons to edit the works of the Duke of Buckingham, for the sum of fifty-two guineas; and he also undertook (March, 1763), to superintend an edition of Surrey's Poems. Both works were printed, but never published. The whole impression of "Surrey," with the exception of two or three copies previously given to friends, was destroyed by fire in 1808.¹ Mr. Payne Collier has described a copy in his possession. It is a reprint of Tottell's edition, 1557. Percy made no attempt at revising the poems, nor did he write any life of Surrey. The design, however, was extensive, and embraced specimens of all the undramatic blank verse preceding the "Paradise Lost." Mr. Collier says—"He was guilty of some important omissions, because bibliographical knowledge was not then so far advanced as at present; but he performed good service to letters; and the blank verse productions, which he subjoins, are by Tuberville, Gascoigne, Riche, Peele, James Aske, William Vallans, Nicholas Breton, Chapman, and Christopher Marlowe."

In 1763, Percy published Five Pieces of Runic poetry, ten guineas being the purchase-money.

¹ "Notes and Queries," May 18, 1850.

Many years afterwards, Mr. William Herbert, in the first flush of his northern studies, denounced the attempt to render a foreign language through the medium of a Latin prose version, and spoke of Percy with great severity, affirming that his translation of Regner Lodbrog's Ode teemed with errors, scarcely a line of it being properly interpreted. Percy vindicated himself in letters to Dr. Anderson:—"Notwithstanding that he condemns, in the gross, translations like mine, made through the medium of a Latin version, yet I humbly conceive an English reader will form thereby as good a notion of the peculiar images and general subject of the originals as from his own paraphrase in English verse; but in my translation I had an advantage in having it compared with the original by the great master of northern literature, the Rev. Edward Lye, author of the 'Anglo-Saxon Lexicon.'" The translations are in prose, and admit no comparison with Gray's noble specimens of the Norse-tongue, which, like Percy's, were made from Latin versions of the originals.

In 1764, Percy gave to the Press his "Key to the New Testament;" a well-arranged and useful Introduction, which has been often reprinted, and is still consulted by theological students. During the summer of the same year, Johnson visited him at Easton Mauduit, a dull parsonage in a dull county, and remained through parts of the months of June, July, and August. It was on this occasion that he chose for his regular reading the Spanish Romance of "Felixmarte of Hircania." From boyhood he had a passion for tales of chivalry, and did not lose it in his latest years. The Doctor was in his happiest mood. Mrs. Percy told Cradock, that her husband "looked out all sorts of books to be ready for his amusement after breakfast, and that Johnson was so attentive and polite to her, that, when her husband mentioned the literature prepared in the study, he said—'No, sir, I shall first wait upon Mrs. Percy to feed the ducks.'"

Percy was now occupied, at intervals, in preparing the collection of old Ballads and Poems on which his fame is

built. The first suggestion of the "Reliques" came from Shenstone, who wrote to Graves, March 1, 1761,—

"You have heard me speak of Mr. Percy—he was in treaty with Mr. James Dodsley, for the publication of our best old ballads in three volumes. He has a large folio MS. of ballads which he showed me, and which, with his own natural and acquired talents, would qualify him for the purpose as well as any man in England. I proposed the scheme to him myself, wishing to see an elegant edition and good collection of this kind. I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and in fixing upon the best readings; but my illness broke off our correspondence the beginning of winter."

In the autumn of the same year (September 24), Shenstone relates the progress of the work in a very interesting letter to Mr. M'Gowan of Edinburgh:—

"And now, having thanked you for the Scotch snuff, I come to ask, whether you have any old Scotch ballads which you would wish preserved in a neat edition. I have occasioned a friend of mine to publish a fair collection of the best old English and Scotch ballads,—a work I have long had much at heart. Mr. Percy, the collector and publisher, is a man of learning, taste, and indefatigable industry; is Chaplain to the Earl of Sussex. It so happens that he has himself a folio collection of this kind of MSS. which has many things truly curious, and from which he selects the best. I am only afraid that his fondness for antiquity should tempt him to admit pieces that have no other sort of merit. However, he has offered me a rejecting power, of which I mean to make considerable use. He is encouraged in his undertaking by Samuel Johnson, Garrick, and many persons of note, who lend him such assistance as is within their power. He has brought Mr. Warton (the Poetry Professor), to ransack the Oxford Libraries, and has resided, and employed six amanuenses to transcribe from Pepys's Collection at Cambridge, consisting of five volumes of old ballads, in folio. He says justly, that it is in the remote parts of the kingdom that he has most reason to expect the curiosities he

wants; that in the southern parts fashion and novelty cause such things to be neglected. Accordingly he has settled a correspondence in Wales, in the wilds of Staffordshire and Derbyshire, in the West Indies, in Ireland, and, if he can obtain your assistance, he hopes to draw materials from the whole British Empire. He tells me there is, in the Collection of Magdalen College Library, a very curious collection of ancient Scottish songs and poems, he thinks, not published, or known; many of Dunbar, Maitland of Lethington, and one allegorical poem of Gawain Douglas, too obsolete for his collection; and one yet more obsolete, called 'Peebles in the Play,' mentioned in Christ's Kirk on the Green. He met Mr. Gray in the University Library, who is going to write the history of English Poetry. But, to put an end to this long article, his Collection will be printed in two or three small octavos, with suitable decorations; and if you find an opportunity of sending aught that may be proper for his insertion, I think I can safely answer for his thankfulness, as well as my own. He showed me an old ballad in his folio MS., under the name of 'Adam Carr:' three parts in four coincide so much with your 'Edom of Gordon,' that the former name appears to me an odd corruption of the latter. His MS. will, however, tend to enrich 'Edom of Gordon' with two of the prettiest stanzas I ever saw, beside many other improvements. He has also a MS. of 'Gill Morice,' called in his copy 'Childe Morice.' Of this more another time."

This letter shows the zeal of Percy and the liberality of his friends. Few Collectors have had such helpers. The library of Garrick was rich in early English poetry; but he found his most useful correspondent in Birch, whose aid he might have gracefully acknowledged in warmer terms. Birch was not more indefatigable in gathering information than generous in imparting it. Lively in talk, vigorous in body, and endowed with a sleepless curiosity, he amassed large stores of varied learning, and wrote as much as he walked, but with a very inferior ease and freshness. Composition was to him the birdlime which

Southey found in reviewing. Gray, who saw Birch one day at work in the British Museum, pleasantly observed, that he ought never to write for himself. The erudite and social Farmer was another contributor of book-lore. Steevens, also, afterwards, proved to be a serviceable, though a dangerous, ally. His fellow-labourer, in the edition of Shakspeare, remarked of him, that he lived the life of an outlaw; and his portrait, mean, sarcastic, and pugnacious, creates an immediate prejudice against him, and is taken as the index of his mind. Johnson's assistance is not particularised, and we do not find that Gray exerted himself to lighten or embellish the task. Warton was more zealous, and speaks "of the valuable collection of little pieces lately made by his ingenious friend and fellow-labourer, Dr. Percy." The first volume of the "History of Poetry" appeared in 1774, and Percy therefore preceded Warton by the space of nine years. The kindly feelings of Shenstone have been already noticed. Some portions of the "Reliques" were also submitted to Goldsmith, who claims our thanks for suggesting the "Friar of Orders Gray." When he was accused of stealing his "Hermit" from that ballad, he stated the circumstances of the composition:—"I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his (Percy's) ballad was taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he, as we both considered these things as trifles at best, told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it."

Among the friends who had watched the growth of the "Reliques," and rejoiced in their completion, Dr. Grainger merits honourable mention. By Percy he was sincerely esteemed, and his contemporaries shared the same sentiment of regard. They who did not value the poet, loved the man. Grainger, according to his own statement, was born about 1721. Percy told Anderson (February 5, 1805), "That his father was of Cumberland, I have heard him

mention, and that he had suffered from his attachment to the House of Stuart in the year 1715. His father may also have impaired his fortune. The Doctor was his son by a second marriage. His elder brother, who became a parent to him, was by a former wife. This is all I remember concerning his family. For, though united by the strictest bonds of friendship, my acquaintance with him did not commence till about three years before he went abroad. The time of his death was confirmed by the captain of a ship, who brought me a very kind letter from him, and a present of a pig fed with sugar-canes."

The name of Grainger is kept alive by a single Ode. His larger work—"The Sugar-Cane"—possesses a certain charm in the truth of its local colouring; for it was composed during the author's rides in the Island of St. Christopher to visit his patients. But his own criticism is fatal to his poem: "There can be no mediocrity in a Georgic." Grainger received considerable help from Percy in his poetical productions; and through the translation of "Tibullus," the finer touch of his friend is occasionally discovered.

The "Reliques" came from the press in the February of 1765. We are informed by Mr. Prior, who had the receipt before him, that Percy obtained one hundred guineas for the first edition. The payment must have been made in advance, as the receipt is dated March 25, 1763. Succeeding impressions enlarged the editor's profits, which, however, never reached the sum paid to Walter Scott for the "Border Minstrelsy."

The Collection was inscribed to Elizabeth, Duchess and Countess of Northumberland, in language of grateful and admiring affection, which very strongly recalls the pen of Johnson to the reader; for the style is altogether unlike the flowing and prolonged periods of Percy. The lady deserved the praise; genius and misfortune were sure of her sympathy, whether a Goldsmith or a Kit Smart made the appeal.

The immediate reception of the "Reliques" was not encouraging. Johnson, at the tea-table of Miss Reynolds,

and before the dismayed Editor, applied the ballad-metre to common narrative, in the famous example of the two men in the Strand; and Warburton and Hurd treated the book with disdain. Warburton writes to Hurd, March, 1765,—“It is as you say of Percy’s Ballads. Pray, is this the man who wrote about the Chinese? Antiquarianism is, indeed, to true letters what specious funguses are to the oak, which never shoot out and flourish till all the vigour and virtue of the grove be effete and nearly exhausted.” Percy might have expected a kinder greeting from Warburton, whom he had called “that eminent author,” whose “depth and clearness inferior writers cannot hope to attain to.”

The “Reliques” were followed, after an interval of six years, by “The Hermit of Warkworth.” Johnson wrote to Langton, March 20, 1771,—

“I was at the Club last night. Dr. Percy has written a long ballad in many *fits*; it is pretty enough; he has printed and will soon publish it.” But the publication drew a sharper criticism. Cradock, not indeed a very accurate relater, informs us,—“With all my partiality for Johnson, I freely declare that I think Dr. Percy received very great cause to take real offence at one who, by a ludicrous parody on a stanza in the ‘Hermit of Warkworth,’ had rendered him contemptible. It was urged that Johnson only meant to attack the metre; but he certainly turned the whole poem into ridicule. Mr. Garrick, in a letter to me, soon afterwards asked me, ‘Whether I had seen Johnson’s criticism on the ‘Hermit?’ It is already,’ said he, ‘over half the town.’”

The “Hermit” was not happily composed. Wordsworth remarks,—“Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours, from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that though, while he was writing under a mask, he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as evinced by the exquisite ballad of ‘Sir Cauline’ and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he

adopted, as in the tale of the 'Hermit of Warkworth,' a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy, in this kind of writing, superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated."

Grainger had written to his friend, March, 1765,—“ I hope you will sing yourself at least into a stall, if not into a throne.” The hope was to be fulfilled. In 1769, Percy was made Chaplain in ordinary to the King, having previously been appointed domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland. His advance now became rapid. In 1778, the Deanery of Carlisle was bestowed upon him, and in 1782 he was elevated to the See of Dromore, over which Jeremy Taylor had once presided. But the proverb was true in the case of Percy, and even in the Episcopal closet the skeleton was discovered. It took the grim and menacing shape of Ritson, who rises to our view whenever Percy is remembered.

Joseph Ritson was born at Stockton-upon-Tees, October 2, 1752, and having been articled to an attorney of that town, he was transferred to the chambers of Mr. Bradley, that he might acquire a knowledge of conveyancing. In 1775 he settled in London as a managing clerk of a respectable office. His antiquarian tastes were soon developed; he read manuscripts in the British Museum, and assisted Mr. Allan to compile the “History of Sherbourne Hospital.” About the year 1782 he adopted the tone of criticism which he always maintained. His letter to Thomas Warton was written with shameless effrontery, and his remarks on the edition of Shakspeare by Johnson and Steevens were scarcely less insulting. Mr. Park once heard Ritson express regret for his rudeness to Warton.

In 1783 he published a collection of English Songs, and censured, with his usual freedom, the system of former compilers. The lash fell with concentrated fury on Percy, whom he branded as a forger, and numbered with those who

employ character to sanctify fraud. We should, however, be unjust to Ritson in supposing him blind to the merits of the "Reliques." He declared them to be "beautiful, elegant, and ingenious." His hostility was directed against Percy's theory and practice of editorship. The characteristic of Ritson was literalness, of which Scott gives an amusing illustration. During a short visit to Lasswade, some person had told Ritson that the remains of the Roman Wall were either almost or altogether invisible. Scott hastily assured him that he had seen a portion of it standing, high enough for the fall to break a man's neck. Ritson took a note of the statement, and revisited the spot to verify it. Scott then perceived the risk which he had run of offending this man of imperfect sympathies, whom Elia must have seen in a vision, when he wrote,—“Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border land with him. His conversation is as a book; you must speak upon the square with him.” Ritson treated the "Reliques" like the Roman Wall, and resented every emendation as a violation of truth. The key to his personal virulence may be sought in the malady under which he died most painfully, September 3, 1803. It seems to have broken out in a hatred of Percy, a love of bad spelling, and a horror of meat. Of the strictest sect he lived a vegetarian; not only abstaining from fish, flesh, and fowl, but interdicting all food in which those substances were employed. He has recorded, with pathetic self-abasement, one transgression of his great law. It occurred in the South of Scotland, when tempted—I am obliged to add—conquered by wet, cold, and hunger, he "ventured to eat a few potatoes dressed under the roast." Mr. D'Israeli saw a resemblance to Ritson in Steele's portrait of Dennis. But Ritson found a milder Pope. The wish, however, was not wanting in Percy to avenge himself of his enemy, to whom he gave the title of "Wretch."

Ritson charged Percy with two offences: 1st, the misrepresenting of the office and dignity of the Ancient Minstrel; and, 2nd, the interpolating and corrupting of the Poems which he reprinted. The first accusation was partly ad-

mitted by Percy, who subsequently modified his earlier statement. The attack upon his honesty he repelled with just indignation; for his emendations of the old and mutilated ballads were open and avowed. But the merits of Ritson should not be forgotten in his faults. "Let it be remembered to his honour," is the admonition of Scott, "that without the encouragement of private patronage, or of public applause—without hopes of gain, and under the certainty of severe critical censure, he brought forward such a work on national antiquities, as in other countries has been thought worthy of universities, and the countenance of princes."

Goldsmith playfully remarked, in his discourse on Polite Learning, that when a man of letters is made a Bishop, he will no longer please as a writer. "The running horse when fattened will still be fit for very useful purposes, though unqualified for a courser." An Irish residence was not favourable to literary employment. The letters of the Bishop and his friends often miscarried; he was eight months in arrear with the last magazine; and a new book reached him in about the same time as it was received in Calcutta. But his mind and his pen were alike inquiring and active, and the very interesting "Percy Correspondence"¹ shows the studies which cheered the shades of Dromore. He constantly resided among the people over whom he had been appointed a chief shepherd, "promoting the instruction and comfort of the poor with unremitting attention, and superintending the sacred and civil interests of the diocese with vigilance and assiduity, revered and beloved for his piety, liberality, benevolence, and hospitality, by persons of every rank and religious denomination."

This character was given of Percy by one who knew him well, and had enjoyed his friendship. Upon a life so happy, because so useful, one shadow fell; his eyesight failed him more and more, until it was lost in darkness, which no skill might disperse.

¹ "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," by John Bowyer Nichols, vol. vii. 1848.

At length the time came for the departing in peace. We are told by the same friend that the wise and the good man died—September 30, 1811—as he had lived, a fine example of the power of religion on the mind; and edifying his kindred by patient resignation and composure under severe sufferings. So, after a pilgrimage of eighty-two years, the last male descendant of the ancient House of Percy began his new life.

Percy was emphatically a man of letters; and elegant literature was his garden out of which he gathered many sweet-scented flowers. Inferior to Warton in depth and fulness of poetical learning, to Gray in fervour and beauty of imagination, and to Goldsmith in natural pathos and fancy, he had a finer ear for music, and a more delicate taste for the simplicity of the old Ballad. And with the feeling of a poet he combined the patience of the antiquary. He never grew weary of washing the gold.

Of such a man the accomplishments would of necessity be large and pleasing. We learn from Boswell that Percy flowed with anecdotes, like a Scottish brook after rain; but he does not appear to have possessed the art of telling them. Madame D'Arblay describes him, in later life, when he was sixty-three years old, as perfectly easy and unassuming, but not very entertaining, because too prolix. Johnson spoke slightly of his powers. "You know he runs about with little weight upon his mind." The best specimen of Percy's talk, which has come down to us, is his character of Johnson's:—"The conversation of Johnson is strong and clear, and may be compared to an antique statue, where every nerve and muscle is distinct and bold. Ordinary conversation resembles an inferior caste."

Of the publications of Percy, the "*Reliques*," and the *Song to Nanny*, are alone recollected by general readers. Mr. Hallam calls the "*Reliques*" a "collection singularly heterogeneous, and very unequal in merit." And the criticism is just. I must acknowledge a graver fault in the occasional coarseness of the sentiments and the language. But no selection of English poetry, so large and attractive, had hitherto appeared; and the restoration of the faded

pictures was effected with the happiest skill. Southey complained that Scott always patched an old poem with new bricks; but Percy preserved the weather-stains. It is impossible to overrate the beneficial influence of the "Reliques" on our poetical literature. No storm of ridicule might wash that good seed out of the ground. Some of it came up quickly in bloom; and we owe the delightful poem of Beattie to the Essay on the Ancient Minstrels. In the following age the effect was more striking and extensive. Wordsworth placed the "Reliques" next in importance to the "Seasons" of Thomson, and entertained a firm belief that our poetry had been absolutely redeemed by those old Ballads and natural rhymes:—"I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the 'Reliques.' I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy on this occasion to make a public avowal of my own." Mr. Tennyson would probably express the same sentiment of gratitude.

The romantic confessions of Scott are familiar to all readers. Speaking of his boy-life after leaving the High School of Edinburgh, he says:—"I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden. The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." The "garden" belonged to Scott's aunt at

Kelso; and, in another place, he has described the long straight walks, the tall roses, the flowery thickets, and the splendid Oriental plane, "a huge hill of leaves," which, like most of its kind, died at the beginning of this century. Scott's admiration was deep and lasting, and when he presented his "Eve of St. John" and "Glenfinlas" to Bishop Percy, he requested a friend to assure him that he had formed his taste of ballad-thinking and expression upon that of the "Reliques."

I may not forget, among these testimonials of affection, the humbler tribute of my lost friend, the author of "Our Village," who, in a pleasant page of her "Literary Life," commemorates her early love of Percy:—"I read leading articles to please the company, and my dear mother recited the 'Children in the Wood' to please me. One day it happened that I was called upon to exhibit, and cried out amain for the ditty that I loved. My father hunted over the shelves until he had found the volumes; and they were actually put in charge of my maid Nancy, and she, waxing weary of the 'Children in the Wood,' gradually took to reading to me some of the other ballads; and as from three years I grew to four or five, I learned to read them myself, and the book became the delight of my childhood, as it is now the solace of my age. Ah! well-a-day! sixty years have passed, and I am an old woman, whose nut-brown hair has turned to white; but I never see that heavily-bound copy of 'Percy's Reliques' without the home of my infancy springing up before my eyes. . . . What a play-ground was that orchard! Happy, happy days! It is good to have the memory of such a childhood! to be able to call up past delights by the mere sight and sound of 'Chevy Chase,' or the 'Battle of Otterbourne.' And, as time wore on, the fine ballad of 'King Estmere' got to be amongst our prime favourites. Absorbed by the magic of the story, the old English never troubled us."

Burns considered the song "O Nanny" to be the most beautiful ballad in the English language. It had a Scottish dress before Dodsley published it in 1766; for Grainger

requests the author to let him communicate his "Scottish song" to a magazine. In Dodsley's Collection the song is printed thus:—

O Nancy! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The remark of Gray upon the "Minstrel" may apply to these verses. "I think," he wrote to Beattie, "that we should wholly adopt the language of Spenser's time, or wholly renounce it." "Sheen," which Percy uses in the fifth line, was one of the obsolete words to which Gray objected.

The musical setting of this song has been claimed for two composers. Archdeacon Nares asks Percy, November 27, 1801,—“Who was the Mr. Carter who made the very beautiful original tune to your ballad, ‘Oh, Nanny?’” The

reply of the Bishop is not known; but Carter lived until October 12, 1804. Nares was likely, from his musical connections, to possess correct information on the subject; but so recently as April, 1847, a descendant of Mr. Joseph Barldon asserted his ancestor's title to the honour of composing the air, all his books and papers having been purchased by Carter, who discovered the music of "Nanny" in MS., and published it under his own name.

Percy contributed some short compositions, in Latin and English, to the "Grand Magazine," which was projected by Mr. Strahan; but they are not of sufficient interest to be reprinted. The Northumberland Household Book, and the translation of Mallet's Northern Antiquities are well known.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE FOURTH EDITION.

TWENTY years have near elapsed since the last edition of this work appeared. But, although it was sufficiently a favourite with the public, and had long been out of print, the original Editor had no desire to revive it. More important pursuits had, as might be expected, engaged his attention; and the present edition would have remained unpublished, had he not yielded to the importunity of his friends, and accepted the humble offer of an Editor in a nephew, to whom, it is feared, he will be found too partial.

These volumes are now restored to the public with such corrections and improvements as have occurred since the former impression; and the Text in particular hath been emended in many passages by recurring to the old copies. The instances being frequently trivial, are not always noted in the margin; but the alteration hath never been made without good reason: and especially in such pieces as were extracted from the folio Manuscript so often mentioned in the following pages, where any variation occurs from the former impression, it will be understood to have been given on the authority of that MS.

The appeal publicly made to Dr. Johnson, in the first page of the following Preface, so long since as in the year 1765, and never once contradicted by him during so large a portion of his life, ought to have precluded every doubt concerning the existence of the MS. in question. But

such, it seems, having been suggested, it may now be mentioned, that while this edition passed through his press, the MS. itself was left for near a year with Mr. Nichols, in whose house, or in that of its Possessor, it was examined with more or less attention by many Gentlemen of eminence in literature. At the first publication of these volumes, it had been in the hands of all, or most of, his friends; but, as it could hardly be expected that he should continue to think of nothing else but these amusements of his youth, it was afterwards laid aside at his residence in the country. Of the many Gentlemen above-mentioned, who offered to give their testimony to the public, it will be sufficient to name the Honourable Daines Barrington, the Reverend Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, and those eminent Critics on Shakespeare, the Reverend Dr. Farmer, George Steevens, Esq., Edmund Malone, Esq., and Isaac Reed, Esq., to whom I beg leave to appeal for the truth of the following representation.¹

The MS. is a long narrow folio volume, containing 195 Sonnets, Ballads, Historical Songs, and Metrical Romances, either in the whole or in part, for many of them are extremely mutilated and imperfect. The first and last leaves are wanting; and of fifty-four pages near the beginning, half of every leaf hath been torn away, and several others are injured towards the end, besides that through a great part of the volume the top or bottom line, and sometimes both have been cut off in the binding.

In this state is the MS. itself: and even where the leaves have suffered no injury, the transcripts, which seem to have been all made by one person (they are at least all in the same kind of hand), are sometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in such instances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate

¹ Percy wrote to Archdeacon Nares, December 28, 1804:—"Mr. Steevens, calling one morning, spent an hour or two in examining the MS., and minutely collated one of those pieces extracted from it which are declared to be printed verbatim from the original. With the exactness of this he professed himself so well satisfied that he allowed his name to be appealed to." W.

singers; so that a considerable portion of the song or narrative is sometimes omitted; and miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently introduced into pieces of considerable merit. And often the copyist grew so weary of his labour as to write on without the least attention to the sense or meaning; so that the word which should form the rhyme is found misplaced in the middle of the line; and we have such blunders as these, *want and will* for *wanton will*; even *pan and wale* for *wan and pale*, &c.

Hence the Public may judge how much they are indebted to the composer of this collection; who, at an early period of life, with such materials and such subjects, formed a work which hath been admitted into the most elegant libraries; and with which the judicious Antiquary hath just reason to be satisfied, while refined entertainment hath been provided for every Reader of taste and genius.¹

THOMAS PERCY,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

¹ "We have to add that, in the fourth edition of the 'Reliques,' Mr. Thomas Percy, of St. John's College, Oxford, pleading the cause of his uncle with the most gentlemanly moderation, and, with every respect to Mr. Ritson's science and talents, has combated the critic's opinion, without any attempt to retort his injurious language. It would be now, no doubt, desirable to have had some more distinct account of Dr. Percy's folio Manuscript and its contents; and Mr. Thomas Percy accordingly gives the original of the 'Marriage of Sir Gawaine,' and collates it with the copy published in a complete state by his uncle. It would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr. Percy had used the licence of an editor, and certainly, at this period, would be only a degree of justice due to his memory."—Scott's "Poetical Works" (Minstrelsy), i. 67.—W.

THE PREFACE.¹

THE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio Manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century; but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.

This Manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the Author of the "Rambler" and the late Mr. Shenstone.

¹ Except in one paragraph, and in the notes subjoined, this Preface is given, with little variation, from the first edition in 1765.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either show the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into volumes, each of which contains an independent series of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each volume, or series, is divided into three books, to afford so many pauses, or resting-places to the reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity and many artless graces, which, in the opinion of no mean Critics,¹ have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties; and, if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are everywhere intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class; of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who com-

¹ Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, and the witty Lord Dorset, &c. See the "Spectator," No. 70. The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things.

posed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no further than for present applause and present subsistence.

The Reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other Collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgements to those gentlemen who were so kind as to impart extracts from them; for while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection he tells us was "begun by Mr. Selden; improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the black-letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS., besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected;

and from many private collections, as well printed as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted "commas." And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For these old popular rhymes, being many of them copied only from illiterate transcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the Bard nor was worthy the press; when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation, where any considerable liberties were taken with the old copies, and to have retained, either in the text or margin, any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar; so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious

antiquary and the reader of taste; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.¹

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it, had not death unhappily prevented him.² Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgement of his friend. The old folio MS. above mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq. of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire,³ to whom this public acknowledgement is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., of Hales, near Edinburgh, the editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John M'Gowan, Esq. of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq. of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Hest, of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgements:

¹ "The 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' a work in which the splendour of genius and the delicacy of taste have diffused such a light over the dusty, sombre, and uninviting path of the scholar and the antiquary, as has endeared to the most refined readers a kind of study which was before supposed to have no charms but for nurses and old women."—Jamieson, "Ballads," p. xv.—W.

² That the editor hath not here underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves, dated March 1, 1761. See his Works, vol. iii. letter ciii. It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

³ Who informed the editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, author of the "Popular Tenures," 1679, 4to., and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's "Athenæ," ii. 73; the earliest of which is "The Art of making Devises," 1646, 4to., wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the collection was made by this lawyer (who also published the "Law Dictionary," 1671, folio), it should seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

to Mr. Blakeway, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library; and Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished.¹ Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum, and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Thomas Astle, Esq., to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleian Catalogue.² The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Norris, deserved acknowledgement for the obliging manner in which he gave the editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old plays, are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And, if the Glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal

¹ To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone, near Salisbury, Editor of the curious edition of "Don Quixote," with annotations, in Spanish, in 6 vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Blechley, near Fenny-Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Noreham, in Northumberland (author of a learned "History of Chess," 1764, 8vo., and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned notes, 1774, 8vo.); and to G. Paton, of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the public, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations: to the Honourable Daines Barrington, for his very learned and curious "Observations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., whose most correct and elegant edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 5 vols. 8vo., is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. Geo. Ashby, late fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out, because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to Thomas Butler, Esq., F.A.S., agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history has been of great use to the Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by Samuel Pegge, Esq., author of that curious work the "Curialia," 4to.; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all, which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

² Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for Northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, editor of Junius's "Etymologicum," and of the "Gothic Gospels."

The names of so many men of learning and character, the Editor hopes, will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads.¹ It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

¹ "I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them."
—Sir William Temple's Works, iii. 429.—W.

Dedication.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Elizabeth,

COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE, BRYAN,
AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

Most writers, who solicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their addresses; a remark that will perhaps be too readily applied to him who, having nothing better to offer than the rude Songs of ancient Minstrels, aspires to the patronage of the Countess of Northumberland, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.

But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear, when it is related that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art, but as effusions of nature, showing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages; of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious Ancestors preserved them from oblivion.

No active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention to the reliques of antiquity. It is prompted by natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners,

and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed. But this curiosity, Madam, must be stronger in those who, like your Ladyship, can remark in every period the influence of some great Progenitor, and who still feel in their effects the transactions and events of distant centuries.

By such Bards, Madam, as I am now introducing to your presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and advanced, by such were the minds of unlettered warriors softened and enlarged, by such was the memory of illustrious actions preserved and propagated, by such were the heroic deeds of the Earls of Northumberland sung at festivals in the hall of Alnwick; and those Songs which the bounty of your Ancestors rewarded, now return to your Ladyship by a kind of hereditary right; and, I flatter myself, will find such reception as is usually shown to poets and historians, by those whose consciousness of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most humble and most devoted servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

AN ESSAY

ON

THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

I. THE MINSTRELS¹ were an order of men, in the Middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves or others. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards,² who, under different names, were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among

¹ "That the different professors of minstrelsy were, in ancient times, distinguished by names appropriated to their respective pursuits cannot reasonably be disputed, though it may be difficult to prove. The *Trouveur*, *Trouverse*, or *Rymour*, was he who composed *romans*, *contes*, *fabliaux*, *chansons*, and *lais*; and those who confined themselves to the composition of *contes* and *fabliaux*, obtained the appellation of *contours*, *conteurs*, or *fabliers*. The *Menetrier*, *menestrel*, or *minstrel*, was he who accompanied his song by a musical instrument, both the words and the melody being occasionally furnished by himself, and occasionally by others."—*Ritson*. W.

² That the Minstrels, in many respects, bore a strong resemblance both to the British Bards and to the Danish Scalds, appears from this, that the old Monkish writers express them all without distinction by the same names in Latin.

the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North: and indeed by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race; but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors, particularly by all the Danish tribes. Among these they were distinguished by the name of Scalds, a word which denotes "smoothers and polishers of language." The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their Gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to poetry and song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least, so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate; and poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds. And though, as

their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks¹ or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels, who sung them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and therefore we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if History had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon Ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein. The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two-thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark; so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors. From this near affinity we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and, in fact, we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropped all intercourse for three or four

¹ "We may fairly conclude that the monks often wrote for the minstrels; and it is reasonable to suppose that many of our ancient tales in verse containing fictitious adventures, were written, though not invented, in the religious houses. The libraries of the monasteries were full of romances."

—Warton, "History of English Poetry," i. 80. W.

centuries: especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new Religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother-country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners we might justly have wondered, if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And indeed this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective, that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude, that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers¹ of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents

¹ That the harp was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons might be inferred from the very word itself, which is of genuine Gothic original, and was current among every branch of that people:—viz., Ang.-Sax., *hearpe*

were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour: and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word Glee, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds.

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the Conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could,

and *hearpa*; Iceland, *harpa* and *haurpa*; Dan. and Bel., *harpe*; German, *harpfte* and *harpfte*; Gal., *harpe*; Span., *harpa*; Ital., *arpa*. "In the Erse its name is *crwth*. That it was also the favourite musical instrument of the Britons and other northern nations in the middle ages, is evident from their laws, and various passages in their history. By the laws of Wales a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, or a free-man. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt."—Chappell, "On Popular Music," page 57. W.

upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprize him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel.¹ He therefore shaved his head and beard, and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth, the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it : because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers : for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own ; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous æra, and more indubitable authority : for later history affords us two remarkable facts, which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation ; and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the Northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music, being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm,

¹ The word *minstrel* does not appear to have been used in England before the Norman Conquest ; though it had long before that time been adopted in France. So early as the eighth century, "Menestrel" was a title given to the *Maestro di Capella* of Pepin, the father of Charlemagne.

assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel; when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.¹

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel, Aulaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

† That Alfred excelled in music is positively asserted by Bale, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS., many of which subsisted in his time that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who, we may conclude, had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that Alfred "provided himself of musitians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction." p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the theory of music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? which was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was shameful to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason, why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment, savouring only of worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs ["Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat," p. 16. "Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere," &c., p. 43, et ib.] Now the poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved, from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in Doomesday book, *Joculator Regis*, the king's Minstrel, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance.¹

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: so that, when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century,² that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of Poetry and Song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the North; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was

¹ Gloucestershire—Col. 1. Berdic, *Joculator Regis*, habet iii. Villis, &c.

² Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy A.D. 912. William invaded England A.D. 1066.

distinguished no less for the minstrel-arts than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel-talents, that an eminent French writer makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the Poets of Italy, France, and Spain.

We see then that the Norman Conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the Minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it: and although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the minstrel-arts; and in the first ages after the Conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility but such as were composed in their own Norman French: yet, as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native Gleemen or Minstrels; who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as, it is said, the Welsh Bards were afterwards by the severe policy of king Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual.¹

¹ Of this we have a positive proof in the old metrical Romance of Horn-Child, which, although from the mention of Saracens, &c., it must have been written at least after the first Crusade in 1096, yet from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for, a Gleeman, or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of genuine English growth; for, after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition, or phraseology: no quotation "As the Romance sayth:" not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur

The honours shown to the Norman or French Minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been shown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English Harper and Songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college; and therefore, in gleanng the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to Minstrels and their Art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction; as it will not always be easy to ascertain, from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the Minstrel Art and its Professors, or have sufficient information whether every Minstrel or Harper composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other: and it would

to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of Northern extraction. Child *Horn* is the son of *Allof* (i. e. Olaf or Olave) king of Sudenne (I suppose Sweden) by his Queen *Godylde* or *Godylt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of subjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Westnesse* (a part of Ireland), *Rymenyld* is his daughter, as *Ermynyld* is of another king, *Thurstan*, whose sons are *Athyld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is steward of King *Aylmer*, &c. &c. All these savour only of a northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance as one would expect from a gleeman or minstrel of the North of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predecessors there.

have been wonderful indeed, if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them, in style and colouring, as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling Harper or Minstrel was remote, in his modes of life and habits of thinking, from the retired Scholar or the solitary Monk.¹

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels. I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here, without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song; much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them: *i. e.* the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I., A.D. 1102. He was the first Prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death.

In the reign of K. Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a Harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the abbey of Hide

¹ Among the old metrical romances a very few are addressed to readers, or mention reading; these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is "Eglamour of Artas," of which a MS. copy is in the Cotton library: the Second Fitte concludes—

"—— thus ferr have I red."

æra, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable inter-community and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical Romances of both nations.

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own Minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer.¹

“The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their King, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a Rimer or Minstrill called Blondell de Nesle: who being so long without the sight of his Lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that he came backe from the Holy Land; but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him, that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein

“Were I in my castle of Bungey,
Ypon the riuer of Waueney,
I would ne care for the king of Cockeney.”

Indeed many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus—“Listen, Lordings,” and the like. These were prior to the time of Chaucer, and yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language.

¹ “There is too much reason to believe this story of Blondell and his illustrious patron to be purely apocryphal.”—*Price*. W.

detained or no: for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more then the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance anywhere: but see the King he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where King Richard was kept prisoner, and begun to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had sometime composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the King 'began the other half, and completed it.' Thus Blondel won knowledge of the King his maister, and returning home into England, made the Barons of the countrie acquainted where the King was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song; which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney.

BLONDEL.

Domna, vostra beutas,
 Elas bellas faissos;
 Els bels oils amoros
 Els gens cors ben taillatz:
 Don sieu empresenats
 De vostra amor que mi lia.

*Your beauty, lady fair,
 None views without delight;
 But still so cold an air
 No passion can excite:
 Yet this I patient see
 While all are shunn'd like me.*

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia,
 Ja de vos non portrai,
 Que major honorai
 Sol en votre deman:
 Que sautra des beisan
 Tot can de vos volzia

*No nymph my heart can wound,
 If favour she divide,
 And smiles on all around
 Unwilling to decide:
 I'd rather hatred bear
 Than love with others share.¹*

¹ See the more graceful rendering of Mr. Ellis, in the last edition of "Royal and Noble Authors."—W.

The access which Blondel so readily obtained, in the privileged character of a Minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature.¹ In this very reign of King Richard I. the young heiress of D'Evreux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad, and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a Pilgrim; till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a Harper, and being a jocose person exceedingly skilled in "the Gestes of the ancients;" so they called the romances and stories, which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king; and he bestowed her on his natural brother William Longespee (son of fair Rosamond), who became in her right Earl of Salisbury.

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English Minstrels; and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester, when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of King John, and is related to this effect.

"Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection

¹ The constant admission granted to Minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus, in the old romance of "Horn Child," the princess Rymenyld being confined in an inaccessible castle, the prince her lover, and some assistant knights, with concealed arms, assume the Minstrel character, and, approaching the castle with their "gleyinge" or minstrelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who, being informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, and fythelers (fiddlers)," has them admitted, when

"Horn sette him abench [*i. e.* on a bench].
Is [*i. e.* his] harpe he gan clenche;
He made Rymenild a lay."

This sets the princess a-weeping, and leads to the catastrophe; for he immediately advances to "the Borde" or table, kills the ravisher, and releases the lady.

occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph, the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan (or Rhuydland), to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord De Lacy, Constable of Chester: "Who, making use of the Minstrels of all sorts, then met at Chester fair; by the allurement of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people, as, by reason of the before specified priviledge, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his steward)" a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired.

For this good service, Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people: who, retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots: and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels, under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of Parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since.

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale, as handed down to his time, viz. "That at midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that countrey resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's church, (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the countrey) one of 'the Minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two), and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine

service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that Society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of King John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerptid owte of an old English boke yn ryme," and is as follows:

Whittington Castle, in Shropshire, which together with the coheiress of the original proprietor, had been won in a solemn tournament by the ancestor of the Guarines, had, in the reign of King John, been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that prince, to whom the king, out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at chess¹), not only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of King Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but obtaining no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance, and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England, after various conflicts, "Fulco resortid to one John of Raumpayne, a sothsayer and jocular and minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whittington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethrene laide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and

¹ "John, sun to K. Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Chestes [r. Chesse]; and John brake Fulco [s] hed with the Chest borde: and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid hym." (Lel. Coll. i. p. 264.) A curious picture of courtly manners in that age! Notwithstanding this fray, we read, in the next paragraph, that "K. Henry dubbid Fulco and three of his bretherne Knightes at Winchester."—*Ibid.*

Fulco ther woundid hym : and Bracy," a knight, who was their friend and assistant, " cut of Morice [']s] hedde." This Sir Bracy, being in a subsequent rencounter sore wounded, was taken and brought to King John; from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel; for " John Rampayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadly slepe; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whittington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add, that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in Justs and Turnaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land (having, in the true style of chivalry, rescued " certayne ladies owt of prison"), he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whittington Castle.

In the reign of King Henry III. we have mention of Master Richard the king's Harper, to whom, in his 36th year (1252), that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife.¹ The title of *Magister*, or Master, given to this Minstrel, deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.) in his crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper: who must have been officially very near his person; as we are told, by a contemporary historian, that in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon, the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle,

¹ Price remarks:—"Beatrice may possibly have been a *jugleress*, whose pantomimic exhibitions were accompanied by her husband's harp, or who filled up the intervals between his performances. This union of professional talent in husband and wife was not uncommon."—W.

ran to his assistance ; and one of them, to wit, his Harper, seizing a tripod or trestle, struck the assassin on the head, and beat out his brains. And though the prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer ; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to entreat his brethren, the Welsh Bards, afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great Monarch's severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales ; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour ; yet in his own Court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured : for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow. And under the succeeding reign of King Edward II. such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A.D. 1315. Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow :—

“In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall : where sitting royally at the table, with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used ; who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime ; and at length came up to the King's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed.”—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the King on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants. The

privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the King's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that she was not a real Minstrel: for there should seem to have been women of this profession, as well as of the other sex; and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient Bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the Harp.

In the fourth year of King Richard II., John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, a Court of Minstrels similar to that annually kept at Chester, and which, like a Court-Leet or Court-Baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot: in whose time, however, they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string music."

The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the Heralds: and the King of the Minstrels, like the King at Arms, was both here and on the continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have, in the reign of King Edward I., mention of a King Robert, and others. And in 16 Edward II. is a grant to William de Morlee "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*," of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler. Rymer hath also printed a licence granted by King Richard II., in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies.

In the subsequent reign of King Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England; but we find, in the Statute Book, a severe law passed against their brethren the Welsh Bards, whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours*, *Ministralx*; for by these names they describe them. This act plainly shows, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of King Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English Government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings and contributions.

When his heroic son, King Henry V., was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels, fifteen in number, to attend him: and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed xii *d.* a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present. Yet when he entered London in triumph, after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, slighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingshed,¹ would not suffer "any Dities to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thankes altogether given to God." But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song; for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer. And having, before his death, orally granted an annuity of 100 shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son King Henry VI., A.D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer.

The unfortunate reign of Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his thirty-fourth year

¹ See his "Chronicle," sub anno 1415 (p. 1170). He also gives this other instance of the King's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the dintes and cuttes whiche appeared in the same, of such blowes and stripes, as hee received the daye of the battell."

A.D. 1456, we have in Rymer a Commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the King's Minstrels: in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his Majesty.

In the following reign, King Edward IV. (in his ninth year, 1469) upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the King's Minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in diverse parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the king grants to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a Charter,¹ by which he creates, or rather restores, a Fraternity or Perpetual Gild (such as, he understands, the brothers and sisters of the Fraternity of Minstrels had in times past) to be governed by a Marshal appointed for life, and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said Gild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted). This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's Court among the Heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as Marshal in the foregoing Charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding monarchs, King Henry V. and VI. Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels; for in the third year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from King Edward of ten marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title.

¹ "Edward seems to have been very liberal to his Minstrels. He gave to several annuities of ten marks a year, and, besides their regular pay, with clothing and lodging for themselves and their horses, they had two servants to carry their instruments, four gallons of ale per night, wax candles, and other indulgences."—*Chappell*, "On Popular Music."—W.

But besides their Marshal we have also, in this reign, mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent: for “as he [K. Edward IV.] was in the north contray, in the monneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt of the Mynstrellis, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse, for he hadde enemyes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydings the king gretely marveyld, &c.” This happened in the same year 1469, wherein the king granted or confirmed the Charter for the Fraternity or Gild above mentioned; yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight minstrels to whom that Charter is directed.

The same Charter was renewed by King Henry VIII., in 1520, to John Gilman, his then Marshal, and to seven others his Minstrels: and on the death of Gilman he granted, in 1529, this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse, whom I take to have borne the office of his Serjeant over them.¹

VI. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels; and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative.² In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512; and the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here.

The name of Minstrel seems, however, to have been

¹ So I am inclined to understand the term “*Serviens noster Hugo Wodehous*,” in the original grant. It is needless to observe that *serviens* expressed a serjeant as well as a servant. If this interpretation of *serviens* be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouse at the head of his Gild, although he had not been one of the eight Minstrels who had had the general direction. The serjeant of his Minstrels, we may presume, was next in dignity to the marshal, although he had no share in the government of the Gild.

² The reward of the Minstrel exceeded that of the Priest. In the year 1441, a preaching Doctor was paid 6 pence for a sermon; and so late as 1560 the declining Minstrel continued to be in advance of the Preacher; for the books of the Stationers' Company shew a payment of 12 shillings to the first, and of 6 shillings to the second.—W.

gradually appropriated to the musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the singer, if not the composer, of heroic or popular rhymes.

In the time of King Henry VIII. we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose, by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who DID NOT SING their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges.

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur and his knights of the round table, Sir Bevy's of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like," in "short or long meetres, and by Breaches or Divisions, to be more commodiously sung to the harpe," as the reader may be informed, by a courtly writer, in 1589;¹ who himself had "written for pleasure a little brief Romance or historicall Ditty . . . of the Isle of Great Britaine," in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof," (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c. to be sung to the harpe in such places of assembly) "and consideration of the causes alledged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every Romance, or short historicall ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.²

¹ Puttenham.

² "Happily the 'Polyolbion' is the latest poem, which our language affords, constructed on this measure, although not the only poem; for the measure is as ancient in our language as the 13th century."—*Evans* on "Versification," 78.—W.

And that the recital of such Romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer, who mentions that "common Rimers" were fond of using rhymes at short distances, "in small and popular Musickes song by these Cantabanqui" [the said common Rimers] "upon benches and barrels' heads," &c., "or else by blind Harpers, or such like Taverne Minstrels that give a Fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old Romances, or historicall rimes," &c.; "also they be used in Carols or Rounds, and such light or lascivious Poemes, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these Buffons, or Vices in Playes, than by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laureat), being in deede but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous."¹

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect: yet that they still sustained a character far superior to anything we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel; whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present, and gives us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a

¹ "No festival, public or private, but there the Minstrel-poets were its crowning ornaments. They awakened national themes at the installation of an abbot, or the reception of a bishop. Often, in the Gothic hall, they resounded some lofty 'Geste,' or some old 'Breton' lay, or some gayer Fabliau. The minstrel more particularly delighted 'the Lewed,' or the people, when, sitting in their fellowship, the harper stilled their attention by some fragment of a chronicle of their fathers and their fatherland."—*D'Israeli*, "Amenities of Literature," i. 119.—W.

xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off; his head seemly rounded Tonsterwise,¹ fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [*i. e.* long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin² edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

"His gown had side [*i. e.* long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poynets³ of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest⁴ tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewter,⁵ for) silver, as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful men's houses.

¹ I suppose "tonsure-wise," after the manner of the monks.

² *i. e.* handkerchief.

³ Perhaps points.

⁴ The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

⁵ The reader will remember that this was not a real Minstrel, but only one personating that character; his ornaments, therefore, were only such as outwardly represented those of a real Minstrel.

From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington." ¹

This minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge.² From the expression of Squire Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeomen Minstrels, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem—and—wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, &c."—This song the reader will find printed in this work.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth,³ a statute was passed, by which "Minstrels wandering abroad" were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession.

VII. I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the north of England.⁴

¹ A very curious description of the Minstrel in the 14th century is given by the author of "Piers Ploughman's Vision," verse 8474, &c. And see Mr. Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages."—W.

² As the house of Northumberland had anciently three Minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family (a silver crescent on the right arm), and are thus distributed, viz.—one for the barony of Prudhoe, and two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court leets and fairs held for the lord, and pay their annual suit and service at Alnwick Castle; their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bag-pipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots, being smaller, and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows).

³ A.D. 1597.

⁴ "There can be, I conceive, no question as to the superiority of Scotland in new ballads. Those of an historic or legendary character, especially the former, are ardently poetical. The nameless Minstrel is often inspired with an Homeric power of rapid narration, bold description, lively or pathetic touches of sentiment. The English ballads of the northern border, or perhaps of the northern counties, come near, in their general character and cast of manners, to the Scottish, but, as far as I have seen, with a manifest

There is scarce an old historical song or ballad, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized, by way of eminence, to have been "of the north countrye:" and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect, in such compositions, shews that this representation is real. On the other hand, the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish minstrels.¹ In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, Come ze frae the Border?—The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The reader will observe, in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as—

<i>Countrie</i>	<i>harpèr</i>	<i>battèl</i>	<i>morning</i>
<i>Ladde</i>	<i>singèr</i>	<i>damsèl</i>	<i>loving,</i>

inferiority. Those, again, which belong to the South, and bear no trace either of the rude manners or of the wild superstitions which the bards of Ettrick and Cheviot display, fall generally into a creeping style."—*Hallam*, "Literature of Europe," ii. 323.—W.

¹ "In Scotland the feudal system and the institutions of chivalry subsisted longer in force than in the southern portion of the island; and for this reason I am inclined to think that the Minstrels occupied a respectable footing in society longer than their brethren of the South. In 1471 they are classed along with 'Knychtis and Heraldis,' and with such as could spend 'a hundreth pounds worth of landis rent.' Blind Harry, the only one of their number whose works we can refer to, appears to have, in his person, come up to the notion we are led to form of the life and business of the ancient Minstrel. He chaunted his heroic strains before the princes and nobles of the land. Even so late as the time of King James VI. there is an express provision in favour of the Minstrels of great lords and the Minstrels of towns."—*Motherwell*, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," p. xxxvii.—W.

instead of *country, lady, harper, singer, &c.*—This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads; I mean, by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the minstrels subsisted they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves. The copies which are preserved were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy, that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare, in this volume, No. III. of Book III. with No. XI. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the Ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind; and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of Garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections.¹

¹ That an order of men, at first called Gleemen, then Jugglers, and afterwards more generally Minstrels, existed here from the Conquest, who enter-

tained their hearers with chanting to the harp or other instruments songs and tales of chivalry, or, as they were called, Gestes and Romances, in verse in the English language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions they so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance, and exhibit a regular series, from the time our language was almost Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman-French was in the time of this bard still the courtly language, it shows that the English was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of *Lordings*, and sometimes more positively "Lords and Ladies."

And though many of these were translated from the French, others are evidently of English origin, which appear in their turns to have afforded versions into that language—a sufficient proof of that intercommunity between the French and English Minstrels which hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact that the English Minstrels had a great demand for such compositions, which they were glad to supply, whether from their own native stores or from other languages.

The *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrion*, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels, as was also the Harper, when the term implied a singer, if not a composer of songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to vocal and instrumental musicians of every kind; and as, in the establishment of royal and noble houses, the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the band of music (entered under the general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental performers chiefly, if not altogether; for, as the composer or singer of heroic tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the band along with the trumpeters, fluters, &c. However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of music;" so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and musicians of tongue and cunning," meaning doubtless by the former singers, and probably by the latter phrase "composers of songs." Even "Minstrel's music" seems to be applied to the species of verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below.

But although, from the predominancy of instrumental music, Minstrelsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied to the poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie;" who, speaking of the first composers of Latin verses in rhyme, says—"all that they wrote to the favor or prayse of princes, they did it in such manner of *Minstrelsie*, and thought themselves no small fooles when they could make their verses go all in *ryme*."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelsy given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental music then in use.

— "Al maner Mynstralcyce,
That any man kan specifice.
Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne,
And eke of Arragon, and Spayne :
Songes, Stampes, and eke Daunces ;
Divers plente of plesaunces :
And many unkouth notys new
Of swiche folke as lovid treue.
And instrumentys that did excelle,
Many moo than I kan telle.
Harpy, Fythales, and eke Rotys
Well according to her [*i. e.* their] notys,
Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,
More for estatys than tavernes :
Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.
There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,
Lowde Shall[m]ys, and Doucettes."

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY,

ETC.

SERIES THE FIRST.

Book II.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

“THE song of Chevy Chase is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say that he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works.” The remark is Addison’s, but his commentary, in the “Spectator,” refers to a later composition, which the famous panegyric of Sidney had probably inspired. Bishop Percy believed that he had recovered the genuine Poem, the song of “Percy and Douglas,” as it was sung by the blind “crowder.” He printed the ballad “from an old MS. at the end of Hearne’s Preface to G. Newbrigiensis Hist., 1719, 8vo., vol. i. :” the name of the transcriber, or author, being Richard Sheale, a minstrel in the service of Edward Earl of Derby, who died 1574. The style and the orthography place this ballad not later than the time of Henry VI.; while the mention of James, the Scottish king, forbids us to assign to it an earlier date. King James I., who was prisoner in this country at the death of his father, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI., but before the end of that long reign, a third James had mounted the throne. A succession of two or three James’s, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet, in those rude times, to give it to any Scottish monarch whom he might happen to mention.

The Ballad, without being historical, may have had some foundation in fact. The law of the Marches interdicted either nation from hunting on the borders of the other, without leave from the proprietors, or their deputies. The long rivalry between the martial families of Percy and Douglas must have burst into many sharp feuds and little incursions not recorded in history; and the old ballad of the “Hunting a’ the Cheviat,” which was the original title, may have sprung out of such a quarrel. Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave

from Earl Douglas, Lord Warden of the Marches. Douglas could not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruder by force. A fierce conflict probably ensued, though not attended by the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad; for these are evidently borrowed from the "Battle of Otterbourne," which might be owing to some such previous affront as this of Chevy Chase. The two subjects are here jumbled together, if, indeed, the passage be not the insertion of a later pen.

Most of the names in the following Ballad, and in that of "Otterbourne," belonged to distinguished families in the North. Sir Walter Scott supposes Agerstone, or Haggerston, to have been one of the Rutherfords, Barons of Edgerston, a warlike family long settled on the Scottish border, and then retainers of the house of Douglas. The "hinde Hartly" probably took his name from Hartley, a village on the coast, near Tynemouth. The "bold Hearone" belonged to a brave race having their abode in the old seat of Haddeston. "Worthé Lovele" is conjectured, by Scott, to have been Sir John de Lavall, of De Lavall Castle, and Sheriff in the 34th year of Henry VIII.; and he identifies the "ryche Rugbé" with Ralph Neville, of Raby Castle, son of the first Earl of Westmoreland, and cousin-german to Hotspur. "Sir Davye Liddale" represents the Liddells of Ravensworth Castle.

"Chevy Chase," notwithstanding its length, appears to have been often sung in the seventeenth century. Bishop Corbet sang it in his youth; and, Mr. Chappell ("On Popular Music"), quotes a husband numbering among the good qualities of his wife, "her curious voice wherewith she used to sing 'Chevy Chase.'"

THE FIRST FIT.

THE Persè owt¹ of Northombarlande,
 And a vowe to God mayd he,
 That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
 Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
 In the mauger² of doughtè Dogles,
 And all that ever with him be.
 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
 He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
 Be my feth, sayd the doughte Doglas agayn,
 I wyll let³ that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,
 With him a myghtye meany;⁴
 With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
 The wear chosen out of shyars⁵ thre.

¹ Owt—out.

² Mauger—spite of.

³ Let—hinder.

⁴ Meany—company.

⁵ Shyars—shires; meaning, probably, three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of *Cheviot*. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island: *Norehamshire*, so called from the town and castle of Noreham (or Norham): and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.

This begane on a monday at morn
 In Cheviat the hillys so he;¹
 The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
 It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
 For to reas² the dear;
 Bomen³ bickarte uppone the bent
 With ther browd aras⁴ cleare.
 Then the wyld⁵ thorowe the woodes went
 On every syde shear;⁶
 Grea-hondes⁷ thorowe the greves glent
 For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
 Yerly⁸ on a monynday;⁹
 Be that it drewe to the oware¹⁰ off none
 A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort¹¹ uppone the bent,
 The¹² semblyd on sydis shear;¹³
 To the quyrry¹⁴ then the Persè went
 To se the bryttlynge¹⁵ off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
 This day to meet me hear;
 But I wyste he wold faylle verament:¹⁶
 A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
 Lokyde¹⁷ at his hand full ny,
 He was war ath¹⁸ the doughetie Doglas comynge:
 With him a mightè meany,

Both with spear, 'byll,'¹⁹ and brande:
 Yt was a myghti sight to se.
 Hardyar men both off hart nar hande²⁰
 Wear not in Christiantè.

¹ He—high.² Reas—rouse.³ Bomen, &c.—bowmen skirmished upon the rough grass.⁴ Aras—arrows.⁵ Wyld—wild deer.⁶ Shear—entirely.⁷ Grea-hondes, &c.—greyhounds through the bushes.⁸ Yerly—early.⁹ Monynday—Monday.¹⁰ Oware, &c.—hour of noon.¹¹ A mort—the name of the notes blown at the death of the stag.¹² The—they.¹³ Sydis shear—on all sides.¹⁴ Quyrry—quarry, slaughtered game.¹⁵ Bryttlynge—cutting up.¹⁶ Verament—truly.¹⁷ Lokyde—looked¹⁸ War ath—aware of.¹⁹ Byll—battle-axe; brande—sword.²⁰ Hart, &c.—heart nor hand.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
 Withouten any fayle ;
 The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
 Yth¹ bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,
 And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed ;
 For never sithe² ye wear on your mothars borne
 Had ye never so mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
 He rode att his men beforne ;
 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ;³
 A bolder barne was never borne.

Tell me ' what ' men ye ar, he says,
 Or whos men that ye be :
 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
 Chyviat chays⁴ in the spyt of me ?

The first mane⁵ that ever him an answeare mayd,
 Yt was the good lord Persè :
 We wyll not tell the ' what ' men we ar, he says,
 Nor whos men that we be ;
 But we wyll hount hear in this chays
 In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
 We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way.
 Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
 Ther-for the ton⁶ of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
 Unto the lord Persè :
 To kyll all thes giltless men,
 A-las ! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
 I am a yerle⁷ callyd within my contre ;
 Let all our men uppone a parti⁸ stande ;
 And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Criste's cors⁹ on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè,
 Who-soever ther-to says nay,
 Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,
 Thow shalt never se that day ;

¹ Yth—in the.

² Sithe—since.

³ Glede—red hot coal.

⁴ Chays—chase.

⁵ Mane—man.

⁶ Ton of us, &c.—the one of us shall die.

⁷ Yerle—Earl.

⁸ A parti—apart.

⁹ Criste's cors—Christ's curse.

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde,¹ nar France,
 Nor for no man of a woman born,
 But and fortune be my chance,
 I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
 Ric. Wytharynton² was his nam;
 It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,
 To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,³
 I am a poor squyar of lande;
 I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
 And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
 But whyll I may my weppone welde,⁴
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
 The first FIT here I fynde.
 And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe
 Yet ys ther mor behynde. [Chyviat,

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
 The first of arros that the shote off,
 Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.⁵

Yet bydys⁶ the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
 A captayne good yenoughe,
 And that was sene⁷ verament,
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.⁸

The Dogglas pertyd his ost⁹ in thre,
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
 With suar¹⁰ speares off myghttè¹¹ tre
 The cum¹² in on every syde.

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery
 Gave many a wounde full wyde;
 Many a doughete the garde to dy,¹³
 Which ganyde¹⁴ them no pryde.

¹ Skottlonde—Scotland.

² This is probably corrupted in the MS. for *Rog. Widdrington*, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Herald's office.

³ Twaw—two.

⁴ Welde—wield.

⁵ Sloughe—slew.

⁶ Bydys—abides.

⁷ Sene, &c.—seen truly.

⁸ Wouche—mischief.

⁹ Pertyd, &c.—parted his host.

¹⁰ Suar—sure.

¹¹ Myghttè—mighty.

¹² The cum—they come.

¹³ Many a doughty man they made to die.

¹⁴ Ganyde—gained.

The Yngglyshe men let thear bowys be,
 And pulde owt brandes that wer bright;
 It was a hevy syght to se
 Bryght swordes on basnites¹ lyght.

Thorow^e ryche male,² and myne-ye-ple³
 Many sterne the stroke downe streght:
 Many a freyke,⁴ that was full free,
 Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
 Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
 The swapte⁵ togethar tyll the both swat
 With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.⁶

Thes worthè freckys⁷ for to fyght
 Ther-to the wear full fayne,
 Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,⁸
 As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,
 And i' feth⁹ I shall the brynge
 Wher thowe shalte have a yerl's¹⁰ wagis
 Of Jamy our Scottish kyng.

Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
 I hight¹¹ the hear this thinge,
 For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
 That ever I conqueryd in filde¹² fightyng.

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,
 I tolde it the beforne,
 That I wolde never yeldyde¹³ be
 To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
 Forthe off a mightie wane,¹⁴
 Hit hathe strekene¹⁵ the yerle Duglas
 In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
 The sharp arrowe ys gane,
 That never after in all his lyffe days,
 He spayke mo wordes but ane,
 That was, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
 For my lyff days ben gan.¹⁶

¹ Basnites—*helmets*.

² Male—*coat of mail*.

³ Myne-ye-ple—*many folds*. ⁴ Freyke—*man*. ⁵ Swapte—*exchanged blows*.

⁶ Myllàn—*Milan steel*.

⁷ Freckys—*persons*.

⁸ Sprete—*spurred*.

⁹ I' feth, &c.—*In faith I shall thee bring*.

¹⁰ Yerl's, &c.—*an earl's wages*.

¹¹ Hight, &c.—*I promise thee here*.

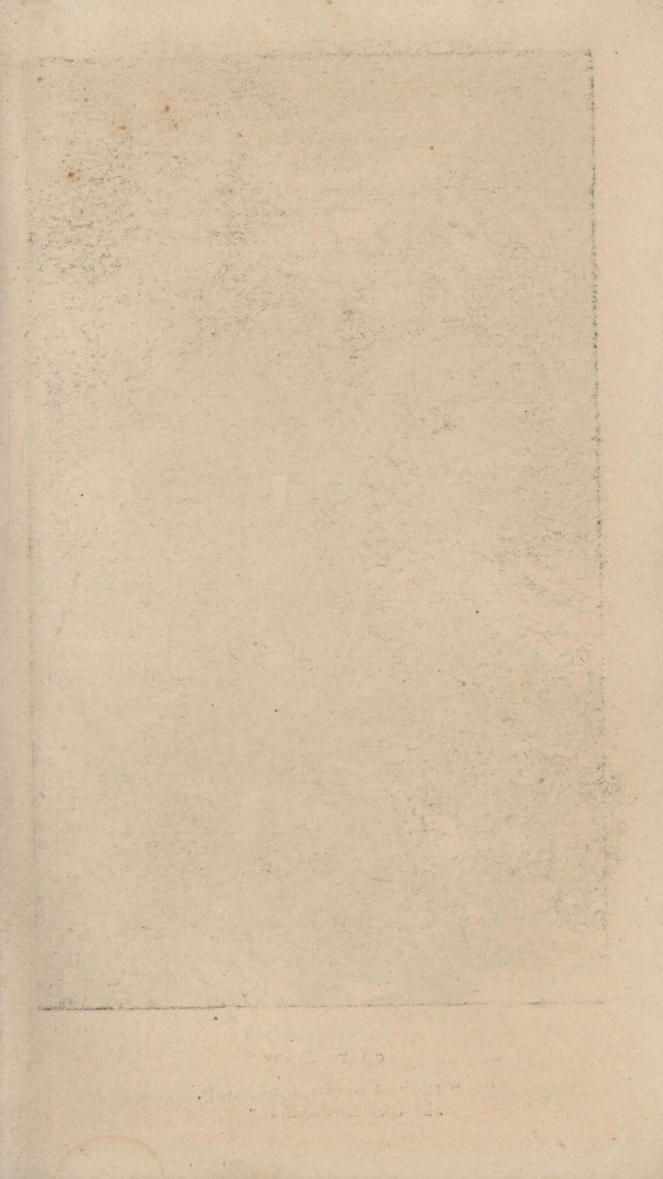
¹² Filde—*field*.

¹³ Yeldyde—*yielded*.

¹⁴ Forthe off, &c.—*an arrow came from a mighty one*.

¹⁵ Strekene—*stricken*.

¹⁶ Ben gan—*be gone*.





r. 7.

CHEVY CHASE

"The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de."

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
 And sawe the Duglas de;
 He tooke the déde¹ man be the hande,
 And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
 My landes for years thre,
 For a better man of hart, nare of hande
 Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
 Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
 He spendyd² a spear a trusti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare³
 Throughe a hondrith⁴ archery;
 He never styntyde,⁵ nar never blane,⁶
 Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
 A dynte,⁷ that was full soare;
 With a suar⁸ spear of a myghtè tre
 Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore.

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
 A large cloth yard and mare:
 Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè,
 Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde
 Say⁹ slean was the lord Persè,
 He bar a bende-bow¹⁰ in his hande,
 Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
 To th' hard stele halyde he;
 A dynt,¹¹ that was both sad and soar,
 He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
 That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
 The swane-fethars,¹² that his arrowe bar,¹³
 With his hart blood the wear wete.

¹ Déde—dead.² Spendyd—grasped.³ Corsiare—steed.⁴ Hondrith—hundred.⁵ Styntyde—stopped.⁶ Blane—lingered.⁷ Dynte—blow.⁸ Suar—sure.⁹ Say—saw.¹⁰ Bende-bow—bent bow.¹¹ A dynt, &c.—a blow that was both sad and sore.¹² Swane-fethars—swan feathers.¹³ Bar—bare.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
 But still in stour dyd stand,
 Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,¹
 With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
 An cwar² befor the none,
 And when even-song bell was rang
 The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
 Be the lyght off the mone;
 Many hade no strenght for to stande,
 In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.³

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
 Went away but fifti and thre;
 Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
 But even five and fifti:

But all wear slayne Cheviat within:
 The hade no strengthe to stand on hie;
 The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
 It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persè
 Sir John of Agerstone,
 Sir Roge the hinde⁴ Hartly,
 Sir Wylliam the bolde Hearone,
 Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele,
 A knyght of great renowen,
 Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
 With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
 That ever he slayne shulde be;
 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
 Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas
 Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
 Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
 His sistar's son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
 That never a foot wolde fle;
 Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
 With the Duglas dyd he dey.

¹ Dre—suffer.

³ Hyllys, &c.—hills above.

² Owar—hour before the noon.

⁴ Hinde—gentle.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
 Of byrch, and hasell so 'gray ;'
 Many wedous¹ with wepyng tears²
 Cam to fach³ ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe⁴ off care,
 Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
 For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,
 On the march perti⁵ shall never be none.

Word ys commen⁶ to Edden-burrowe,⁷
 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
 That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
 He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
 He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
 Such another captayn Skotland within,
 He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
 Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
 That lord Persè, leyff-tennante of the Merchis,
 He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
 Good lord, yf thy will it be!
 I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
 As good as ever was hee:
 But Persè, and I brook⁸ my lyffe,
 Thy deth well quyte⁹ shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
 Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
 For the deth of the lord Persè,
 He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down.

Wher syx and thritte¹⁰ Skottish knyghtes
 On a day wear beaten down:
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
 Over castill, towar, and town.

¹ Wedous—widows.

² A common pleonasm. So Cavendish in his *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, chap. 12, p. 31, 4to. *When the Duke heard this, he replied with weeping "teares," &c.*

³ Fach, &c.—fetch their mates away.

⁴ Carpe, &c.—complain thro' care.

⁵ March perti—the parts lying upon the Marches.

⁶ Commen—come.

⁷ Edden-burrowe—Edinburgh.

⁸ Brook—enjoy.

⁹ Quayte—requited.

¹⁰ Svx, &c.—six-and-thirty.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat ;
 That tear¹ begane this spurn :
 Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
 Uppon a monnyn day :²
 Ther was the doughte Doglas sleane,
 The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
 Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
 But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
 As the reane³ doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,⁴
 And to the blys us brynge !
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat :
 God send us all good ending !⁵

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

THIS Ballad is copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, and gives the English view of the conflict. The particulars are condensed by Scott from Froissart and others :—James, Earl of Douglas, with his brother, the Earl of Murray, in 1387 invaded Northumberland at the head of 3000 men, while the Earls of Fife and Strathern, sons to the King of Scotland, ravaged the western borders of England. Douglas penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur lay in garrison. In a skirmish before the walls, Percy's lance, with the pennon attached to it, was taken by Douglas, in a personal encounter between the two heroes. The Earl shook the pennon aloft, and swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland, and plant it upon his castle of Dalkeith. "That," answered Percy, "shalt thou never." Having collected the forces of the Marches to a number equal, or (according to the Scottish historians) much superior to the army of Douglas, Hotspur made a night attack upon the Scottish camp at Otterbourne, about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought by moonlight, with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length Douglas, armed

¹ That tear, &c.—a proverb—*That tearing, or pulling, occasioned this spurn or kick.*

² Monnyn day—*Monday.*

³ Reane—*As the rain does in the street.*

⁴ Balys bete—*remedy our evils.*

⁵ The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen. IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooller, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since *Red-Riggs*.—Humbledon is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county.

with an iron mace, which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain and two squires of his body. Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground with three mortal wounds; his squires lay dead by his side; the priest, armed with a lance, was protecting his master from further injury. "I die like my forefathers," said the expiring hero, "in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard, and avenge my fall. It is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished this night." The wish of Douglas was fulfilled; for in the morning the English began to retire, covered by the Bishop of Durham, who came up with a body of fresh troops. The scene of the combat is still known by the name of Battle Cross. The castle of Otterbourne remains, and traces of the Scottish camp are found at Fawdown Hill.

The writer of "Rambles in Northumberland" (p. 120) remarks:—"There are several expressions in this ballad which plainly indicate that the author was a Scot. At 'Lammas tyde,' when the Scottish husbandmen are busy in winning their scanty crop of moorland hay, the hay-harvest has in most parts of England been over for a month. Much stress cannot be laid on the spelling of some of the words, as proving the Scottish rather than the English origin of the ballad, yet the spelling of 'wrange' for wrong, and 'lesse' for lies, may be in favour of the argument; and 'It shall not be long or I come thee *tyll*' is a Scotticism. If the word 'cawt' be an interpolation, it is certainly a Scottish one, being merely an abbreviation of 'cauteous,' commonly used by Scottish writers for 'cautious.'"

Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
When husbonds wyynn ther haye,¹
The dowghtye Dowglassse bowynd² hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye:³

The yerlle of Fyffe, withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd⁴ hym over Sulway:⁵
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they⁶ came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffecragge,
Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lyghted dowyn,
Styrande⁷ many a stagge;

¹ This is the Northumberland phrase for "getting in their hay."

² Bowynd—*prepared*.

³ Praye—*prey*.

⁴ Bowynd him—*hied him*.

⁵ Over Sulway—*Solway frith*; referring to the other division of the Scottish army which came in by way of Carlisle.

⁶ *They—sc.*, the Earl of Douglas and his party. The several stations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap-hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale-ward. Rodcliffe- (or, as it is more usually pronounced, Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward, and lying south-east of Ottercap. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley.

⁷ Styrande—*stirring*.

And boldely brente¹ Northomberlonde,
 And haryed² many a towyn ;
 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,³
 To battell that were not bowyn.⁴

Than spake a berne⁵ upon the bent,
 Of comforte that was not colde,
 And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond,
 We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
 All the welth in the worlde have wee ;
 I rede⁶ we ryde to Newe Castell,
 So styll and stalwurthlye.⁷

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
 The standards schone⁸ fulle bryght ;
 To the Newe Castelle the toke⁹ the waye,
 And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
 I telle yow withowtten drede,¹⁰
 He had byn a march-man¹¹ all hys dayes,
 And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,¹²
 Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste¹³ within,
 Com to the fylde, and fyght :

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
 Thy eritage¹⁴ good and ryght ;
 And syne¹⁵ my logeyng¹⁶ I have take,¹⁷
 With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
 The Skottyssh oste for to se ;¹⁸
 " And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
 Full sore it rewyth me.¹⁹

¹ Brente—burnt. ² Haryed—pillaged. ³ Grete wrange—great wrong.

⁴ Bowyn—gone.

⁵ Berne—a man.

⁶ I rede—I advise.

⁷ Stalwurthlye—stoutly.

⁸ Schone—shone.

⁹ They toke—they took.

¹⁰ Drede—dread.

¹¹ March-man—scourer of the Marches.

¹² On hyght—aloud.

¹³ Byste—beest, art.

¹⁴ Eritage—heritage.

¹⁵ Syne—since.

¹⁶ Logeyng—lodging.

¹⁷ Take—taken.

¹⁸ Oste for to see—army to see.

¹⁹ Rewyth—pains me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,¹
 Thow hast done me grete envye;²
 For the trespasse thow hast me done,
 The tone³ of us schall dye."

Where schall I byde the? sayd the Dowglas,
 Or where wylte thow come to me?
 "At Otterborne⁴ in the hygh way,
 Ther maist thow well logeed be.

The roo⁵ full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
 To make the game and glee:
 The fawkon and the fesaunt⁶ both,
 Amonge the holtes on 'hee.'⁷

Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
 Well looged ther maist be.
 Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
 Sayd Syr Harry Percy.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,
 By the fayth of my bodye.
 Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;
 My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
 For soth, as I yow saye:
 Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
 And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd him homewarde agayne,
 For soth withowghten naye,
 He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne
 Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght⁸ hys standerd dowyn,
 Hys gettyng⁹ more and lesse,
 And syne¹⁰ he warned hys men to goo
 To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

¹ A large tract of land, which takes its name from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumbrian kings.

² Envye—injury.

³ Tone—*t'one, the one.*

⁴ Otterbourne, which takes its name from a small stream running near it, is a village in the large parish of Elsdon. The "hygh way" is the old Watling-street road.

⁵ *The roe full fearless there she runs.* Roe-bucks were found upon the wastes near Hexham in the reign of George I.

⁶ The falcon and the pheasant.

⁷ Holtes on hee—*woods on high.*

⁸ Pyght—*pitched.*

⁹ Gettyng—*booty.*

¹⁰ Syne—*then.*

A Skottyshe knyght hoved¹ upon the bent,
 A wache² I dare well saye :
 So was he ware³ on the noble Percy
 In the dawninge of the daye.

He prycked⁴ to his pavyleon dore,
 As faste as he myght ronne,
 Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
 For hys love, that syttes yn trone.⁵

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
 For thow maiste waken wyth wyne :⁶
 Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy;
 And seven standerdes wyth hym.

Nay, by my trowth. the Douglas sayd,
 It ys but a fayned taylle :⁷
 He durste not loke on my bred⁸ banner,
 For all Ynglonde so haylle.⁹

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
 That stonds so fayre on Tyne ?
 For all the men the Percy hade,
 He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.¹⁰

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
 To loke and it were lesse ;
 Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
 For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentaye,¹¹ thow arte my eme,¹²
 The forwarde¹³ I gyve to the :
 The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,¹⁴
 He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan¹⁵ in armure bryght
 On the other hand he schall be ;
 Lorde Jhonstone, and lorde Maxwell,
 They to schall be with me.

¹ Hoved—hovered.

² Wache—c spy.

³ Ware—aware.

⁴ He spurred to his pavilion door, or tent door.

⁵ Trone—sits in throne.

⁶ Wynne—joy.

⁷ Fayned taylle—false tale.

⁸ Bred—broad.

⁹ So haylle—so strong.

¹⁰ He could not force me once to dine.

¹¹ Mentaye—Menteith.

¹² Eme—kinsman.

¹³ Forwarde—the van.

¹⁴ Cawte and kene—cautious and keen. Lord Gordon was created Earl of Huntley 1449. Scott calls the title “a premature designation,” the earldom of Huntley being “first conferred on Alexander Seaton, who married the grand-daughter of the hero of Otterbourne.”

¹⁵ Bowghan—Lord Buchan.

Swynton¹ fayre fylde upon your pryde
 To batell make yow bowen:²
 Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,³
 Sir Jhon of Agurstone.

A FYTTE.⁴

THE Percy came byfore hys-oste,
 Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
 Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
 I wyll holde that I have hyght:⁵

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
 And done me grete envye;
 For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
 The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne
 With grete wurdys up on 'hee,'
 And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one⁶
 Byholde and thow maiste see.

Wyth that the Percy was grevyd sore,
 For sothe as I yow saye:
 He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
 And schoote⁷ his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
 That ryall⁸ was ever in rowght;⁹
 Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
 And lyght hym rowynde abowght.¹⁰

¹ The laird of Swinton, a small village within the Scottish border, three miles from Norham.

² Bowen—*ready*.

³ Probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton, who was eminent at that time.

⁴ "This second part is most unquestionably an English composition, and would appear to have been written as a continuation of the first, which is, most likely, of Scottish origin, though altered, perhaps, in a few places, by a minstrel who dwelt south of the Tweed. At the conclusion of the first part there is written 'A FYTTE;' but the second part is not called 'FYTTE THE SECOND,' as we might expect if both parts were the production of the same person. It would, therefore, seem as if an English minstrel had written a continuation to the old Scottish 'Fytte,' and represented the battle in such a manner as was likely to flatter the pride of his countrymen. In the second part the minstrel has taken great liberties with the truth of history; and in magnifying the number of the Scots to nearly five times the number of the English, and in assigning the victory to the latter, he has shown himself to be thoroughly patriotic, if not historically correct."—*Rambles in Northumberland*, p. 124.

⁵ Hyght—*engaged*.

⁶ He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.

⁷ Schoote—*let go*.

⁸ Ryall—*royal*.

⁹ Rowght—*rout*.

¹⁰ Rowynde abowght—*round about*.

Thus Syr Hary Percy toke the fylde,
 For soth, as I yow saye:
 Jesu Cryste in hevyn¹ on hyght
 Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo;
 The cronykle wyll not layne:²
 Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
 That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
 In hast ther cam a knyght,
 'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne,
 And thus he sayd full ryght:

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
 Wyth many a noble knyght;
 He desyres yow to byde
 That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
 Wyth hym a noble companye;
 All they loge at your father's thys nyght,
 And the Battel fayne wold they see.

For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,
 That dyed for yow and me,
 Wende³ to my lorde my Father agayne,
 And saye thow saw me not with yee:

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch knyght,
 It nedes me not to layne,
 That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
 And I have hys trowth agayne:

And if that I wende off thys grownde
 For soth unfoughten awaye,
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
 In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,⁴
 By Mary that mykel maye;⁵
 Than ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd
 With a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,
 And let scharpe arowes flee:
 Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,⁶
 And well quyt it schall be.

¹ Hevyn—heaven on high.

³ Wende—go.

⁵ Maye—maid.

² The chronicle will not lie.

⁴ Yet had I sooner be torn.

⁶ Waryson—reward.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
 And marke hym to the Trenite :
 For to God I make myne avowe
 Thys day wyll I not fle.

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes,
 Hys standerde stode on hye ;
 That every man myght full well knowe :
 By syde stode Starres thre :

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
 Forsoth as I yow sayne ;¹
 The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both :
 The Skotts faught them agayne.²

Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
 And thrysse they schowte³ on hyght,
 And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
 As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladye's knyght,
 To name they⁴ were full fayne,
 Owre Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,
 And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
 I tell yow in sertayne ;⁵
 Men of armes byganne to joyne ;
 Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
 That ether of other was fayne ;
 They schapped⁶ together, whyll that the swette,
 With swords of fyne Collayne ;⁷

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonetts⁸ ranne,
 As the roke⁹ doth in the rayne.
 Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglàs,
 Or ells thow schalt be slayne :

¹ Yow sayne—you say.

² The ancient arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza ; and if the readings were, *The crowned harte*, and *Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day. As for the Percy family, one of their ancient badges or cognizances was a *white Lyon Statant* ; and the *Silver Crescent* continues to be used by them to this day : they also give *three Lucas Argent* for one of their quarters.

³ *Thrice they shout.*

⁵ In sertayne—certainly.

⁷ Collayne—Cologne.

⁴ i. e., the English.

⁶ Schapped—struck violently.

⁸ Bassonetts—helmets.

⁹ Roke—mist, or steam.

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet.

Thow arte sum man of myght ;

And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,

Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.¹

By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy,

Now haste thou rede full ryght,

Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,

Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped² together, whyll that they swette,

Wyth swordes scharpe and long ;

Ych on other so faste they beette,

Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenght,

I tell yow in thys stounde,³

He smote the Dowglas at the sworde's length,

That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,

I tell yow in sertayne ;

To the harte he cowde hym smyte,

Thus was the Dowglas slayne.⁴

The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,

With many a grevous grone ;

Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,

And many a dowghty man was ' slone.'

Ther was no freke,⁵ that ther wolde flye,

But styffly in stowre can stond,

Ychone⁶ hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,⁷

Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.⁸

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,

For soth and sertenly,

Sir James a Dowglas ther was slayne,

That daye that he cowde dye.⁹

The Yerlle Mentaye of he was slayne,

Grysely groned¹⁰ uppon the growynd ;

Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,

Syr ' John ' of Agurstonne.

¹ Being all in armour he could not know him.

² Swapped—*struck*.

³ Stounde—*hour, or time*.

⁴ "Above half a mile beyond Otterburn, on the road towards Jedburgh, stands an obelisk, fifteen feet high, which marks where the Earl of Douglas fell."—*Rambles in Northumberland*, p. 115.

⁵ Freke—*man*.

⁶ Ychone—*each one*.

⁷ Drye—*suffer*.

⁸ Bayllefull bronde—*hurtful sword*.

⁹ i. e. he died that day.

¹⁰ Grysely groned—*dreadfully groaned*.

Syr Charles Morrey¹ in that place,
 That never a fote wold flye :
 Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
 With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
 For soth as I yow saye,
 Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
 Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
 For soth² and sertenlye,
 A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
 Yt was the more petye.³

Syr James Harebotell⁴ ther was slayne,
 For hym ther hartes were sore,
 The gentyll ' Lovelle ' ther was slayne,
 That the Percy's standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
 For soth as I yow saye ;
 Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
 Fyve hondert⁵ cam awaye :

The other were slayne in the fylde,
 Cryste kepe their sowles from wo,
 Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes
 Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
 Of byrch and haysell graye ;
 Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
 Ther makes⁶ they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
 Bytwene the nyghte and the day :
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
 And the Percy was lede awaye.⁷

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
 Sir Hughe Montgomery was hys name,
 For soth as I yow saye,
 He borrowed the Percy home agayne.⁸

¹ The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray, of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays, some time Earls of Annandale.

² Soth—truth.

³ Petye—pity.

⁴ Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about ten miles west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland.

⁵ Hondert—hundred.

⁶ Ther makes, &c.—*Their mates they fetched away.*

⁷ Lede awaye—i. e. *made captive.*

⁸ Borrowed—*redeemed*: he was taken in exchange for Percy.

Now let us all for the Percy praye
 To Jesu most of myght,
 To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,
 For he was a gentyll knyght.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

In the year 1256, a child is said to have been crucified at Lincoln by Jews, of whom, according to Stow, two hundred were brought up to Westminster for examination.

The following Ballad, probably founded upon an Italian legend, bears a strong likeness to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer. Since the publication of it in the "Reliques," several stanzas have been recovered, the most perfect version being given in Johnson's "Musical Museum," vi. 500. The story is told by Matthew Paris, in his "History of England," with much curious exactness of circumstance. Bishop Percy supposed Mirry-land Town to be a corruption of Milan Town; but Jamieson thinks that the Scottish reciter substituted the name for *Merry Lincolne*. The S. was sent from Scotland.

THE rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,
 Sae dois it doune the Pa:¹
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
 Quhan they play at the ba'.²

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,³
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
 "I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
 Without my play-freres⁴ nine."

Scho powd⁵ an apple reid and white
 To intice the zong⁶ thing in:
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,
 And that the sweet bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
 And low down by her gair,⁷
 Scho has twin'd⁸ the zong thing and his life;
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
 And out and cam the thin;
 And out and cam the bonny hert's⁹ bluid:
 Thair was nae life left in.

¹ The River Po.

² Ba'—ball.

³ Dochter—daughter.

⁴ Play-freres—playfellows.

⁵ Scho powd—she pulled.

⁶ Zong—young.

⁷ Gair—dress.

⁸ Twin'd—parted.

⁹ Hert's—heart's.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
 And drest him like a swine,
 And laughing said, Gae nou¹ and pley
 With zour sweit play-freres nine.

Scho rowd² him in a cake of lead,
 Bade him lie stil and sleip,
 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
 Was fifty fadom deip.³

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
 And every lady went hame :
 Than ilka lady had her zong⁴ sonne,
 Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
 And sair sair gan she weip :
 And she ran into the Jewis castèl,
 Quhan⁵ they wer all asleip.

My bonny sir Hew, my pretty sir Hew,
 I pray thee to me speik.
 "O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
 Gin ze zour sonne wad seik."⁶

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
 And knelt upon her kne :
 My bonny sir Hew, an ze⁷ be here,
 I pray thee speik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
 The well is wondrous deip,
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
 A word I dounae⁸ speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
 Fetch me my windling sheet,
 And at the back o' Mirry-land toun
 Its thair we twa sall meet."

*

*

*

¹ Gae nou—*go now and play.*

³ Fadom deip—*fathom deep.*

⁵ Quhan—*when.*

⁷ An ze—*if ye.*

² Scho rowd—*she rolled.*

⁴ Zong—*young.*

⁶ If ye your son would seek

⁸ Dounae—*am not able.*

SIR CAULINE.

THE imperfect copy in the folio MS. tempted Bishop Percy to enlarge and complete this romantic tale, of which he is more the painter than the restorer. "Sir Cauline" is found among Scottish ballads, under the title of "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin," and is evidently ancient.

THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.¹

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
For nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve² his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.³

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill⁴ to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed⁵ went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
And aye! but I winne that ladye's love,
For dole⁶ now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne⁷ to dyne:
He says, Where is syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.⁸

Fetch me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.⁹

¹ Feere—wife.

² Descreeve—describe.

³ May—maid.

⁴ Dill, &c.—grief was upon him.

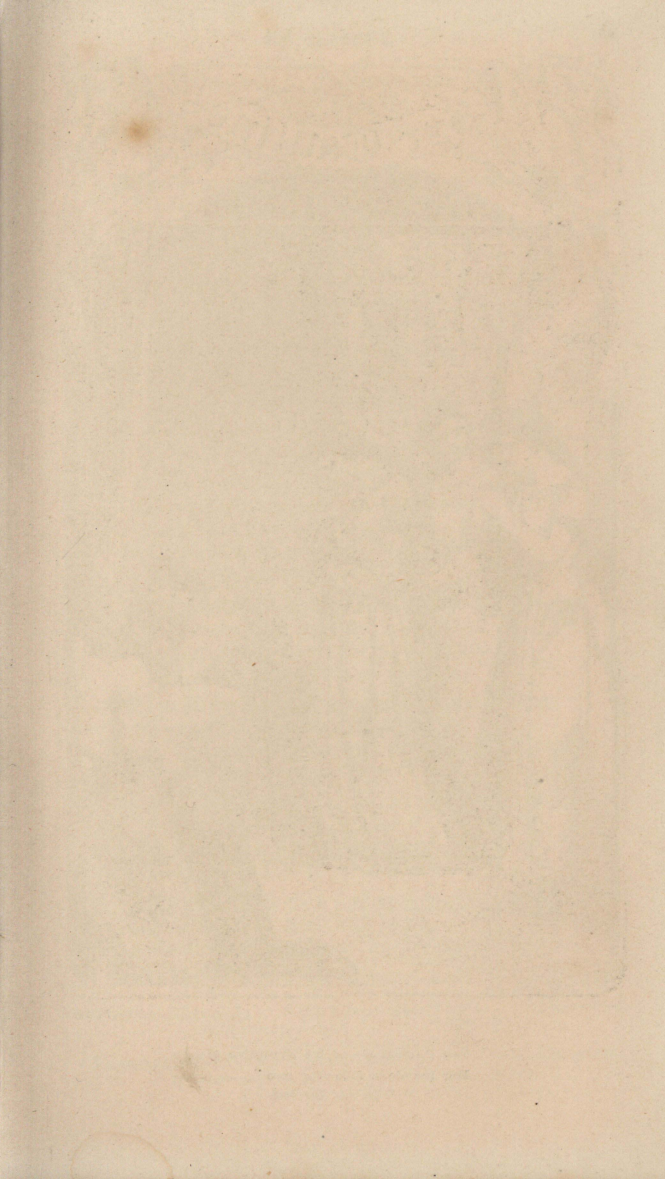
⁵ Care-bed—bed of care.

⁶ For dole, &c.—for sorrow I must die.

⁷ Bowne—going

⁸ Leechinge—doctoring.

⁹ Tine—lose.





"Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens following nye."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
 Her maydens followyng nye :
 O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?
 O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye,¹ man, for shame,
 Never lye soe cowardlee ;
 For it is told in my father's halle,
 You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
 That all this dill I drye :²
 For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
 Then were I brought from bale³ to blisse,
 No lenger wold I lye.

Sir Knighte, my father is a kinge,
 I am his onlye heire ;
 Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
 I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinge's daughtèr,
 And I am not thy peere ;
 But let me doe some deedes of armes
 To be your bacheleere.⁴

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
 My bacheleere to bee,
 But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
 Giff⁵ harm shold happe to thee,

Upon Eldridge⁶ hill there groweth a thorne,
 Upon the mores brodinge ;⁷
 And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
 Until the fayre morninge ?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle⁸ of mighte,
 Will examine you beforne :⁹
 And never man bare life away,
 But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,¹⁰
 And large of limb and bone ;
 And but if heaven may be thy speede,¹¹
 Thy life it is but gone.

¹ Wightlye—*vigorously*.

² Dill I drye—*pain I suffer*.

³ Bale—*woe*.

⁴ Bacheleere—*knight*.

⁵ Giff—if.

⁶ Eldridge—*lonesome, spectral*.

⁷ Mores brodinge—*the wide downs or moors*.

⁸ Mickle—*great*.

⁹ Beforne—*before*.

¹⁰ Paynim—*pagan*.

¹¹ Speede—*fortune, or luck*.

Nowe on the Eldridge hills Ile walke,¹
 For thy sake, fair ladie;
 And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
 Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
 Her maydens following bright;
 Syr Cauline lope² from care-bed soone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
 He walked up and downe;
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
 Over the bents³ soe browne;
 Quoth hee, If cryance⁴ come till my heart,
 I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
 A furious wight and fell;⁵
 A ladye bright his brydle led,
 Clad in a fayre kyrtell:⁶

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
 O man, I rede⁷ thee flye,
 For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,
 I weene⁸ but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,
 Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
 For, cause thou minged⁹ not Christ before,
 The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed;
 Syr Cauline bold abode:
 Then either shooke his trustye speare,
 And the timber these two children¹⁰ bare
 Soe soone in sunder slode.¹¹

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
 And layden¹² on full faste,
 Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
 They all were well-nye brast.¹³

¹ Walke—Percy suggests *wake*; but why not *walk*, in the sense of a watchman walking the round.

³ Bents—*fields*.

² Lope—*leaped*.

⁵ A man angry and fierce.

⁴ Cryance—if fear come to my heart.

⁶ Kyrtell—*garment*.

⁸ Weene—I think.

⁷ Rede—I advise thee to fly.

⁹ Minged—*mentioned*.

¹⁰ Children—*knights*.

¹¹ Slode—*split*.

¹² Layden—*laid*.

¹³ Brast—*well-nigh burst*.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
 And stiffe in stower¹ did stande,
 But syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke
 He smote off his right hand;
 That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
 Fell downe on that lay-land.²

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
 All over his head so hye:
 And here I sweare by the holy roode,³
 Nowe, caytiffe,⁴ thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
 Fast wringing of her hande:
 For the mayden's love, that most you love,
 Withold that deadlye brande:

For the mayden's love, that most you love,
 Now smyte no more, I praye;
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
 He shall thy hests⁵ obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
 And here on this lay-land,
 That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,⁶
 And therto plight⁷ thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
 To sporte, gamon,⁸ or playe:
 And that thou here give up thy armes
 Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
 With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
 And sware to obey syr Cauline's hest,
 Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
 Sett him in his saddle anone;
 And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
 To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
 That was so large of bone,
 And on it he founde five ringes of gold
 Of knightes that had bin slone.⁹

¹ Stower—*fight*.² Lay-land—*green-sward*.³ Roode—*cross*.⁴ Caytiffe—*wretch*.⁵ Hests—*commands*.⁶ His laye—*his law*.⁷ Plight—*engage*.⁸ Gamon—*fight*.⁹ Slone—*slain*.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
 As hard as any flint :
 And he tooke off those ringès five,
 As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked¹ syr Cauline,
 As light as leafe on tree :
 I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,²
 Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
 Before that lady gay :
 O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills :
 These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
 Thrice welcome unto mee,
 For now I perceive thou art a true knyghte,
 Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knyghte,
 Thy hests for to obaye :
 And mought I hope to winne thy love !——
 Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
 And fette³ a gentill sighe :
 Alas ! syr knyght, how may this bee,
 For my degree's soe highe ?

But sith thou hast hight,⁴ thou comely youth,
 To be my batchilere,
 Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
 I will have none other fere.⁵

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
 Towards that knyghte so free ;
 He gave to it one gentill kisse,
 His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
 The teares sterte⁶ from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
 Ne let no man it knowe ;
 For and ever my father sholde it ken,
 I wot he wolde us sloe.⁷

¹ Pricked—*spurred forward.*

² Stint ne blanne—*neither lingered nor stopped.*

³ Fette—*fetched.*

⁴ Sith thou hast hight—*Since thou hast engaged.*

⁵ Fere—*companion.*

⁶ Sterte—*started.*

⁷ I wot—*well I know that he would slay us.*

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
 Lovde syr Cauline the knyghte :
 From that daye forthe he only joyde
 Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
 Within a fayre arboure,
 Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
 Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
 And everye sweete its sowre :
 This founde the ladye Christabelle
 In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as syr Cauline
 Was with that ladye faire,
 The kinge her father walked forthe
 To take the evenyng aire :

And into the arboure as he went
 To rest his wearye feet,
 He found his daughter and syr Cauline
 There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,¹
 And an angrye man was hee :
 Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
 And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
 And throwne in dungeon deepe :
 And the ladye into a towre so hye,
 There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Cauline's friend,
 And to the kinge sayd shee :
 I praye you save syr Cauline's life,
 And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
 Across the salt sea fome :²
 But here I will make thee a band,³
 If ever he come within this land,
 A foule deathe is his doome.

¹ I-wys—I know.² Fome—foam.³ A band—a bond or covenant.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
 To parte from his ladyè;
 And many a time he sighed sore,
 And cast a wistfulle eye:
 Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
 Farre lever¹ had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
 Was had forthe of the towre;
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
 As nipt by an ungentle winde
 Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
 To tint² her lover soe:
 Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
 But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
 And lorde of high degree,
 Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
 But never shee wolde them nee.³

When manye a daye was past and gone,
 Ne comforte she colde finde,
 The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
 To cheere his daughter's mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
 Fro manye a farre countryè,
 To break a spere for theyr ladye's love
 Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
 In purple and in palle;⁴
 But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
 Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
 Before his ladye gaye;
 But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
 He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton⁵ it was all of blacke,
 His hewberke,⁶ and his sheelde,
 Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
 Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
 When they came from the feelde.⁷

¹ Farre lever—*far sooner.*

² Tint—*lose.*

³ Nee—*nigh.*

⁴ Purple and palle—a *purple robe or cloak.*

⁵ Acton—*armour, leather quilted.*

⁶ Hewberke—*coat of mail composed of iron rings.*

⁷ Feelde—*field.*

And now three days were prestlye¹ past
 In feates of chivalrye,
 When lo, upon the fourth morninge
 A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
 All foule of limbe and lere;²
 Two goggling eyen like fire farden.³
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
 That waited on his knee,
 And at his backe five heads he bare,
 All wan and pale of blee.⁴

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted⁵ lowe,
 Behold that hend Soldàin!⁶
 Behold these heads I beare with me!
 They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knìght is his own cousine,
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent:⁷
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,
 Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
 Thy daughter's love to winne:
 And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.⁸

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
 Or else thy daughter deere;
 Or else within these lists soe broad
 Thou must finde him a peere.⁹

The king he turned him round aboute,
 And in his heart was woe:
 Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
 This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
 Will fight for my daughter and mee?
 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,¹⁰
 Right fair his meede shall bee.

¹ Prestlye—*quickly*.

² Lere—*face*.

³ Farden—*flashed*.

⁴ Blee—*complexion*.

⁵ Louted—*bowed*.

⁶ Hend Soldàin—*gentle Sultan*.

⁷ Shent—*disgraced*.

⁸ Brenne—*burn*.

⁹ Peere—*equal*.

¹⁰ A frequent character in the old pageants was the Sowdan, or Soldan, representing a grim Eastern tyrant. The word is a corruption of *Sultan*.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
 And of my crowne be heyre;
 And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
 To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè¹
 Did stand both still and pale;
 For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
 It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 When she sawe no helpe was nye:
 She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
 And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
 Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:
 Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
 Thoughe he be unmacklye² made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
 That lyeth within thy bowre,
 I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende
 Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
 The kinge he cryde, with speede:
 Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
 My daughter is thy meede.³

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
 And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
 I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
 Thou lettest⁴ me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came
 In his blacke armoure dight:
 The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
 "That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
 Within the lists soe broad;
 And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
 They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
 That made him reele asyde;
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 And thrice she deeply sighde.

¹ The Round Table was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry.

² Unmacklye—*mis-shapen*.

³ Meede—*reward*.

⁴ Lettest—*detainest*.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
 And made the bloude to flowe :
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
 And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
 Which brought the knighte on his knee :
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladye's heart,
 And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
 All recklesse of the pain :
 Quoth hee, But¹ heaven be now my speede,
 Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
 And spying a secrette part,
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
 Whan they sawe the soldan falle :
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
 That had reskewed her from thrall.²

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
 Rose uppe from offe his seate,
 And downe he stepped into the listes,
 That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
 Was fallen into a swounde,
 And there all walteringe in his gore,
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
 Thou art a leech of skille ;
 Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
 Than this good knighte sholde spille.³

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,⁴
 To helpe him if she maye ;
 But when she did his beavere raise,
 It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And shriekte and swound awaye.

¹ But—*unless*. “Dr. Percy adds improperly in the next line ‘or else.’ It ought to be some such phrase as ‘Bot doubt.’”—*Finlay*.

² Thrall—*captivity*.

³ Spille—*come to harm*.

⁴ From the earliest times, among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, women of the highest rank exercised the art of healing ; and even so late as the reign of Elizabeth it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her Court, that “the eldest of them are skilful in surgery.”

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
 When he heard his ladye crye,
 O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
 For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in death,
 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
 Indeed was dead and gone,
 She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moane :

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For mee thy faithfulle feere;
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
 And with a deepe-fette¹ sighe,
 That burst her gentle hearte in twayne,
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.

EDWARD, EDWARD.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple.

QUHY dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,²
 Edward, Edward?

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?
 And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
 Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:
 And I had nae mair bot hee³, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,⁴
 Edward, Edward.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 My deir son, I tell thee, O.

¹ Deepe-fette—*deep-drawn*.

² Quhy, &c.—*Why does your sword so drop with blood.*

³ Nae mair, &c.—*no other but he.*

⁴ *Your hawk's blood was never so red.*

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie,¹ O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie² for that,
Edward, Edward?

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',³
That were sae fair to see, O?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?

The warldis⁴ room, let thame beg throw life,
Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let thame beg throw life;
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

¹ Some other grief you suffer.

² And what penance will ye undergo.

³ And what will you do with your towers and your hall.

⁴ The warldis—the world's.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
 Men call her bright and sheene;¹
 If I were kyng here in your stead,
 That ladye shold be my queene.

Saies, Reade me,² reade me, deare brother,
 Throughout merry Englànd,
 Where we might find a messenger
 Betwixt us towe to sende.

Sais, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
 Ile beare you companye;
 Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
 And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
 Of twoe good renisht steeds,
 And when the came to kyng Adland's halle,
 Of redd gold shone their weeds.³

And when the came to kyng Adland's halle
 Before the goodlye gate,
 There they found good kyng Adlånd
 Rearing⁴ himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Adland;
 Now Christ you save and see.
 Sayd, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
 Right hartilye to mee.

You have a daughter, said Adler younge,
 Men call her bright and sheene,
 My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
 Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterday was att my deere daughtèr
 Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
 And then she nicked him of naye,⁵
 And I doubt sheele⁶ do you the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
 And leeveth⁷ on Mahound;
 And pitye it were that fayre ladye
 Shold marrye a heathen hound.

¹ Sheene—*shining*.

³ Weeds—*clothing*.

² Reade me—*advise me*.

⁴ Rearing—*leaning against*.

⁵ Nicked him of naye—*nicked him with a refusal*.

⁶ Sheele—*she will*.

⁷ Leeveth—*believeth*.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
 For my love I you praye ;
 That I may see your daughter deere
 Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is seven yeers and more
 Since my daughter was in halle,
 She shall come once downe for your sake
 To glad my guestès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
 With ladyes laced in pall,
 And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
 To bring her from bowre to hall ;
 And as many gentle squiers,
 To tend¹ upon them all.

The talents² of golde were on her head sette,
 Hanged low downe to her knee ;
 And everye ring on her small fingèr
 Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, God you save, my deere madàm ;
 Saies, God you save and see.
 Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
 Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you saye,
 Soe well and hartilèe,
 All that ever you are comen about
 Soon sped now itt shall bee.

Then bespake her father deare :
 My daughter, I saye naye ;
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
 And reave³ me of my life.
 I cannot blame him if he doe,
 If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
 Are stronglye built aboute ;
 And therefore of the king of Spaine
 Wee neede not stande in doubt.

¹ Tend—wait.

² Talents—perhaps golden ornaments equal in value to talents of gold.

³ Reave—bereave.

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetch him dukes and lordes, and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès¹ many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With many a bold baròne,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adland's daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken kyng Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.²

Tydings, tydings, kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a bold baròne,
Tone daye to marrye kyng Adland's daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

¹ Kempès—soldiers.

² Blanne—loitered.

My ladye fayre she greets you well,
 And ever-more well by mee:
 You must either turne againe and fighte,
 Or goe home and loose your ladye.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
 My reade shall ryde¹ at thee,
 Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
 Or goe home and loose my ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
 And your reade must rise at me,
 I quicklye will devise a waye
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westernne woman,
 And learned in gramaryè,²
 And when I learned at the schole,
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,
 And iff it were but knowne,
 His color, which is whyte and redd,
 It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
 Itt will make redd and whyte;
 That sworde is not in all Englande,
 Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
 Out of the north countrye;
 And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,³
 And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shal be the best harpèr,
 That ever tooke harpe in hand;
 And I wil be the best singèr,
 That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shal be written in our forheads,
 All and in grammaryè,
 That we towe are the boldest men,
 That are in all Christentyè.

¹ It should probably be *ryse*—i. e. *my counsel shall arise from the*

² Gramaryè—perhaps a corruption of the French word *grimoire*, which signifies a conjuring book in the old French romances, if not the art of necromancy itself.

³ Faine of fight—*fond of fighting*.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
 On tow good renish steedes ;
 And when they came to king Adland's hall,
 Of redd gold shone their weedes.¹

And whan the came to kyng Adland's hall,
 Untill the fayre hall yate,²
 There they found a proud portèr
 Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr ;
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see,
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
 Of what land soever ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler younge,
 Come out of the northe cuntrye ;
 Wee beene come hither untill this place,
 This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
 As it is blacke and browne,
 I wold saye king Estmere and his brother
 Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
 Layd itt on the porter's arme :
 And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
 Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
 And sore he handled the ryng,
 Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
 He lett³ for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
 Soe fayre att the hall bord ;
 The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
 Light in kyng Bremor's beard.

Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,
 Saies, Stable him in the stalle ;
 It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
 To stable 'him' in a kyng's halle.

My ladde he is so lither,⁴ he said,
 He will doe nought that's meete ;
 And is there any man in this hall
 Were able him to beate ?

¹ Weedes—*clothing*.

³ He lett—he *stopped*.

² Yate—*gate*.

⁴ Lither—*fronard*.

Thou speakst proud words, sayes the king of Spaine,
 Thou harper, here to mee :
 There is a man within this halle
 Will beate thy ladd and thee.

O let that man come downe, he said,
 A sight of him wold I see ;
 And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
 Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,¹
 And looked him in the eare ;
 For all the gold, that was under heaven,
 He durst not neigh him neare.²

And how nowe, kempe,³ said the kyng of Spaine,
 And how what aileth thee?
 He saies, It is writt in his forehead
 All and in gramaryè,
 That for all the gold that is under heaven
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
 And plaid a pretty thinge :
 The ladye upstart from the borde,
 And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
 For God's love I pray thee,
 For and thou playes as thou beginns,
 Thou'lt till⁴ my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
 And playd a pretty thinge ;
 The ladye lough⁵ a loud laughter,
 As shee sate by the king.

Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
 And thy stringès all,
 For as many gold nobles ' thou shalt have '
 As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, ' he sayd, '
 If I did sell itt yee ?
 " To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,⁶
 When abed together wee bee."

¹ Kemperye-man—*fighting-man*.

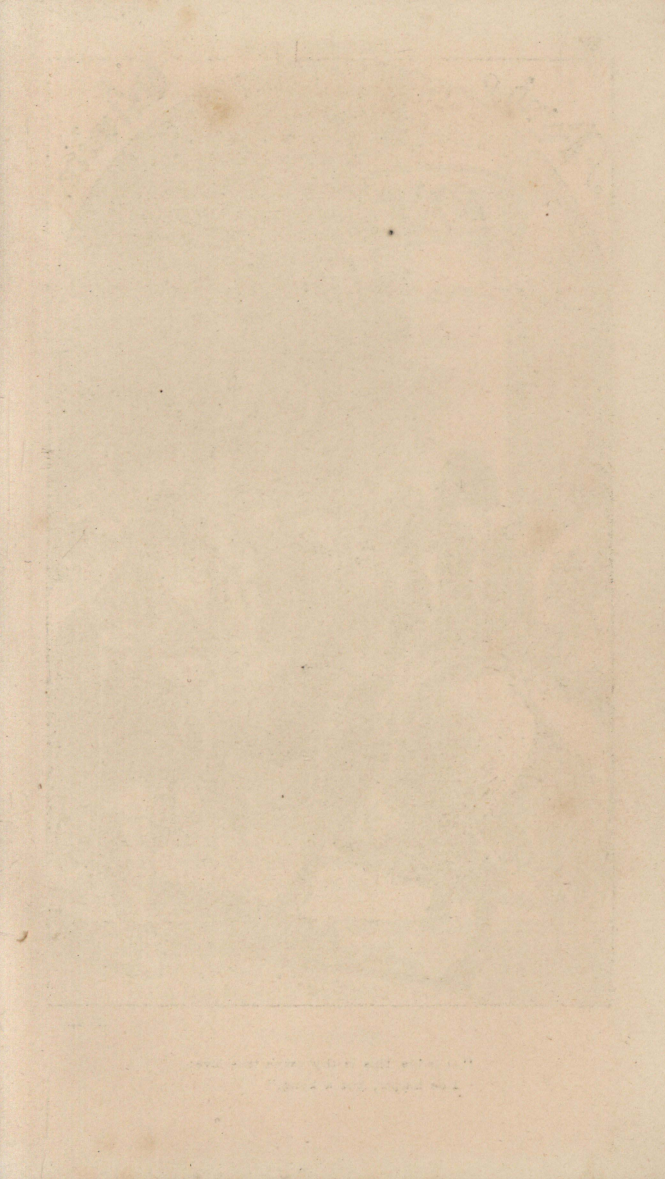
² Neigh him neare—*approach him near*.

³ Kempe—*warrior*.

⁴ Till—*entice*.

⁵ Lough—*laughed*.

⁶ Fitt—a *tune, or strain of music*.





"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
Noe harper, but a kynge."

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gaye,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.

Ile played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
"Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"As playnlye thou mayest see;
"And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
"Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith¹ he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of Gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England
With her to leade his life.

¹ Swith—*swiftly*.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

A COMPLETE copy of the Ballad is given in the "Minstrelsy of the Border." Haco, King of Norway, died at Orkney, after the battle of Largs, and his son Magnus "soon after gave his son Eric in marriage to Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. On the death of the Scottish monarch, in 1286, the crown descended to his grand-daughter, Margaret, called the Maiden of Norway, where she was detained till 1290, and died at Orkney, on her voyage to Scotland." Scott supposes that "the unfortunate voyage of Sir Patrick Spens may really have taken place for the purpose of bringing back the Maid of Norway to her own kingdom;" but Mr. Finlay regards the mention of *hats and high-heeled shoon* as indicating either the pen of an interpolator, or a comparatively modern date. A later conjecture ascribes the poem to the ingenious author of "Hardyknute." Coleridge called it a "grand old ballad."

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine :
 O quhar¹ will I get guid sailòr,
 To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
 Sat at the king's richt² kne :
 Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,
 That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid³ letter,
 And signd it wi' his hand ;
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch⁴ lauched he :
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,
 The teir⁵ blinded his ee.

O quha⁶ is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me ;
 To send me out this time o'the zeir,⁷
 To sail upon the se ?

¹ Quhar—where.

² Richt—right.

³ Braid—an open letter, in opposition to close Rolls.

⁴ Lauch lauched—laugh laughed.

⁵ Teir—tear.

⁶ Quha—who.

⁷ Zeir—year.

Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sail's the morne.¹
 O say na sae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet² their cork-heild schoone;
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
 Wi' thair gold kems³ in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,⁴
 It's fiftie fadom deip:
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

THE stories of ROBIN HOOD compose the Epic of our greenwoods. Stow says:—"In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers, and outlaws, among the which ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence. The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom 400 (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie reliev-

¹ The morne—to-morrow morning.

² Wet their cork-heeled shoes.

³ Kems—combs.

⁴ Percy calls Aberdour a village lying on the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated *De Mortuo Mari*; but Mr. Finlay tells us that *De Mortuo Mari* is only the designation of a family (Mortimer) who were lords of Aberdour.

ing them with that which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich carles." These are features of a popular hero, whose exploits ingenious writers have resolved into a romance, and the picture-stories of the archer, into the inventions of the ballad-singer. This theory has been sternly withstood by Mr. Hunter, in his tract on "Robin;" and the discovery of a "Robyn Hode's pension," from Edward II., is curious, and strengthens the conjecture which puts Robin Hood in that and the following reign. The same critic finds his birth-place either at Wakefield, or some neighbouring village, and believes him to have been an adherent of the Earl of Lancaster, the great baron of those parts, and whose overthrow drove Robin into Sherwood Forest, where he found protection and food. One fact, at least, is clear,—that in the 14th century, if not earlier, Robin Hood had become the representative of the English outlaws, and was the favourite subject of the people's songs in the time of Edward III.

WHEN shaws¹ beene sheene, and shradds² full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes' songe.

The woodweele³ sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye,⁴ said jollye Robìn,
A sweaven⁵ I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;⁶
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken⁷ on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, master, quoth John,
As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow itt may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee,⁸ my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where the bee.

¹ Shaws, &c.—*Woods are shining.*

² Shradds—perhaps *swards*—i. e., the surface of the ground; meaning, "when the fields are in their beauty."

³ Woodweele—a kind of thrush.

⁴ Faye—*faith.*

⁵ Sweaven—*dream.*

⁶ Mee froe—from me.

⁷ Wroken—*revenged.* ⁸ Buske yee, bowne yee—*dress ye, get ye ready.*

Then the cast on their gownes of grene,
 And tooke theyr bowes each one;
 And they away to the greene forrèst
 A shooting forth are gone;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest bee,
 There were the ware¹ of a wight² yeomàn,
 His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
 Of manye a man the bane;³
 And he was clad in his capull hyde⁴
 Topp and tayll and mayne.⁵

Stand you still, master, quoth Litle John,
 Under this tree so grene,
 And I will go to yond wight yeoman
 To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
 And that I farley⁶ finde:
 How oft send I my men beffore,
 And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
 And a man but heare him speake;
 And itt were not for bursting of my powe,
 John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,⁷
 So they parted Robin and John;
 And John is gone to Barnesdale:
 The gates⁸ he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
 Great heavynesse there hee hadd,
 For he found tow of his owne fellows
 Were slain both in a slade.⁹

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
 Fast over stocke and stone,
 For the sheriffe with seven score men
 Fast after him is gone.

¹ Were the ware—were they aware.

² Wight—lusty.

³ Bane—the curse.

⁴ Capull hyde—horse-hide.

⁵ Mayne—mane.

⁶ Farley—wonder.

⁷ Breeden bale—breed mischief.

⁸ Gates—ways, or passes.

⁹ Slade—a valley between woods.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John;
 With Christ his might and mayne;
 Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
 To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
 And fetteleed him to shoote:
 The bowe was made of a tender bough,
 And fell down to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
 That ere thou grew on a tree;
 For now this day thou art my bale,¹
 My boote² when thou should bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
 Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
 For itt mett one of the sherriffe's men,
 Good Wiiliam à Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William à Trent
 To have bene abed with sorrowe,
 Than to be that day in the green wood slade
 To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
 Fyve can doe more than three,
 The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
 And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
 And hanged hye on a hill.
 But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
 If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Litle John,
 And thinke of Robin Hood,
 How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
 Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
 "Good morrowe, good fellowe," quoth he:
 Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
 A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull³ of my waye, quo' the yeman,
 And of my morning tyde.
 Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
 Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

¹ Bale—*mischiefe*, or *evil*.

² Boote—*advantage*, or *help*.

³ Wilfull—*wandering from*.

I seeke an outlawe, the s'traunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye¹ make
Among the woods so even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven.²

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,³
That grew both under a breere,⁴
And sett them threescore rood in twaine
To shoot the prickes⁵ y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it froe:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shote within the garlände:⁶
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.⁷

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.⁸
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

¹ Masterye—*trial of skill.*

² Unsett steven—at a time not appointed.

³ Shroggs—*shrubs.*

⁴ Breere—*briar.*

⁵ Prickes—the mark to shoot at.

⁶ Garlände—the ring within which the pricke, or mark, was set.

⁷ Wande—*pole.*

⁸ Lyne—*lime, or trees in general.*

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
 And Robin to take Ime sworne;
 And when I am called by my right name
 I am Guye of good Gisbørne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
 By thee I set right nought:
 I am Robin Hood of Barlèsdale,
 Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,¹
 Might have seene a full fayre sight,
 To see how together these yeomen went
 With blades both browne² and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
 Two howres of a summer's day:
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
 Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles³ on a roote,
 And stumbled at that tyde;
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
 And hitt him ore the left side.

Ah deere Lady, sayd Robin Hood, 'thou
 That art both mother and may,'
 I think it was never man's destinye
 To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
 And soone leapt up againe,
 And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
 And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He took sir Guy's head by the hayre,
 And stucked itt on his bowe's end:
 Thou hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,
 Which thing must have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
 And nicked sir Guy in the face,
 That he was never on woman born
 Cold tell whose head it was.

¹ Kithe nor kin—*acquaintance nor kindred.*

² "Brown" is the common epithet for a sword in the old metrical romances.

³ Reachles—*careless.*

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on sir Guy did it throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guye's horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow.
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.¹

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare sir Guye's horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare sir Guye's horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aske;
Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,
Thou sholdest have had a knight's fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shale be.

When Litle John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven²:
Now shall I be looset, quoth Litle John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

¹ Lowe—little hill.

² Steven—voice.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
 He thought to loose him belive;
 The sheriffe and all his companye
 Fast after him did drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
 Why draw you mee soe neere?
 Itt was never the use in our countrye,
 One's shrift¹ another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
 And losed John hand and foote,
 And gave him sir Guye's bow into his hand,
 And bade it be his boote.²

Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand,
 His boltes and arrowes eche one:
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
 He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
 He fled full fast away;
 And soe did all his companye:
 Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
 Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
 But Litle John with an arrowe soe broad
 He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

AN ELEGY ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

Murdered at Cocklodge, near Thirske, Yorkshire, April 28, 1489, by the populace, who regarded him as the promoter of the tax which Parliament had granted to Henry VII., for carrying on the war in Bretagne. The elegy, addressed to Henry Percy, the fifth Earl, was written by John Skelton, born about 1460, and who died at Westminster, a fugitive from the vengeance of Wolsey, June 21, 1529. Percy might have found a better specimen of Skelton in "Philip Sparrowe," which so delighted the elder D'Israeli, that he compared the verses, for elegance, with those on the "Bird of Lesbia," and for playfulness, to the "Vert-Vert" of Gresset.

¹ Shrift—*confession*.

² Boote—*his help*.

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metricè alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum, mea pagina, Percy,
 Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit;
 Ad nutum celebris tu prona reponè leonis,
 Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.
 Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
 Fortunam, cuncta quæ malefida rotat.
 Qui leo sit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos;
 Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLORUS DETHE AND MUCH LA-
 MENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST HONORABLE ERLE OF
 NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore
 The dedely fate, the dolefulle destenny
 Of him that is gone, alas! withoute restore,
 Of the blode¹ royall descendinge nobelly;
 Whos lordshepe doutles was slayne lamentably
 Thorow treson ageyn² hym compassyd and wrought;
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heavenly poems, O Clyo, calde by name
 In the college of Musis goddess historiall,
 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:
 To the for soccour, to the for helpe I call
 Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle
 With the freshe waters of Eleconys³ welle.

Of noble actes auneyntly enrolde,
 Of famous princis and lordes of astate,⁴
 By thy report ar wonte to be extold,
 Registringe trewly every formare date;
 Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,
 Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy noblès,⁵
 Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

¹ The mother of Henry first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of King Henry III. The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of King Edward III. The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline du Lovain (son of Godfrey, Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Henry II.

² Ageyn—against.

⁴ Astate—estate, high rank.

³ Eleconys—Helicons.

⁵ Noblès—nobleness.

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene
 Of formar writinge by any presidente
 That vilane hastarddis¹ in ther furious tene,²
 Fulfylde with malace of froward entente,
 Confeterd³ togeder of commoun concente
 Falsly to sle⁴ ther moste singular goode lorde?
 It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken;⁵
 At his commaundement, whiche had both day and night
 Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when
 He calde upon them, as menyall household men:
 Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde⁶
 To slo their owne lorde? God was not in their minde.

And were not they to blame, I say also,
 That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,
 To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo?
 Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust:
 They bode⁷ not till the rekenyng were discust.
 What shuld I flatter? what shulde I glose⁸ or paynt?
 Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;⁹
 Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede;
 To whome grete¹⁰ astates obeyde and lowttede;¹¹
 A mayny¹² of rude villayns made him for to blede:
 Unkindly they slew hym, that help them oft at nede:
 He was their bulwark, their paves,¹³ and their wall,
 Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot¹⁴ them befall.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad?
 What frantyk frensy fyll¹⁵ in youre brayne?
 Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have had?
 What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayne¹⁶
 Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.
 Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd;
 Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

¹ Hastarddis—*rash, fiery fellows.*

³ Confeterd—*confederated.*

⁶ Karlis of kynde—*churls by nature.*

⁸ Glose—*set a false gloss or colour.*

¹⁰ Grete astates—*persons of great rank.*

¹¹ Lowttede—*bowed.*

¹³ Paves—*shield.*

¹⁵ Fyll—*fell.*

² Tene—*wrath.*

⁵ Ken—*know.*

⁷ Bode—*abode.*

⁹ Redouted—*dreaded.*

¹² Mayny—a number.

¹⁴ Mot—*may.*

¹⁶ Agayne—*against.*

He was your chyfteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,
 Redy to assyst you in every tyme of nede :
 Your worship¹ depended of his excellence :
 Alas ! ye mad men, to far ye did excede :
 Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede :
 What moyyd you agayn hym to war or to fight ?
 What ayld you to sle your lord agyn all right ?

The grounde of his quarel was for his sovereyn lord,
 The welle concernyng of all the hole lande,
 Demaundyng soche dutyes as nedis most acord
 To the right of his prince which shold not be withstand ;
 For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne hande :
 But had his nobill men done wel that day,
 Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay.

But ther was fals packinge,² or els I am begylde :
 How-be-it the matter was evident and piayne,
 For yf they had occupied³ ther spere and ther shelde,
 This noble man doutles had not be slayne.
 Bot men say they wer lynked with a double chayn,
 And held with the commouns under a cloke,
 Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this smoke.

The commouns renyed⁴ ther taxes to pay
 Of them demaunded and asked by the kinge ;
 With one voice importune, they playnly said nay :
 They buskt⁵ them on a bushment themself in baile⁶ to
 bringe :
 Agayne the king's plesure to wrastle or to wringe,⁷
 Bluntly as bestis withe boste and with cry
 They saide, they forsede⁸ not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the northe this valiant lorde and knyght.
 As man that was innocent of trechery and trayne,
 Presed⁹ forthe boldly to witstand the myght,
 And, like marciall Hector, he fauht them agayne,
 Vigorously upon them with myght and with mayne,
 Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym there :
 Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

¹ Worship—honour.³ Occupied—used.² Fals packinge—false dealing.⁴ Renyed—refused.⁵ Buskt them on a bushment—prepared, or hid themselves on an ambushment.⁶ Baile—trouble.⁸ Forsede—regarded.⁷ Wringe—contend with violence.⁹ Presed—pressed.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,
 Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,
 Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,
 Of whos [life] they counted not a flye ;
 Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly.
 Alas! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente
 Upon suche a sort¹ was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyronde aboute on every syde
 Withe his enemys, that were stark mad and wode :²
 Yet whils he stode he gave them woundes wyde :
 Alas for routhe! what thouche his mynde were goode,³
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode!
 All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne ;
 For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt,⁴
 The famous erle of Northumberlande :
 Of knightly prowès the sworde pomel and hylt,
 The myghty lyoun⁵ doutted⁶ by se and lande!
 O dolorous chaunce of fortun's fruward hande!
 What man remembring how shamfully he was slayne,
 From bitter weepinge hymself kan restrayne?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
 O dolorous teusday,⁷ dedicate to thy name,
 When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar!
 O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
 Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the same!
 Moste noble erle! O fowle mysuryd⁸ grounde
 Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre,
 Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,
 All merciles, in the ys no pite!
 O homycide, whiche sleest⁹ all that thou kan,
 So forcibly upon this erle thow ran,
 That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall drede,¹⁰
 Thou kit¹¹ asonder his perfight vitall threde!

¹ Sort—set, or band.² Wode—frantic.³ Goode—good.⁴ Spylt—destroyed.⁵ Alluding to his crest and supporters.⁶ Doutted—dreaded.⁷ Tuesday.⁸ Mysuryd—"misused; applied to a bad purpose."—P.⁹ Sleest—slayest.¹⁰ Enharpid, &c.—hooked, or edged with mortal dread.¹¹ Kit—cut.

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,
 Of aureat¹ poems they want ellumynynge;²
 Bot by them to knoulege ye may attayne
 Of this lordis dethe and of his murdrynge,
 Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson³ of every thing,
 Of knights, of squyers, cheif lord of toure and toune,
 Tyl fykill⁴ fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall⁵ to dukis, with kings he myght compare,
 Surmountinge in honor all erls he did excede,
 To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me⁶ I dare.
 Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,
 Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,
 Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,
 Tyll the chaunce ran agyne him of fortune's duple dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame
 With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust?
 Whos noble actis shew worsheply⁷ his name,
 Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that must
 Yet sumwhat wright supprised⁸ with hartly lust,⁹
 Truly reportinge his right noble astate,
 Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteynyd was,
 Trew to his prince for to defende his right,
 Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas,
 Treytory¹⁰ and treson he bannesht out of syght,
 With trowth to medle was all his hole¹¹ delyght,
 As all his kuntrey kan testefy the same:
 To slo suche a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere¹² of the musis nyne
 In me all onely wer sett and comprisyde,
 Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyne,
 As perfightly as could be thought or devysyd;
 To me also allthouche it were promysyde
 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
 All were too litill for his magnyficence.

¹ Aureat—golden.³ Fuyson—abundance.⁵ Paregall—equal.⁷ Worsheply—honourably.⁹ Lust—liking, desire.¹¹ Hole—whole.² Ellumynynge—embellishing.⁴ Fykill—fickle.⁶ Reporte me—refer me.⁸ Supprised—overpowered.¹⁰ Treytory—treachery.¹² Hole quere—whole quire.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,¹
 Grow and encrease, remembre thyn astate,
 God the assyst unto thyn herytage,
 And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
 Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate;
 And, as the lyoune, whiche is of bestis kinge,
 Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,
 Stabile thy mynde constant to be and fast,
 Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge:
 All flattringe faytors² abhor, and from the cast,
 Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast;
 Let double delinge in the have no place,
 And be not light of credence in no case.

Wythe hevy chere,³ with dolorous hart and mynd,
 Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
 Thys lorde's death, whose pere is hard to fynd,
 Allgyf⁴ Englund and Fraunce were thorow saught.
 Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought
 Both temporall and spirituall for to complayne
 This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,
 And all other gentilmen with hym enterteynd
 In fee, as menyall men of his housold,
 Whom he as lord worsheply manteynd:
 To sorowfull weping they ought to be constreynd,
 As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese Prince of hevyn emperyalles,
 That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
 Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kalle;
 Which to thy resemblance wondrously hast wrought
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast boght,
 With thy blode precious our finaunce⁵ thou dyd pay,
 And us redemed, from the fendys pray:⁶

¹ The earl's son was eleven years old at his father's death.

² Faytors—*deceivers, dissemblers*.

³ Chere—*countenance*, or, in this place, *spirit*.

⁴ Allgyf—a *though*.

⁵ Finaunce—*fine*.

⁶ Fendys pray—*prey of the fiends*.

To the pray we, as Prince incomperable,
 As thou art of mercy and pite the well,
 Thou bringe unto thy joye etermynable¹
 The sowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
 In endles blis with the to byde and dwell
 In thy palace above the orient,
 Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
 Maiden moste pure, and Goddis moder dere,
 To sorowfull harts chef comfort and solace,
 Of all women O floure withouten pere,
 Pray to thy Son above the starris clere,
 He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun
 To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,
 With all the hole sorte² of that glorious place,
 His soule mot³ receyve into ther company
 Thorowe bounte of Hym that formed all solace:
 Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
 The Father, the Son, and the Holy Goste
 In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

STEPHEN HAWES was born in Suffolk, but the dates of his birth and of his death have not been discovered. From Oxford he went to France, and afterwards became Groom of the Privy Chamber to Henry VII. Warton calls him the only true poet of that reign. His "Pastime of Pleasure," written in 1506, did not issue from the press until 1517, and re-appeared in 1554 and the following year. It then dropped out of sight—except on the ballad-monger's stall—until Southey reprinted the Poem in 1831. The following stanzas are taken from Chapters III. and IV.: "How Fame departed from Graunde Amoure, and left him with Governance and Grace, and how he went to the Tower of Doctrine."

I LOKED about, and saw a craggy roche,
 Farre in the west neare to the element,
 And as I dyd then unto it approche,
 Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
 The royal tower of MORALL DOCUMENT,
 Made of fine copper with turrets fayre and hye,
 Which against Phebus shone soe marveyulously,

¹ Etermynable—interminable.

² Hole sorte—whole company.

³ Mot—may.

That for the very perfect bryghtnes
 What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne,
 I could nothyng behold the goodlines
 Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne :¹
 Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,
 The radiant bryghtnes of golden Phebus
 Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.²

Then to the tower I drewe, nere and nere,
 And often mused of the great hyghnes
 Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare :³
 But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches
 Was all about,) sexangled doubtles ;
 Gargeyld⁴ with grayhoundes, and with many lyons,
 Made of fyne golde ; with divers sundry dragons.⁵

The little turrets with ymages of golde⁶
 About was set, whiche with the wynde aye moved
 With propre vices,⁷ that I did well beholde
 About the tower, in sundry wyse they hoved⁸
 With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,⁹
 That with the wynd they pyped a daunce
 Iclipped¹⁰ *Amour de la hault plesaunce*.

The toure was great of marveyulous wydnes,
 To whyche ther was no way to passe but one,
 Into the toure for to have an intres :¹¹
 A grece¹² there was ychesyld¹³ all of stone
 Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone
 Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I
 Wyth bothe the Grayhoundes in my company :¹⁴

Tyll that I came unto a ryall¹⁵ gate,
 Where I sawe stondynge¹⁶ the goodly Portres,
 Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late ;
 To whome I gan in every thyng expresse
 All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse,
 And eke my name ; I tolde her every dell.¹⁷
 When she herde this she lyked me right well.

¹ Whereas Doctrine, &c.—where doctrine did dwell.

² Tenebrus—dark cloud.

³ Quadrant—four-square.

⁴ From Gargouille, the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts, cut in the figures of greyhounds, lions, &c.

⁵ Greyhounds, lions, dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

⁶ "Our Author here paints from the life. An excessive agglomeration of turrets, with their fans, is one of the most characteristic marks of the florid mode of architecture, which was now almost at its height. See views of the palaces of Nonesuch and Richmond."—*Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry*, ii. 407.

⁷ Vices—devices.

⁸ Hoved—hung moving.

⁹ Ituned—tuned.

¹⁰ Iclipped—called.

¹¹ Intres—entrance.

¹² A grece—a flight of steps.

¹³ Ychesyld—chiselled.

¹⁴ This alludes to a former part of the poem.

¹⁵ Stondynge—standing.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE ;
 Into the ' base ' courte¹ she dyd me then lede,
 Where was a fountayne depured² of plesance.
 A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,
 Made of fyne golde enameled with reed ,
 And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute
 Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd spoute.

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere ;
 Sweter than Nylus or Ganges was ther odoure ;
 Tygrys or Eufates unto them no pere :³
 I dyd then taste the aromatyke lycoure,
 Fraught of fume, and swete as any floure ;
 And in my mouthe it had a marveyulous scent
 Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought
 Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall ;
 Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought :
 The wyndowes cleare depured all of crystall,
 And in the roufe on hye over all
 Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne ;
 Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
 With pillers made of stones precious,
 Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
 It myght be called a palaice glorious,
 So muche delectable and solacious ;⁴
 The hall was hanged hye and circular
 With cloth of arras in the rychest manner.⁵

That treated well of a ful noble story,
 Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous ;
 Howe a noble knyght should wyne the victory
 Of many a serpente foule and odious.

¹ Base courte—*lower court*.

² Depured—*purified*.

³ Pere—*equal*.

⁴ Solacious—*affording recreation*.

⁵ Warton remarks that the tapestry is injudiciously "placed in the beginning of the piece, because it precludes expectation by forestalling all the future incidents" in the hero's expedition to the Tower of La Bell Pucell.

THE CHILD OF ELLE

Is printed from a fragment in the folio MS., which, in the opinion of Scott, "goes far to show that the tale derives all its beauties from the poetical powers" of Percy. "Child" was a title sometimes given to a knight.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
 With walles and towres bedight,¹
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stooode not stille,
 And soone he mette faire Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
 Now Christe thee save and see!
 Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
 And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they falle from her eyne;
 And aye she laments the deadlye feude
 Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
 Bedewde with many a teare,
 And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde,
 The last boone thou mayst have,
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
 Whan she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must shee bee,
 Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
 And forbidde her to think of thee.

¹ Bedight—bedecked.

Her father hath brought her a carlish¹ knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee,
 And telle her that I her owne true love
 Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
 He neither stint ne stayd
 Untill he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd :

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
 And he greets thee well by mee ;
 This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
 And dye, or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
 And all was fast asleepe,
 All save the ladye Emmeline,
 Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soone shee heard her true love's voice
 Lowe whispering at the walle,
 Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
 Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
 Come, mount this faire palfraye :²
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
 Nowe nay, this may not bee ;
 For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knight so true
 Mayst safelye wend alone,
 To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
 Where marriage shall make us one.

¹ Carlish—churlish.

² Palfraye—saddle-horse.

"My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knight should flye?"

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare heart's bloode."

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befall.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lillye-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that felle from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himsele on his steede so talle,
And her on a fair palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrie men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."



“Her lover, he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill.”

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe :

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye :
“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye lineage,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's sonne
To carrye her hence to scorne.”

Nowe loud thou lvest, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye this arduous deede

But light now downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse ;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye :
Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?
Twere nowe no boote¹ to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And seone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

¹ No boote—no advantage.

“ Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baròn,
 I pray thee hold thy hand,
 Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
 Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
 Full long and many a day;
 But with such love as holy kirke
 Hath freelye sayd wee may.

O give consent shee may be mine,
 And blesse a faithfull paire:
 My lands and livings are not small,
 My house and lineage faire:

My mother she was an earl's daughter,
 And a noble knight my sire ”——
 The baron he frowned, and turn'd away
 With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
 And did all trembling stand:
 At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,
 And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
 This faire yong knyght and mee:
 Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
 I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
 Your darling and your joye;
 O let not then your harsh resolves
 Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
 And turned his heade asyde;
 To whipe awaye the starting teare
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
 And mused a little space;
 Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,
 With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elie, he sayd,
 And gave her lillye white hand;
 Here take my deare and only child,
 And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
 In dayes of youthful pride;
 Do thou the injurys repayre
 In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine:
 And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
 My lovelye Emmeline.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PUBLISHED at Glasgow (1755) by Sir David Dalrymple, but improved and enlarged by Percy from a fragment, in his folio MS. entitled "Captain Adam Carre," and written in the English idiom. Whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English ballads are generally of the North of England, while the Scottish are of the South of Scotland. Accordingly, the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one Crown, and sometimes to another; and most frequently to neither. The scene of the finest Scottish songs was laid within fifty miles of England, which is, indeed, all poetic ground,—green hills, remains of woods, and clear brooks. The pastoral scenes continue, but the rude chivalry of former ages is preserved only in the ruins of the castles where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The house, or castle, of the Rodes stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county. The two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes. The subject of the ballad was the burning of the house of Tavoy (Towie), belonging to Alexander Forbes, by Adam Gordon, deputy of his brother, the Earl of Huntley (1571); when the lady, the children, and the servants—"twenty-seven persons"—perished in the flames. Another account increases the victims to thirty-seven. Captain Car, or Ker, was a distinguished officer, "who had been trained in the wars of Flanders."

It fell about the Martinmas,
 Quhen¹ the wind blew shril and cauld,
 Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
 We maun draw till a hauld.

And quhat² a hauld sall we draw till,
 My mirry men and me?
 We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,
 To see that fair ladie.

¹ Quhen—*When*.

² Quhat—*what*.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down :
 There she was ware of a host of men
 Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze¹ nat, my merry men a' ?

O see ze nat quhat I see ?

Methinks I see a host of men :

I marveil quha they be.

She weend² it had been hir luvely lord,

As he cam ryding hame ;

It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,

Quha reekt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit³ hirsell,

And putten on hir gown,

But Edom o' Gordon and his men

Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,

Nae sooner said the grace,

But Edom o' Gordon and his men

Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,

Sa fast as she could hie,

To see if by hir fair speechès

She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,

And hir yates all locked fast,

He fell into a rage of wrath,

And his look was all aghast.

Cum down to me, ze lady gay,

Cum down, cum down to me :

This night sall ye lig⁴ within mine armes,

To-morrow my bride sall be.

I winnae cum down, ze fals Gordòn,

I winnae cum down to thee ;

I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,

That is sae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,

Give owre zour house to me,

Or I sall brenn⁵ yoursell therein,

Bot and zour babies three.

¹ Ze—ye.

² Weend—thought.

³ Buskit—dressed.

⁴ Lig—lie.

⁵ Brenn—burn.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn,
 To nae sik traitor as zee;
 And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
 My lord sall make ze drie.¹
 But reach my pistoll, Glaud, my man,
 And charge ze weil my gun:
 For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
 My babes we been undone.
 She stude upon hir castle wa',
 And let twa bullets flee:
 She mist that bluidy butcher's hart,
 And only raz'd his knee.
 Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn,
 All wood wi' dule² and ire:
 Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid,
 As ze bren in the fire.
 Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour fee;
 Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,
 Lets in the reek³ to me?
 And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour hire;
 Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,
 To me lets in the fire?
 Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
 Ze paid me weil my fee!
 But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
 Maun either doe or die.
 O than bespaik hir little son,
 Sate on the nurse's knee:
 Sayes, Mither deare, gi' owre this house,
 For the reek it smithers me.
 I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
 Sae wald I a' my fee,
 For ane blast o' the western wind,
 To blaw the reek frae thee.
 O then bespaik hir dochter⁴ dear,
 She was baith jimp⁵ and sma:
 O row me in a pair o' sheits,
 And tow⁶ me owre the wa'.

¹ Drie—suffer.⁴ Dochter—daughter.² Dule—grief.⁵ Jimp—slender.³ Reek—smoke.⁶ Tow—let down.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
 And towd hir owre the wa':
 But on the point of Gordon's spear
 She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
 And cherry were her cheiks,
 And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
 Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
 O gin¹ her face was wan!
 He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
 I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre againe,
 O gin her skin was whyte!
 I might ha spared that bonnie face
 To hae been sum man's delyte.

Busk and boun,² my merry men a',
 For ill dooms I doe guess;
 I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
 As it lyes on the grass.

Thame³ luiks to freits, my master deir,
 Then freits wil follow thame:
 Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
 Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye see the fire
 Cum flaming owre hir head,
 She wept and kist her children twain,
 Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill⁴ blew,
 And said, Awa', awa';
 This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
 I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
 As hee cam owr the lee;
 He sied his castle all in blaze
 Sa far as he could see.

¹ *O gin, &c.*—A Scottish idiom to express admiration.

² *Busk and boun*—make ready to go.

³ *Thame, &c.*—*Them that look after omens of ill-luck, ill-luck will follow.*

⁴ *Bougil*—bugle.

Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,
 And all his hart was wae;
 Put on, put on, my wighty men,
 So fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
 Sa fast as ze can drie;¹
 For he that is hindmost of the thrang
 Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
 Fou fast out-owr the bent;²
 But eir the foremost could get up,
 Baith lady and babes were brent.³

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
 And wept in teenefu'⁴ muid:
 O traitors, for this cruel deid
 Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
 So fast as he might drie;
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid
 He's wroken⁵ his dear ladie.

BOOK II.

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY

WERE three noted outlaws whose skill in archery made them as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their home was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle. They are thought to have lived before Robin Hood. Dr. Rimbault quotes a passage from Mr. Hunter's "New Illustrations of Shakespeare" concerning one Adam Bell, to whom Henry IV., in the seventh year of his reign, "granted an annuity of 4*l.* 10*s.*, issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston, in the forest of Sherwood, together with the profits and advantages of the vesture and herbage of the garden called the Halgarth, in which the manor-house of Clipston is situated." Since Sherwood is associated with our Ballad-poetry, and the name of Adam Bell is uncommon, the historical foun-

¹ Drie—as ye can endure.

² Bent—over the coarse grass.

³ Brent—burnt.

⁴ Teeneful—sorrowful.

⁵ Wroken—revenged.

dation of the poem is rendered probable; and the probability is increased by the discovery of Adam Bell's desertion to the Scots, who were the king's enemies. His treachery occasioned the resumption of the grant. The fame of these Northern bowmen is shown by Shakespeare's allusion, in "Much Ado about Nothing," where Benedict confirms his protestation against falling in love: "If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam." Percy tells us that "the Bells were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth."

PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in the grene forest
 Amonge the levès¹ grene,
 Wheras men hunt east and west
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To raise the dere out of theyr denne;
 Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
 As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
 By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough;²
 The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
 An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everychone;³
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
 That of myrthes loveth to here:⁴
 Two of them were single men,
 The third had a wedded fere.⁵

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
 Muche more than was hys care:
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Carleile he would fare,⁶

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
 And with hys chyldren thre.
 By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
 Not by the counsell of me:

¹ Leves—leaves.² Clym of the Clough—*Clement of the Cliff.*³ Everychone—everyone.⁴ Here—hear.⁵ Fere—wife.⁶ Fare—go.

For if ye go to Carlile, brother,
 And from thys wylde wode¹ wende,
 If that the justice may you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
 By pryme² to you agayne,
 Truste you then that I am 'taken,'
 Or else that I am slayne.

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
 And to Carlile he is gon:
 There he knocked at his owne windowe
 Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he sayd,
 My wife and chyl dren three?
 Lyghtly³ let in thyne owne husbande,
 Wylliam of Cloudeslee.

Alas! then sayd fayre Alyce,
 And syghed wonderous sore,
 Thys place hath ben besette for you
 Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslee,
 I would that in I were.
 Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
 And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
 And pleased hym with that she had,
 Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle besyde the fyre,
 Whych Wylliam had found of charytye
 More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth shee goes,
 Evill mote⁴ shee speede therfore;
 For shee had sett no foote on ground
 In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,
 As fast as she could hie:
 Thys night, shee sayd, is come to town
 Wylliam of Cloudeslye.

¹ Wode wende—wood depart.

³ Lyghtly—easily.

² Pryme—daybreak.

⁴ Mote—might.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also :
 Thou shalt not trauaile hither, dame, for nought,
 Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.
 They gave to her a ryght good gounne,
 Of scarlate, 'and of graine :'
 She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
 And couched¹ her doune agayne.
 They rayسد the towne of mery Carleile
 In all the haste they can ;
 And came thronging to Wylllyame's house,
 As fast as they might gone.
 There they besette that good yemàn
 Round about on every syde :
 Wylllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That thither-ward fast hyed.
 Alyce opened a backe wyndòwe,
 And loked all aboute,
 She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.²
 Alas ! treason, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be !
 Goe into my chamber, my husband, she sayd,
 Swete Wylllyam of Cloudeslee.
 He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
 Hys bow and hys chyl dren thre,
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
 Where he thought surest to be.
 Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
 Took a pollaxe³ in her hande :
 Said, He shall dye that cometh in
 Thys dore, whyle I may stand.
 Cloudeslee bente a right good bowe,
 That was of a trusty tre,
 He smot the justise on the brest,
 That hys arowe burst in three.
 'A' curse on his harte, saide William,
 Thys day thy cote dyd on !
 If it had ben no better then myne,
 It had gone nere thy bone.

¹ Couched—*lay her.*² Route—*company.*³ Pollaxe—a heavy halberd.

Yelde the Cloudeslè, said the justise,
 And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.¹
 'A' curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
 That my husband councelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, said the sherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therin William, he saide,
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,
 The fyre flew up on hys:
 Alas! then cryed fayre Alice,
 I se we here shall dye.

William openyd a backe wyndòw,
 That was in hys chamber hie,
 And there with sheetes he did let downe
 His wyfe and children thre.

Have you here my treasure, sayde William,
 My wyfe, and my chyldren thre:
 For Christès love do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
 And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
 That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè:
 Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
 Thys is a cowarde's death to me.

Leever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
 With my sworde in the route to renne,²
 Then here among myne enemyes wode
 Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
 And among them all he ran,
 Where the people were most in prece,³
 He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroakes,
 So fersly⁴ on them he ran:
 Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
 And so toke that good yemàn.

¹ The fro—from thee.

³ In prece—in crowd.

² Renne—run.

⁴ Fersly—fiercely.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
 And in a deepe dungeon him cast :
 Now, Cloudesle, sayd the justice,
 Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

‘ A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
 Now shal I for thee make ;
 And the gates of Carleil¹ shal be shutte :
 No man shal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
 Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
 Though they came with a thousand mo,
 Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
 To the gates first can he gone,
 And commaunded to be shut full close
 Lightilè² everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
 As fast as he coulde hye ;
 There a payre of new gallowes he set up
 Besyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy ‘ among them asked,’
 What meanted that gallow-tre ?
 They sayde to hange a good yemàn,
 Called Wylyyam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyce’s swyne ;
 Oft he had seene William in the wodde,
 And geuen hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis of the wall,
 And lightly to the woode dyd gone ;
 There met he with these wightye³ yemen
 Shortly and anone.

Alas ! then sayde the lytle boye,
 Ye tary here all too longe ;
 Cloudeslee is taken, and dampned⁴ to death,
 And readye for to honge.⁵

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,
 That ever we saw thys daye !
 He had better have tarryed with us,
 So ofte as we dyd him praye.

¹ Carleil—*Carlisle*.

² Lightilè—*quickly*.

³ Wightye—*lusty*.

⁴ Dampned—*condemned*.

⁵ Honge—*hung*.

He myght have dwelt in grene forèste,
 Under the shadowes greene,
 And have kepte both hym and us att reste,
 Out of all trouble and teene.¹

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
 A great hart sone hee had slayne :
 Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,
 Tarry we no longer here ;
 We shall hym borowe² by God his grace,
 Though we buy itt full dere.

To Caerleil wente these bold yemen,
 All in a mornyng of Maye.
 Here is a FYT of Cloudeslye,
 And another is for to saye.

PART THE SECOND.

AND when they came to mery Carleile,
 All in 'the' mornyng tyde,
 They founde the gates shut them untyll³
 About on every syde.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,
 That ever we were made men !
 These gates be shut so wonderous fast,
 We may not come therein.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
 Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng ;
 Let us saye we be messengers,
 Streight come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
 Now let us wysely werke,
 We wyl saye we have the kinge's seale ;
 I holde the porter no clerke.⁴

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates
 With strokes great and stronge :
 The porter marvelled, who was therat,
 And to the gates he thronge.⁵

¹ Teene—*grief*.² Borowe—*redeem*.³ Untyll—*unto*.⁴ Clerke—*scholar*.⁵ Thronge—*hastened*.

Who is there now, sayde the porter,
 That maketh all thys knockinge?
 We be tow messengers, quoth Clim of the Clough,
 Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel,
 To the justice we must itt bryng;
 Let us in our message to do,
 That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged,
 Called Wylliam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
 And swore by Mary fre,
 And if that we stande long wythout,
 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

Lo! here we have the kyng's seale:
 What, Lurden,¹ art thou wode?²
 The porter weened³ it had ben so,
 And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.⁴

Welcome is my lorde's seale,⁵ he saide;
 For that ye shall come in.
 He opened the gate full shortlye:
 An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
 Wherof we are full faine;
 But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
 How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
 Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,
 Then might we come out wel ynough
 When we se⁶ tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
 And wrang his necke in two,
 And caste hym in a depe dungeon,
 And toke hys keys hym fro.

¹ Lurden—*sluggard*.

³ Weened—*thought*.

² Wode—*mad*.

⁴ Hode—*hood*.

⁵ Calais, or Rouen, was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.

⁶ See time and need.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,
 Se brother the keys are here,
 The worst porter to merry Carleile
 That 'the' had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
 That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
 And loked theyr stringes were round,¹
 The markett place in mery Carleile
 They beset that stound.²

And, as they loked them besyde,
 A paire of new galowes 'they' see,
 And the justice with a quest³ of squyers,
 That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudeslè lay redy there in a cart,
 Fast bound both fote and hand;
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,
 Cloudeslee's clothes hee shold have,
 To take the measure of that yemàn,
 Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great mervaille, said Cloudesle,
 As betweyne thys and pryme,
 He that maketh a grave for mee,
 Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudlye, said the justice,
 I will thee hange with my hande.
 Full wel herd this his brethren two,
 There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde,
 And saw hys 'brethren twaine'
 At a corner of the market place,
 Redy the justice for to slaine.

¹ So Ascham, in his "Toxophilus," gives a precept: "The stringe must be rounde" (p. 149, ed. 1761); otherwise we may conclude, from mechanical principles, the arrow will not fly true.

² Stound—hour.

³ Quest—inquest.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my handes at wyll
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then spake good Adam Bell
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se you marke the justyce wel;
 Lo! yonder you may him se:

And at the shyryfe shote I wyll
 Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;
 A better shote in mery Carleile
 Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had they dread;
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
 That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded,¹ that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell to the grounde,
 And the sherife nye hym by;
 Eyther had his deathe's wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no longer abyde:
 There lyghtly they losed Cloudeslee,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam start to an officer of the towne,
 Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hee thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
 Thys daye let us lyve and die,
 If ever you have nede, as I have now,
 The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
 Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
 That they kept the stretes on every side;
 That batayle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the ground they threw,
 And many a herte made colde.

¹ Voyded—*went away*.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men prece^d to them full fast,
 They drew theyr swordès then anone,
 And theyr bowes from them cast.

They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
 Wyth swordes and buclers round;
 By that it was mydd of the day,
 They made many a wound.

There was an out-horne² in Carleil blowen,
 And the belles backwàrd dyd ryng,
 Many a woman sayde, Alas!
 And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth com was,
 Wyth hym a ful great route:
 These yemen dred hym full sore,
 Of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
 With a pollaxe in hys hande;
 Many a strong man wyth him was,
 There in that stowre³ to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslee with his bil,
 Hys bucler he brast in two,
 Full many a yeman with great evyll,
 Alas! Treason they cryed for wo.
 Kepe well the gates fast, they bad,
 That these traytours therout not go.

But al for nought was that they wrought,
 For so fast they downe were layde,
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
 Were gotten without, abraide.⁴

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
 Myne office I here forsake,
 And yf you do by my counsell
 A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
 And bad them well to thryve,⁵
 And all that letteth any good yeman
 To come and comfort his wyfe.

¹ Preced—*pressed*.

² Outhorne is an old term signifying the calling forth of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn.

³ Stowre—*fight*.

⁴ Abraide—*abroad*.

⁵ This is spoken ironically.

Thus be these good yeman gon to the wod,
 As lyghtly as lefe on lynde;¹
 The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
 Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.

When they came to Englyshe wode,
 Under the trusty tre,
 There they found bowes full good,
 And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
 I would we were in mery Carleile,
 Before that fayre meynye.²

They set them downe, and made good chere,
 And eate and dranke full well.
 A second FYT of the wightye yeomen:
 Another I wyll you tell.

PART THE THIRD.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,
 Under the green-wode tre,
 They thought they herd a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
 'That ever I sawe thys day!'
 For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
 Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have spoken with hys dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To show them what him befell,
 My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeslè walked a lytle beside,
 He looked under the grene wood lynde,³
 He was ware of his wife, and chyl dren three,
 Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wylliam,
 Under 'this' trusti tre:
 I had wende⁴ yesterday, by swete saynt John,
 Thou sholdest me never 'have' se.

¹ Lynde—tree.

² Meynye—company.

³ Lynde—tree.

⁴ Wende—thought.

“ Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo.”

Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote :

The meate, that we must sup withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares all thre :

Eche of them slew a hart of greece,¹
The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye ;
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to suppere
Wyth suche meate as they had ;
And thanked God of ther fortune :
They were both mery and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certayne withouten lease,²
Cloudeslè sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojourning
In a nunnery here besyde ;
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me ;
For hym have ‘ you ’ no care :
And he shall bring you worde agayn,
How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they might ‘ he,’³
Tyll they came to the kyng’s pallace,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyng’s courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

¹ *A fat hart.*
• Withouten lease—verily.

³ He—hie, hasten.

They preceed prestly¹ into the hall,
 Of no man had they dreade :
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them began to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what wold ye have?
 I pray you tell to me :
 You myght thus make offycers shent :²
 Good syrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
 Certayne withouten lease ;
 And hether we be come to the kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 The kneled downe without lettyng,
 And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beseche the here,
 That ye wyll graunt us grace ;
 For we have slayne your fat falow dere
 In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then said our king,
 Anone that you tell me ?
 They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
 And Wylyyam of Cloudeslè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
 That men have tolde of to me ?
 Here to God I make an avowe,
 Ye shal be hanged al thre.

Ye shal be dead without mercy,
 As I am kynge of this lande.
 He commanded his officers everichone,
 Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,
 And arested them al thre :
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
 That yee graunt us grace,
 Insomuche as ' frely ' we be to you come,
 ' As frely ' we may fro you passe,

¹ Preceed prestly—*pressed quickly*.

² Shent—*disgraced*.

With such weapons, as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place;
 And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge;
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
 If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
 Ye would graunt it me belyfe:¹

And I asked you never none tyll now;
 Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.
 Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,
 And graunted it shal be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
 These yemen graunt ye me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,
 That shuld have been worth them all thre.

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
 Parkes and forestes plentè.
 None soe pleasant to my pay,² shee sayd;
 Nor none so lefe³ to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,
 Your askyng graunted shal be;
 But I had lever have given you
 Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcy;⁴
 I dare undertake for them,
 That true men shal they be.

But, good my lord, speke som mery word,
 That comfort they may se.
 I graunt you grace, then sayd our king;
 Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle
 Certayne without lesynge,⁵
 There came messengers out of the north
 With letters to our kyng.

¹ Belyfe—*immediately*.

² Pay—*liking*.

³ Lefe—*dear*.

⁴ Gramarcy (grand-mercie)—*I thank you*.

⁵ Lesynge—*lying*.

And whan the came before the kynge,
 They knelt downe on theyr kne;
 And sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
 And my sherife also?
 Syr, they be slayne without leasyng,
 And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng;
 Anone that thou tell me.
 "Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
 And Wylliam of Cloudeslè."

Alas for rewth!¹ then sayd our kynge:
 My hart is wonderous sore;
 I had lever than a thousande pounce,
 I had knowne of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh² me:
 But had I knowne all thys before,
 They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
 Himselfe he red it thro,
 And founde how these outlawes had slain
 Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Carleile towne;
 Of all the constables and catchipolles
 Alyve were 'scant' left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeauntes of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,³
 These outlawes had yslaw:

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
 Of all they chose the best;
 So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
 Walked not by easte nor west.

¹ Rewth—*pity*.

² Forthynketh—*repenteth*.

³ Fosters of the fe—*foresters of the king's demesnes*.

When the kynge this letter had red,
 In hys harte he syghed sore :
 Take up the tables anone he bad,
 For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes¹ wȳth hym to go :
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynge's bowmen buske them blyve,²
 And the quene's archers also ;
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen ;
 With them they thought to go.

There twyse or thryse they shote about
 For to assay theyr hande ;
 There was no shote these yemen shot,
 That any prycke³ myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè ;
 By him that for me dyed,
 I hold hym never no good archar,
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

' At what a butte now wold ye shote ?'
 I pray thee tell to me.
 At suche a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men use in my countree.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
 And ' with him ' his two brethren :
 There they set up two hasell rodde⁴
 Twenty score paces betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
 That yonder wande cleveth in two.
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
 Nor no man can so do.

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Or that I farther go.
 Cloudesly with a bearyng⁵ arowe
 Clave the wand in two.

¹ Buttes—*butts to shoot at.*

² Blyve—*get ready instantly.*

³ Prycke—*mark.*

⁴ Hasell rodde—*hazel rods.*

⁵ Bearyng—*either an arrow that carries well, or a whirring arrow.*

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
Forsothe that ever I se.
And yet for your love, sayd Wylllyam,
I wyll do more maystery.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe with a brode aròw
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou hest sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
That I wyll never forsake.
And there even before the kyng
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childe's face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent:
Syxe score paces they were meaten,
And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the pèople, that wer there,
That they 'all still wold' stand,
For he that shoteth for such a wager
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That his lyfe saved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote,
There was many weeping ee.

‘But’ Cloudeslè cleft the apple in two,
‘His sonne he did not nee.’
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my fay;¹
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be;
And when he commeth to man’s estate,
Better avaunced shall he be.

And, Wyllyam, bring me your wife, said the quene,
Me longeth her sore to se:
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanked them all curteously.
To some byshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be assoyld² at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might ‘he’;³
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;
God send them eternall blysse;
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth:
That of heven may never mysse. Amen.

¹ Fay—faith.

³ He—hie, hasten.

² Assoyld—absolved.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

THE Grave-digger's song in "Hamlet" is taken from three stanzas of this poem, though greatly altered and disguised by the Ballad-singers of that age, or by Shakespeare himself, in order to suit the character of a clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux.

I LOTH that I did love,
 In youth that I thought swete,
 As time requires : for my behove¹
 Me thinkes they are not mete.²

My lustes they do me leave,
 My fansies all are fled ;
 And tract of time begins to weave
 Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with steling steps
 Hath clawde me with his crowch,³
 And lusty 'Youthe' awaye he leapes,
 As there had bene none such.

My muse doth not delight
 Me, as she did before :
 My hand and pen are not in plight,
 As they have bene of yore.

For Reason me denies,
 'All' youthly idle rime ;
 And day by day to me she cries,
 Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
 The furrowes in my face,
 Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now,
 Where youth must geve him place.

The harbenger of death,
 To me I se him ride,
 The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
 Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,
 And eke a shrowding shete,
 A house of clay for to be made
 For such a guest most mete.

¹ Behove—behoof.² Mete—meet, fit.³ Crowch—crutch.

Me thinks I heare the clarke,
 That knoles the carefull knell;
 And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke,
 Ere nature me compell.

My kepers¹ knit the knot,
 That youth doth laugh to scorne,
 Of me that 'shall bee cleane' forgot,
 As I had 'ne'er' bene borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
 Whose badge I long did weare:
 To them I yeld the wanton cup,
 That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared skull;
 By whose balde signe I know,
 That stouping age away shall pull
 'What' youthful yeres did sow.

For Beautie with her band,
 These croked cares had wrought,
 And shipped me into the land,
 From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
 Have ye none other trust:
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
 So shall ye 'turne' to dust.

JEPHTHAH, JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

HAMLET (Act ii.) banters Polonius with some scraps of an old Ballad, which Percy printed, for the first time, from a copy furnished by Mr. Steevens.

HAVE you not heard, these many years ago,
 Jephtha was judge of Israel?
 He had one only daughter and no mo,
 The which he loved passing well:
 And, as by lott,
 God wot,
 It so came to pass,
 As God's will was,
 That great wars there should be,
 And none should be chosen chief but he.

¹ Alluding, perhaps, to *Eccles.* xii. 3.

And when he was appointed judge,
 And chieftain of the company,
 A solemn vow to God he made ;
 If he returned with victory,
 At his return
 To burn
 The first live thing,
 * * *
 That should meet with him then,
 Off his house, when he should return agen.

It came to pass, the war was o'er,
 And he returned with victory ;
 His dear and only daughter first of all
 Came to meet her father foremostly ;
 And all the way,
 She did play
 On tabret and pipe,
 Full many a stripe,
 With note so high,
 For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear
 Coming on most foremostly,
 He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
 And cryed out most piteously ;
 Oh ! it's thou, said he,
 That have brought me
 Low,
 And troubled me so,
 That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he sed,
 The which must be replenished :
 * * *

 " What thou hast spoke
 Do not revoke :
 What thou hast said,
 Be not affraid ;
 Altho' it be I ;
 Keep promises to God on high.

But, dear father, grant me one request,
 That I may go to the wilderness,
 Three months there with my friends to stay ;
 There to bewail my virginity ;

And let there be,
 Said she,
 Some two or three
 Young maids with me."
 So he sent her away,
 For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

A ROBYN JOLLY ROBYN.

IN "Twelfth Night" (Act iv. sc. 2) the Clown is introduced singing part of the first two stanzas of the following song; Percy recovered it from a MS. volume which he assigned to the reign of Henry VIII.

A ROBYN,
 Jolly Robyn,
 Tell me how thy leman¹ doeth,
 And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkynde perde."²
 Alack! why is she so?
 "She loveth an other better than me;
 And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes:
 I fynde women true.
 My lady loveth me dowlles,
 And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that doeth last;
 But I say, as I fynde,
 That women's love is but a blast,
 And torneth with the wynde."

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
 That can abide their torn.³

"But I, alas! can no way prove
 In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme
 Lerne this lessen of me,
 At others' fieres thy selfe to warme,
 And let them warme with the.

¹ Leman—lover, or mistress.

² Perde (par Dieu)—verily.

³ Torn—turn.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

THE Author of this Song, mentioned in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act iv. sc. 5), is said to have been Richard Edwards, one of the chief writers and framers of "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," which appeared in 1576. He was born about 1523, and died in the year 1566. Edwards is numbered among the most accomplished men of his age; he was a musician, a scholar, and one of the earliest of our dramatic writers after the reform of the Stage.

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde
 And dolefulle dumps¹ the mynde oppresse,
 There musicke with her silver sound
 With spede is wont to send redresse:
 Of trobled mynds, in every sore,
 Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joy yt maks our mirthe abounde,
 In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
 Be-strawghted² heads relyef hath founde,
 By musicke's pleasaunt swete delights:
 Our senses all, what shall I say more?
 Are subjecte unto musick's lore.

The Gods by musicke have their prayse;
 The lyfe, the soul therein dothe joye:
 For, as the Romaine poet sayes,
 In seas, whom pyratts³ would destroy,
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
 Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
 O musicke, whom the Gods assinde
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
 Since thow⁴ both man and beste doest move,
 What beste ys he, wyll the⁵ disprove?

¹ Dolefulle dumps—*sad meditations.*

² Be-strawghted—*distracted.*

⁴ Thow—*thou.*

³ Pyratts—*pirates.*

⁵ What beast is he, will thee?

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

Is a story often alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakespeare ("Romeo and Juliet," Act ii. sc. 1) makes Mercutio say—

—"Her (Venus's) purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

This ballad, the oldest which Percy had seen upon the subject, is printed from Richard Johnson's "Crown Garland of Goulden Roses," 1612, corrected by another copy.

I READ that once in Affrica
A princely wight¹ did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine :
From nature's lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,²
From heaven downe did hie ;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie ?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head :
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remooove,
And not this beggar wed.

¹ Wight—*man*.

² Trim—*exact*.

But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companie,
That so did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth reste my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
The beggers all gan cry :
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our children's food to buy.
The king to them his pursse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste ;
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine ;
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye :

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene ;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene :
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree :
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid ? quoth he.
Penelophon,¹ O king, quoth she :
With that she made a lowe courtsèy ;
A trim one as I weene.

¹ Shakespeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour Lost," Act iv. sc. 1) gives the beggar's name *Zenelophon*, according to all the old editions ; but this seems to be a corruption ; for *Penelophon*, in the text, sounds more like the name of a woman. The story of the King and the Beggar is also referred to in "King Richard the Second," Act v. sc. 3.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
 Unto the king's pallace :
 The king with courteous comly talke
 This begger doth imbrace :
 The begger blusheth scarlet red,
 And straight againe as pale as lead,
 But not a word at all she said,
 She was in such amaze.
 At last she spake with trembling voyce,
 And said, O king, I doe rejoyce
 That you wil take me for your choyce,
 And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
 The king commanded strait
 The noblemen both all and some
 Upon the queene to wait.
 And she behaved herself that day,
 As if she had never walkt the way ;¹
 She had forgot her gowne of gray,
 Which she did weare of late.
 The proverbe old is come to passe,
 The priest, when he begins his masse,
 Forgets that ever clerke he was ;
 He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
 Though long time fancie-fed,
 Compelled by the blinded boy
 The begger for to wed :
 He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
 To do the same was glad and faine,
 Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
 In storie, as we read.
 Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,²
 But pittie now thy servant heere,
 Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
 As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
 During their princely raigne ;
 And in a tombe were buried both,
 As writers sheweth³ plaine.

¹ Walkt the way—*tramped the streets*.

² Here the poet addresses himself to his mistress.

³ Sheweth was anciently the plural number.

The lords they tooke it grievously,
 The ladies tooke it heavily,
 The commons cryed pitiously,
 Their death to them was paine,
 Their fame did sound so passingly,
 That it did pierce the starry sky,
 And throughout all the world did flye
 To every prince's realme.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

SHAKESPEARE ("Othello," Act ii.) quotes a stanza of this Ballad, which is here given in the English idiom. The Scottish Song was first printed in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany."

THIS winter's weather itt waxeth cold,
 And frost doth freese on every hill,
 And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
 That all our cattell are like to spill;¹
 Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife,
 She sayd unto me quietlye,
 Rise up, and save cow Crumbocke's liffe;
 Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte² 'and scorne?'
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
 Itt is soe bare and overworne
 A cricke³ he thereon cannot renn:⁴
 Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
 'For once Ile new appareld bee,
 To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
 Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle.
 Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
 And other things shee will not fayle:
 I wold be loth to see her pine,⁵
 Good husband, councell take of mee,
 It is not for us to go soe fine;
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

¹ Spill—come to harm.

² Flyte—scold.

³ Cricke—any small insect.

⁴ Renn—run.

⁵ Pine—starve.

HE.

My cloake it was a verrey good cloake,
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
 But now it is not worth a groat;
 I have had it four and forty yeere:
 Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
 'Tis now but a sigh clout¹ as you may see,
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
 And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
 Since the one of us the other did ken,
 And we have had betwixt us tow
 Of children either nine or ten;
 Wee have brought them up to women and men;
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;
 And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?²
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou 'floute!'
 Now is nowe, and then was then:
 Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,'³
 Soe far above their owne degree:
 Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne,
 He held them sixpence all too deere;
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.³
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse⁴ but of a low degree:
 Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe;
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

¹ Sigh clout—*straining clout*.² Misken—*mistake*.³ Lowne—*rascal*.⁴ Thouse—*thou art*.

HE.

' Bell my wife she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can ;
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man ;
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,¹
 Unlesse he first gave oer the plea :²
 As wee began wee now will leave,
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

PERCY traced Shakespeare's song of the "Willow" ("Othello," Act iv. sc. 3) to the following stanzas. Desdemona introduces it in this affecting manner:—

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbara :
 She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
 And did forsake her. She had a song of ' Willow,'
 An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
 And she died singing it."

But Dr. Rimbault considers the ballad to have been written in the reign of Charles the Second. "Willow, Willow," was a favourite burden for songs in the sixteenth century.

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;
 O willow, willow, willow !
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee :
 O willow, willow, willow !
 O willow, willow, willow !
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlånd.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
 Come willow, &c.
 I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlånd.

My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove :
 O willow, &c.
 She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

¹ Threape—*argue*.

² Plea—*pleading, or controversy*.

O pittie me (cried he), ye lovers, each one ;

O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble ; she rues¹ not my mone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace ;

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones :

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlånd !

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlånd.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard !

Sing willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace or bower ;

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles,² and flote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vaine I complaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

¹ Rues—*pities*.

² Trothles—*faithless*.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,

O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;

O willow, &c.

A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând!

PART THE SECOND.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;

O willow, willow, willow!

Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând!

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!

O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,

O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,

O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,

O willow, &c.

Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze¹ her untrue.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

¹ Blaze—proclaim.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
 O willow, &c.
 "Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
 O willow, &c.
 And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
 O willow, &c.
 Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,
 O willow, &c.
 It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.
 As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieve;
 O willow, &c.
 It now brings me anguish; then brought me reliefe.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my breath!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my
 death.
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

THE subject of this ballad, quoted in the second part of "Henry the Fourth," Act ii., is taken from the ancient romance of "King Arthur" (commonly called "Morte d'Arthur"), being a poetical translation of Chapters cviii., cix., cx., Part i., edit. 1634.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 And was approved king,
 By force of armes great victorys wanne,
 And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his Round Table:

And he had justs and turnaments,
Wherto were many prest,¹
Wherin some knights did far excell
And eke² surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of armes
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and geste, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in a forrest wide,
And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras³ a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame:
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name.

“My name is Lancelot du Lake.”
Quoth she, it likes me than:⁴
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of king Arthur's court they be,
And of his Table Round.

¹ Prest—gathered.

³ Wheras—where.

² Eke—also.

⁴ Than—then.

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke;
And Tarquin soon he spyed:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
Weel try our force together:

For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho,
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And eache att other flie.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran,
As though there had been thunder)
And strucke them each immidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses' backs brake under them,
The knights were both astound:¹
To avoyd² their horses they made haste
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than,
With mighty strokes most eagerlye
Each at the other ran.

¹ Astound—stunned, or confounded.

² Avoyd—escape from.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
 They both for breath did stand,
 And leaning on their swords awhile,
 Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske.

Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.

Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
 That ever I did know ;

And like a knight, that I did hate :

Soe that thou be not hee,

I will deliver all the rest,

And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelott ;

But sith it must be soe,

What knight is that thou hatest thus ?

I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,

He slew my brother deere ;

Him I suspect of all the rest :

I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,

I am Lancelot du Lake,

Now knight of Arthur's Table Round ;

King Haud's son of Schuwake ;

And I desire thee do thy worst.

Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,

One of us two shall end our lives

Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,

Then welcome shalt thou bee :

Wherefore see thou thyself defend,

For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,

Like unto wild boares rashing ;¹

And with their swords and shields they ran

At one another slashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood :

Tarquin began to yield ;

For he gave backe for wearinesse,

And lowe did beare his shield.

¹ Rashing—rending, like the wild boar with his tusks.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
 He leapt upon him then,
 He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
 And rushing¹ off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
 And, when he had soe done,
 From prison threescore knights and four
 Delivered everye one.

CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS,

QUOTED in "Twelfth Night," Act ii. sc. 3. Dr. Rimbault found a much earlier copy of this song in a rare musical volume of 1601.

FAREWELL, dear love ; since thou wilt needs be gone,
 Mine eyes do shew my life is almost done.

Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spie
 There be many mo, though that she doe goe,
 There be many mo, I fear not :
 Why then let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell ; since this I find is true,
 I will not spend more time in wooing you :
 But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there :
 Shall I bid her goe ? what, and if I doe ?
 Shall I bid her goe, and spare not ?
 O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell ;—yet stay a while :—
 Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile :
 I have no power to move. How now am I in love ?
 Wilt thou needs be gone ? Go then, all is one.
 Wilt thou needs be gone ? Oh, hie thee !
 Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
 Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
 But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
 Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.
 Goe thy ways for me. But whither ?
 Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

¹ Rushing—tearing off.

What shall I doe? my love is now departed.
 She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.

She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated,
 If she come no more, shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

WARTON believed Shakespeare to have composed the scene between Shylock and Antonio from this ballad, in which he discovered the "nakedness" of an original. The story itself was taken from an Italian novel—the "*Pecorone*," written in the fourteenth century.

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
 Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew, which never thought to dye,
 Nor ever yet did any good to them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,¹ that liveth many a day,
 Yet never once doth any good, until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung, that lyeth in a whoard;²
 Which never can do any good, till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer, he cannot sleep in rest,
 For feare the thiefe will him pursue to plucke him from
 his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile, how to deceive the
 poore;

His mouth is almost ful of mucke, yet still he gapes for
 more.

His wife must lend a shilling, for every weeke a penny,
 Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth, if that you will
 have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day, or else you loose
 it all:

This was the living of the wife, her cow³ she did it call.

¹ Barrow hogge—a castrated boar.

² Whoard—heap.

³ *Her cow*, &c., seems to have suggested to Shakespeare Shylock's argument for usury, taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep ("*Merchant of Venice*," Act i.), to which Antonio replies—

"Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or are your gold and silver Ewes and rams?

SHY. I cannot tell. I make it BREED AS FAST."

Within that citie dwelt that time a marchant of great
fame,
Which being distressed in his need, unto Gernutus came :
Desiring him to stand his friend for twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes : and he for it would
pay.

Whatsoever he would demand of him, and pledges he
should have.
No (quoth the Jew with flearing¹ lookes); Sir, aske what
you will have.

No penny for the loane of it for one year you shall pay ;
You may doe me as good a turne, before my dying day.
But we will have a merry jeast, for to be talked long :
You shall make me a bond, quoth he, that shall be large
and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture; of your owne fleshe a
pound.
If you agree, make you the bond, and here is a hundred
crownes.

With right good will! the marchant says: and so the
bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on that backe it
should be payd,

The marchants ships were all at sea, and money came not in ;
Which way to take, or what to doe to thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes with cap and bended
knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not the money for to pay :
And little good the forfeiture will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd, commaund it to your
minde :
In thinges of bigger waight then this you shall me ready
finde.

He goes his way; the day once past Gernutus doth not
slacke
To get a sergiant presently; and clapt him on the backe :

¹ Flearing—*laughing*.

And layd him into prison strong, and sued his bond
withall;
And when the judgement day was come, for judgement
he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast, with many a
weeping eye,
For other means they could not find, but he that day
must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

"Of the Jew's crueltie; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge
towards the Marchant. To the tune of 'Blacke and Yellow.'"

SOME offered for his hundred crownes five hundred for to
pay;
And some a thousand, two or three, yet still he did denay.¹
And at the last ten thousand crownes they offered, him to
save.

Gernutus sayd, I will no gold: my forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand, and that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend, let me of you
desire

To take the flesh from such a place, as yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes to thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he; no: judgment here: for this it shall
be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe from under his right
side.

It grieved all the companie his crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe but he must spoyled
bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is with whetted blade in hand,²
To spoyle the bloud of innocent, by forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike in him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie; I charge thee to do so.

¹ Denay—*refuse*.

² The passage in Shakespeare bears so strong a resemblance to this as to
render it probable that the one suggested the other. See Act iv. sc. ii. :—

"BASS. *Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?*" &c.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have, which is of flesh a pound:

See that thou shed no drop of bloud, nor yet the man confound.¹

For if thou doe, like murderer, thou here shalt hanged be :
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut no more than longes² to thee :

For if thou take either more or lesse to the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently, as is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantiecke mad, and wotes³ not what to say ;

Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes, I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free. The judge doth answere make ;

You shall not have a penny given ; your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund but for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he, or cancell me your bond.

O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew, that doth against me stand !

And so with griping grieved mind he biddeth them fare-well.
' Then ' all the people prays'd the Lord, that ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song, for trueth I dare well say,

That many a wretch as ill as hee doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle of many a wealthey man,

And for to trap the innocent deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me, and every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke⁴ that meaneth so to do.

¹ Confound—*destroy*.

² Longes—*belongs*.

³ Wotes—*knows*.

⁴ Eke—*also*.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

THESE beautiful verses are quoted in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act iii. sc. 1), and were attributed to Shakespeare during his life; the real author is believed to have been Kit Marlowe, to whom Walton ascribes them—"a smooth song made now at least fifty years ago." He adds that the answer to it was composed by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. The question has been carefully examined by Mr. Hannah.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move;
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton field
 To wayward winter reckoning yield :
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancie's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed ;
 Had joyes no date, nor age no need ;
 Then those delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT

Is an old ballad on the same subject as the play of " Titus Andronicus," but differs from it in several particulars. Percy considered the play to have been improved rather than written by Shakespeare ; and the same view has been adopted by some of the poet's editors ; while others accept it as a genuine work of his early life.

You noble minds, and famous martiall¹ wights,
 That in defence of native country fights,
 Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
 Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
 My name beloved was of all my peeres ;
 Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
 Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

¹ Martiall—warlike.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore with her two sonnes did growe so proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye.
For to abuse her husband's marriage bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and grieve began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter brighte,
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cesar's sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the emperour's wife,
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickedness she could not write;
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grasie ground with purple blood,
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of blood I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloody tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
"The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

The Moore delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart.
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
 They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,
 And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
 Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
 And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :
 I shot my arrowes¹ towards heaven hie,
 And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
 Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
 (She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
 To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines² a certaine space,
 Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
 Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
 And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
 Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :
 And then I ground their bones to powder small,
 And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
 And at a banquet served in stately wise :
 Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;
 So of her sonnes' own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
 The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
 And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
 And then myselfe : even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
 Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
 Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd,
 And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

¹ If the ballad were written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the *Psalms*—"They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words."

² i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

THE first stanza of this sonnet is in "Measure for Measure" (Act iv. sc. 1); but the complete song is given in the "Rollo" of Beaumont and Fletcher: the authorship is therefore doubtful.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne:
But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe
Are of those that April weares:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The date of this Ballad is not ascertained, and we are left in doubt whether Shakespeare copied the Ballad, or whether it was suggested by his tragedy. The resemblance is remarkable, especially in the hint of King Lear's madness, which the old Chronicles do not mention. The ballad and the play coincide also in the cruelty of the daughters, and in the death of Lear.

KING LEIR once ruled in this land with princely power and
peace;
And had all things with heart's content, that might his joys
increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave, three daughters fair
had he,
So princely seeming beautiful, as fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king a question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace could shew the dearest
love:
For to my age you bring content, quoth he; then let me
hear
Which of you three in plighted troth the kindest will
appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ; dear father, mind, quoth she,

Before your face, to do you good, my blood shall render'd be ;
And for your sake my bleeding heart shall here be cut in
twain,

Ere that I see your reverend age the smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ; dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities I'll gently undertake
And serve your highness night and day with diligence and
love ;

That sweet content and quietness discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul, the aged king reply'd ;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl ; how is thy love
ally'd ?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then) which to your grace
I owe,

Shall be the duty of a child, and that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he, than doth thy duty
bind ?

I well perceive thy love is small, when as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court ; thou art no child of
mine ;

Nor any part of this my realm by favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters' loves are more than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow my kingdome and my land,—
My pompal¹ state and all my goods, that lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown, by these two sisters
here ;

The third had causeless banishment, yet was her love more
dear :

For poor Cordelia patiently went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid, through many an English
town :

Until at last in famous France she gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd the fairest on
the ground :

Where when the king her virtues heard, and this fair lady
seen,

With full consent of all his court he made his wife and
queen.

¹ Pompal—*pompous*.

Her father king Leir this while with his two daughters
staid ;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves, full soon the same
decay'd ;
And living in queen Ragan's court, the eldest of the
twain,
She took from him his chiefest means, and most of all his
train.

For whereas twenty men were wont to wait with bended
knee :

She gave allowance but to ten, and after scarce to three ;
Nay, one she thought too much for him ; so took she all
away,
In hope that in her court, good king, he would no longer
stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he, in giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg for what I lately gave ?
I'll go unto my Gonorell : my second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful, and will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court ; where when she heard
his moan
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd that all his means
were gone :
But no way could relieve his wants ; yet if that he would
stay
Within her kitchen, he should have what scullions gave
away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears, he made his answer
then ;
In what I did let me be made example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he, unto my Ragan's court ;
She will not use me thus, I hope, but in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command to drive him
thence away :
When he was well within her court (she said) he would
not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell the woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have what scullion boys
set by.

But there of that he was deny'd, which she had promis'd late :

For once refusing, he should not come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief he wandred up and down ;

Being glad to feed on beggars' food, that lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then his youngest daughter's words,

That said the duty of a child was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her, whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind he bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks and tresses from his head,

And all with blood bestain his cheeks, with age and honour spread.

To hills and woods and watery founts he made his hourly moan,

Till hills and woods, and senseless things, did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents, he passed o'er to France,

In hopes from fair Cordelia there, to find some gentler chance ;

Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard of this her father's grief,

As duty bound, she quickly sent him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers, in brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought to Aganippus' court ;

Whose royal king, with noble mind so freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms, to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed, to repossesse king Leir,

And drive his daughters from their thrones by his Cordelia dear.

Where she, true-hearted noble queen, was in the battel slain ;

Yet he good king, in his old days, possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death, who died indeed for
 love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause she did this battle
 move;
 He swooning fell upon her breast, from whence he never
 parted:
 But on her bosom left his life, that was so truly hearted.

 The lords and nobles when they saw the end of these
 events,
 The other sisters unto death they doomed by consents;
 And being dead, their crowns they left unto the next of
 kin:
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride, and disobedient sin.

YOUTH AND AGE,

FROM the "Passionate Pilgrim," a collection of Poems, published (1599)
 by William Jaggard. The name of Shakespeare on the title-page was
 a fraud of the bookseller; the pieces being taken from various
 authors.

CRABBED Age and Youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare:
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young:
 Age, I do defie thee;
 Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stayst too long.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, or THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

IN Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" we read the following story:—
"Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was walking, disguised, in the town of Bruges, when he found a country fellow drunk, and sleeping on a bulke. Directing his attendants to carry the man to the palace, they stripped him of his old clothes, and dressed him in the court fashion, and when he waked they persuaded him that he was some great Duke. 'The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long; after supper he saw them dance, and heard music; but late at night, when he was well tiple'd, and again fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him.'"

The Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew" is on the same subject. Among the books left by the poet Collins, was a Collection of Comic Prose Stories by Edwards, printed in black-letter, 1570; and, in the opinion of Warton, this "story-book was the immediate source from which Shakespeare, or rather the author of the old 'Taming of a Shrew,' drew that diverting apologue." The tale is of Eastern birth.

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true
jest:

A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.¹

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes, and
hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt;
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

¹ Swound—*swoon*.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ;
And the chamberling bare,¹ then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware :
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired² how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ;
With a star on his side, which the tinker off't eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride ;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he, this is great :
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again :
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait where they found him at first ;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

¹ Chamberling bare—the chamberlain uncovered.

² Admired—wondered.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
 That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
 Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
 For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought;
 But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
 Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
 Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak;
 Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
 Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
 Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
 Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
 Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
 Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
 Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
 Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
 I was never before in so happy a case.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

Is a specimen of Percy's mosaic-work, chiefly composed from small fragments of old ballads dispersed through Shakespeare's Plays; especially those sung by "Ophelia." The first line of the Ballad is from the "Taming of the Shrew."

It was a friar of orders gray
 Walkt forth to tell his beades;
 And he met with a lady faire
 Clad in a pilgrime's weed¹.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
 From many another one?
 O by his cockle hat, and staff,
 And by his sandal shoone.²

¹ Weed^es—*clothes*.

² These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'playning¹ of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not soe;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan² lady's love.

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

¹ 'Playning—complaining.

² Wan—won.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye ;
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not soe :
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comliest youth was he !
But he is dead, and laid in his grave ;
Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe ;
My love he had the truest heart ;
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth.
And didst thou dye for mee ?
Then farewell home ; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought ;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace¹
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

¹ The year of probation, or noviciate.

Book III.

THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHACE.

THIS is the modern version of the old Ballad, and seems to belong to the time of James the First. The phrase "doleful dumps" fixes the chronology with sufficient exactness; for in the next generation it had passed into the burlesque. Each writer has his own merits. The later excels the earlier in language and sentiment, and is, in turn, surpassed by his poetical ancestor in dignity and force. The circumstances, and some of the incidents of the battle, are more distinctly told in the original than in the copy; as in the description of the English standing with their bows drawn, and the Scots bearing down upon them with spears. The elegant commentary of Addison is contained in the "Spectator," Nos. 70 and 74—"Who will collect the Curiosities of Taste?" Johnson saw in this Ballad only lifeless imbecility, and a story that could not be told in a manner less rememberable.

God prosper long our noble king, our lives and safetyes'
all;

A woefull hunting once there did in Chevy-Chace befall:

To drive the deere with hound and horne, Erle Percy took
his way,

The child may rue, that is unborne, the hunting of that day.¹

The stout Erle of Northumberland a vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods three summer's days to
take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-chace to kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came, in Scotland where
he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word, he wold prevent his
sport.

The English Erle, not fearing that, did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold; all chosen men of
might,

Who knew full well in time of neede to ayme their shafts
arright.

¹ This way of describing the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.—"Spectator," No. 74.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, to chase the fallow
deere :

On Munday they began to hunt, ere day-light did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had an hundred fat buckes
slaine ;

Then having dined, the drovyers went to rouze the deare
again.

The bow-men mustered on the hills, well able to endure ;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care, that day were
guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods, the nimble
deere to take,

That with their cryes the hills and dales an eccho shrill
did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry¹ went, to view the slaughter'd
deere ;

Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised this day to meet me
heere :

But if I thought he wold not come, noe longer wold I
stay.

With that, a brave younge gentleman thus to the Erle did
say !

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come, his men in armour
bright ;

Full twenty hundred Scottish speres all marching in our
sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,² fast by the river Tweede :
O cease your sports, Erle Percy said, and take your bowes
with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen, your courage forth
advance ;

For there was never champion yett, in Scotland or in
France,

¹ Quarry—*slaughtered game*.

² The country of the Scotch warriors was a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse.—*Addison*.

That ever did on horsebacke come, but if my hap¹ it were,
I durst encounter man for man, with him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede, most like a baron
bold,
Rode formost of his company, whose armour shone like
gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bæe, that hunt soe
boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase and kill my fallow-
deere.

The first man that did answer make, was noble Percy
hee;
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare, nor shew whose men
wee bee:

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood, thy cheefest harts
to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe, and thus in rage
did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee, one of us two shall dye;
I know thee well, an Erle thou art; Lord Percy, soe
am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were, and great offence to
kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men, for they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye, and set our men aside.
Accurst bee he. Erle Percy sayd, by whome this is denied.

Then stept a gallant squier forth, Witherington was his
name,
Who said, I wold not have it told to Henry our king for
shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote, and I stood looking
on.
You bee two Erles, sayd Witherington, and I a squier alone:

¹ Hap—*chance, or fortune.*

Ile doe the best that doe I may, while I have power to
stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword, Ile fight with
hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes, their harts were
good and trew;¹
Att the first flight of arrowes sent, full four-score Scots
they slew.

[²Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,³ as chieftain stout
and good.
As valiant captain, all unmov'd the shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three, as Leader ware⁴ and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes bare down on every
side.

Throughout the English archery they dealt full many a
wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen all firmly kept their
ground:

And throwing strait their bows away, they grasp'd their
swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower, on shields and
helmets light.]

They closed full fast on everye side, noe slacknes there was
found;
And many a gallant gentleman lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see, and likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore, and scattered here
and there.

At last these two stout Erles did meet, like captaines of
great might:
Like Lyons wood,⁵ they layd on lode, and made a cruell
fight:

¹ Trew—true.

² The four stanzas here inclosed in brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient Copy, are offered to the reader instead of the following lines, in the folio MS. :—

To drive the deere with hound and horne, Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captaines moved with mickle might; their speres to shivers went.

³ Bent—field.

⁴ Ware—wary.

⁵ Wood—furious.

They fought untill they both did sweat, with swords of
tempered steele ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain, they trickling downe
did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ; in faith I will thee
bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee by James our Scottish
king :

Thy ransome I will freely give, and this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight, that ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then, thy proffer I doe
scorne ;
I will not yeelde to any Scott that ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene out of an English
bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart, a deepe and
deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these—Fight on, my
merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end : Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke the dead man by the
hand ;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life wold I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my verry hart doth bleed with sorrow for thy
sake ;
For sure a more redoubted knight mischance cold never
take.¹

A knight amongst the Scotts there was, which saw Erle
Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge upon the Lord
Percye :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd, who, with a spere
most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed, ran fiercely through the
fight ;

¹ Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate. That beautiful line, "'taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Æneas' behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain, as he came to the rescue of his aged father."—*Addison*.

And past the English archers all, without all dread or
feare ;

And through Erle Percy's body then he thrust his hatefull
spere ;

With such a vehement force and might he did his body
gore,

The staff ran through the other side a large cloth-yard
and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye, whose courage none
could staine ;

An English archer then perceiv'd the noble Erle was slaine ;

He had a bow bent in his hand, made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long up to the head drew hee :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye, so right the shaft he
sett,

The grey goose-winge that was thereon, in his hart's bloode
was wett.¹

This fight did last from breake of day till setting of the
sun ;

For when they rung the evening bell,² the battel scarce
was done.

With stout Erle Percy there was slaine Sir John of
Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff,³ and Sir John, Sir James that bold
barron ;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James, both knights of
good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby⁴ there was slaine, whose prowess
did surmount.

¹ The thought in this stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil.—*Addison*.

² *Sc.* The curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock ; to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evensong bell," or bell for vespers, of the original author.

³ A distinguished family in Northumberland.

⁴ Either one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham, or a corruption of Rokeby, the name of an eminent family in Yorkshire.

For Witherington needs must I wayle, as one in doleful
dumps ;¹

For when his leggs were smitten off, he fought upon his
stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas there was slaine Sir Hugh Mount-
gomerye,

Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld one foote wold
never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too, his sister's sonne was
hee ;

Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd, yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case did with Erle Douglas
dye :

Of twenty hundred Scottish speres, scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase, under the greene
woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come, their husbands to
bewayle ;

They washt their wounds in brinish teares, but all wold
not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore, they bare with them
away :

They kist them dead a thousand times, ere they were cladd
in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow, where Scotland's
king did raigne,

That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye was with an arrow
slaine :

O heavy newes, King James did say, Scotland may wit-
nesse bee,

I have not any captaine more of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came, within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland was slaine in Chevy-Chase :

¹ "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." Butler has pleasantly parodied
this stanza in the description of Hudibras :—

"Enragèd thus, some in the rear
Attacked him, and some everywhere,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumpes."—Part i. c. 3.

Now God be with him, said our king, sith it will noe
better bee ;

I trust I have, within my realme, five hundred as good as hee :

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say, but I will vengeance
take :

I'll be revenged on them all, for brave Erle Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd after, at Humble-
downe ;

In one day fifty knights were slayne, with lords of great
renowne :

And of the rest, of small account, did many thousands dye :
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase, made by the Erle
Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land with plentye, joy,
and peace ;

And grant henceforth that foule debate 'twixt noblemen
may cease.¹

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THIS solemn funeral song is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece. It is taken from "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," by James Shirley, b. 1594; d. October 29, 1666. The poem was a favourite of Charles II., to whom, as we are told by Oldys, it was often sung by "Old Bowman."

THE glories of our birth and state

Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

¹ "In this . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [second earl, son of Hotspur], and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of 'Chevy-Chase,' which, to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious."—See Ridpath's "Border Hist.," 4to., p. 401.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still.

Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar now

See where the victor victim bleeds:
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,

Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

THE subject of this Ballad is the great Northern Insurrection, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, 1569. It happened in this manner:—

“A scheme for a marriage between Mary, then a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, came to the knowledge of Elizabeth, who immediately committed the Duke to the Tower, and summoned the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, by whom the alliance was encouraged, to appear at Court. A report that a party of his enemies were come to seize him determined Northumberland to fly hastily from Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, to the house of his friend the Earl of Westmoreland. The ‘country’ gathering, and urging him to take up arms, they raised their standards, in behalf of the old religion, the settlement of the Crown, and the protection of the ancient nobility. The attempt failed, chiefly from want of money and provisions. The insurgents soon melted away, and the advance of Lord Sussex, at the head of a large body of troops, completed the rout. The victory, nearly bloodless, was disgraced by the utmost cruelty; Sir George Bowes, Marshal of the army, making his boast that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, between Newcastle and Wetherby, there was scarcely a town or a village where he had not executed some of the inhabitants.”

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto mee,
 And I will sing of a noble Earle,
 The noblest Earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
 And after him walkes his faire ladie:¹
 I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
 That I must either fight, or flee.

¹ This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
 That ever such harm should hap to thee :
 But goe to London to the court,
 And faire fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee ;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast,
 That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee :
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
 The court is full of subiltie ;
 And if I goe to the court, lady,
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
 And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee :
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe¹ I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare ;
 Far lever² had I lose my life,
 Than leave among my cruell foes
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
 Come thou hither unto mee,
 To maister Norton thou must goe
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
 And beare this letter here fro mee ;
 And say that earnestly I praye,
 He will ryde in my companie.

One while the little foot-page went,
 And another while he ran ;
 Untill he came to his journey's end ;
 The little foot-page never blan.³

¹ Borrowe—pledge, or surety.

³ Blan—lingered.

² Lever—rather.

When to that gentleman he came,
 Down he kneeled on his knee;
 And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
 And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
 Affore that goodlye companye,
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
 There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
 Now that good Erle's in jeopardy?

Father, my counselle's fair and free;
 That Erle he is a noble lord,
 And whatsoever to him you hight,
 I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
 And if we speed and scape with life,
 Well advanced shalt thou bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
 Gallant men I trowe you bee:
 How many of you, my children deare,
 Will stand by that good Erle and mee?

Eight of them did answer make,
 Eight of them spake hastilie,
 O father, till the daye we dye
 We'll stand by that good Erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
 You shoue yourselves right bold and brave;
 And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
 A father's blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
 Thou art mine eldest sonne and heire:
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
 Your head is white, your hearde is gray;
 It were a shame at these your yeares
 For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
 Thou never learnedst this of mee:
 When thou wert yong and tender of age,
 Why did I make soe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
 Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
 And he that strikes against the crowne,
 Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
 And with him came a goodlye band
 To join with the brave Erle Percy,
 And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
 The Erle of Westmorland was hee:
 At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
 Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent¹ raisde,
 The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
 And three Dogs with golden collars
 Were there sett out most royallye.²

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
 The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire:³
 The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
 And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

¹ Ancyent—*standard*.

² The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collared Gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad among the badges, &c. given by that house. This, however, is certain, that among those of the Nevilles, Lords Abergavenny (who were the same family), is a Dun Cow with a golden Collar; and the Nevilles of Chyte, in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch), gave for their crest, in 1513, a Dog's (Greyhound's) head erased. So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner. After all, our old minstrel's verses may have undergone some corruption; for, in another crest, in the same folio MS., and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his Banner is thus described, more conformably to his known bearings:—

*"Sett me up my faire Dun Bull,
 With Golden Hornes, hee beares all soe hye."*

³ The silver crescent is a well-known Crest or Badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the Crusades.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
 After them some spoyle to make:
 Those noble Erles turn'd backe againe,
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
 To Barnard castle then fled hee.
 The uttermost walles were eathe¹ to win,
 The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
 But thoughe they won them soon anone,
 Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
 For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London² came
 In all the speede that ever might bee,
 And word is brought to our royall queene
 Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
 And like a royall queene shee swore,³
 I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
 As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd,
 With horse and harneis⁴ faire to see;
 She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
 To take the Earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
 Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdèn;
 Untill they to Yorke castle came
 I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
 Thy Dun Bull faine would we spye:
 And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
 Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

¹ Eathe—*easy*.

² Leeve London—*dear London*.

³ This is quite in character: her Majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

⁴ Harneis—*armour*.

But the Dun Bulle is fled and gone,
 And the halfe moone vanished away :
 The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
 Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
 They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
 They cruellye bereav'd of life :
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,
 And widowed many a tender wife.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

THIS ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken by his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland ; but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, he was stript, and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector, of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed : for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But he betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Loughleven, then belonging to William Douglas. All the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that "to take Hector's cloak," grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Loughleven till the year 1572, when he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and suffered death at York.

So far History coincides with the ballad, which was apparently written by some Northern Bard soon after the event. The introduction of the "Witch-lady" (v. 53) is probably the Bard's own invention : yet, even this receives some countenance from history ; for, about twenty-five years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft : hence she may be the Witch-lady alluded to in v. 133.

How long shall fortune faile me nowe,
 And harrowe¹ me with feare and dread ?
 How long shall I in bale² abide,
 In misery my life to lead ?

¹ Harrowe—harass.

² Bale—evil.

To fall from my bliss, alas the while !

It was my sore and heavye lott :
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee :
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right priville.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,¹
When he with all his gailant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye ;
For they did strip that noble Earle :
And ever an ill death may they dye.

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide :
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched² him right curteouslie :
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble Earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day ;
To the Regent³ the lord warden⁴ sent,
That bannisht Earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see :
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate
With many a goodly gentleman :
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte⁵ with him began :

¹ Wel-away—an exclamation of pity.

² Halched—saluted.

³ James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected Regent of Scotland, November 24, 1572.

⁴ Of one of the English Marches—Lord Hunsden.

⁵ Flyte—contend.

What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfully?
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countrye.

The butts are sett, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltie:
And I am sworne into my bille,¹
Thither to bring my lord Percy.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wilt ryde to the worlde's end,
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name:
You shall byde here, good English lord;
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and stronge,
As I tell you in privitie:
For he hath tane liverance² of the Earle³
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The Regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all England
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the Regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht Erle
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,
Nowe mickle is their tratorie;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell those English lords from thee,

¹ Bille—I have delivered a promise in writing.

² Liverance—money for delivering.

³ Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.

How that you cannot with him ryde,
 Because you are in an ile of the sea,¹
 Then ere my brother come againe
 To Edenborow castle² Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
 He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
 And he will lose both land and life,
 Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
 When I thinke of my own countrie,
 When I thinke on the heavye happe³
 My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
 And sore those wars my minde distresse;
 Where many a widow lost her mate,
 And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man
 Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
 To cause my faire and noble friends
 To be suspect of treacherie :

This rives⁴ my heart with double woe;
 And lever had I dye this day,
 Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
 Or ever he will his guest betray.

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
 Nor unto mee no credence yield;
 Yet step one moment here aside,
 Ile showe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
 Never dealt in privy wyle;
 But evermore held the high-waye
 Of truth and honour, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,
 Yet send your chamberlaine with mee;
 Let me but speak three words with him,
 And he shall come again to thee.

¹ Lake of Leven, which has communication with the sea.

² At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

³ Happe—fortune.

⁴ Rives—rends.

James Swynard with that lady went,
 She showed him through the weme¹ of her ring
 How many English lords there were
 Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
 So royallyè on yonder greene?
 O yonder is the lord Hunsdèn:²
 Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.³

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
 That walkes so proudly him beside?
 That is Sir William Drury⁴ shee sayd,
 A keene captaine hee is and tryde.

How many miles is itt, madàme,
 Betwixt yond English lords and mee?
 Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
 To saile to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,
 Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
 But as my book it sheweth mee,
 And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother shee was a witch ladye,
 And of her skille she learned mee;
 She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
 What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
 That looketh with sic an austerne⁵ face?
 Yonder is Sir John Foster,⁶ quoth shee,
 Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe;
 He wept; in his heart he was full of woe:
 And he is gone to his noble lord,
 Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
 I may not believe that witch ladie:
 The Douglasses were ever true,
 And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

¹ Weme—*hollow*.

² The lord warden of the East Marches.

³ Drie and teene—*pain and sorrow*.

⁴ Governor of Berwick.

⁵ Austerne—*severe*.

⁶ Warden of the Middle March.

I have now in Lough-leven been
 The most part of these years three,
 Yett have I never had noe outrake,¹
 Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
 As to the Douglas I have hight:²
 Betide me weale, betide me woe,
 He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe³ a gold ring from his finger,
 And gave itt to that gay ladie:
 Sayes, It was all that I cold save,
 In Harley woods where I cold bee.⁴

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
 Then farewell truth and honestie;
 And farewell heart, and farewell hand;
 For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
 And all the saylors were on borde;
 Then William Douglas took to his boat,
 And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
 Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!
 The lady fett⁵ a sigh soe deep,
 And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us go back, Douglas, he sayd,
 A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;
 If ought befall yond lady but good,
 Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;
 Come on, come on, and let her bee:
 There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
 For to cheere that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
 Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
 We will but comfort that faire lady,
 And wee will return to you againe.

¹ Outrake—an *outride*, or *expedition*.

² Hight—*promised*.

³ Writhe—*twisted*.

⁴ Where I cold bee—*where I was*.

⁵ Fett—*fetched*.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :
 My sister is craftye, and wold beguile
 A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled¹ fifty myle,
 Now fifty mile upon the sea ;
 Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,
 When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles faine,²
 And that by thee and thy lord is seen :
 You may hap³ to thinke itt soone enough,
 Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
 He thought his lord then was betray'd ;
 And he is to Erle Percy againe,
 To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord ;
 Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle ;
 He did it but to prove thy heart,
 To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea,
 Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,
 Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee ?

Looke that your brydle be wight,⁴ my lord,
 And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea :
 Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,
 That you may pricke her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas ? he sayth ;
 What needest thou to flyte with mee ?
 For I was counted a horseman good
 Before that ever I mett with thee.

A false Hector hath my horse,
 Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie :
 A false Armstrong hath my spurres,
 And all the geere belongs to mee.

¹ There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

² Faine—glad.

³ Hap—chance.

⁴ Wight—strong.

When they had sayled other fifty mile,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea;
 They landed low by Berwicke side,
 A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percy.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
 It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:
 Thus they betrayed that noble Earle,
 Who ever was a gallant wight.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

THIS philosophical Song was extremely popular in the sixteenth century, and Mr. Hannah, in his edition of "Wotton's Poems," suggests a new claimant to the authorship of it in Sir Edward Dyer, the friend of Sidney, and who won the praise of Spenser and Bacon.

MY minde to me a kingdome is;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That God, or Nature, hath assignde:
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice:
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.
 Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toile, and keep with feare:
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pomp, nor welthie store,
 No force to winne the victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to winne a lover's eye;
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more:
 They are but poore, tho' much they have;
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
 I grudge not at another's gaine;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;
 I brooke that is another's bane:
 I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
 I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
 I weigh not Cressus' welth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is;
 I feare not fortune's fatall law:
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seeke for more;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
 In greatest storms I sitte on shore,
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
 I feigne not love where most I hate;
 I breake no sleep to winne my will;
 I wayte not at the mightie's gate;
 I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
 Extreames are counted worst of all:
 The golden meane betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

THESE Stanzas, founded upon an entertaining Colloquy of Erasmus, are taken from "Albion's England," by William Warner, whom his contemporaries compared to Virgil, and whose verses drew the critical eyes of the Star Chamber. He died March 9th, 1608, 9. Warner is now unread and forgotten. The first edition of "Albion's England" is believed to have appeared in 1586. Mr. Hallam allows the Poem to have the equivocal merit of great length. But Warner deserves higher praise; and the editor of the "Muses' Library" was not overstepping the boundary of just criticism in calling "Albion's England" an epitome of British History, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit. Warner sometimes displays a charming grace of pathos, as in the description of Rosamond's ill-treatment by Eleanor:—

"With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed with double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled."

IMPATIENCE chaungeth smoke to flame, but jelousie is
hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd ill husbands to live
well:
As did the ladie of an Earle, of whom I now shall tell.

An Earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd; was lov'd, and
lived long
Full true to his fayre Countesse; yet at last he did her
wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace, long fasting, and the
heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge¹ within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place and persons
might afforde)
Browne bread, whig,² bacon, curds and milke were set him
on the borde.

A cushion made of lists,³ a stoole halfe backed with a
hoope
Were brought him, and he sitteth down besides a sorry
coupe.⁴

¹ Peakish graunge—*rude farm-house.*

² Whig—*sour whey, or buttermilk.*

³ Lists—*the selvages of woollen cloth.*

⁴ Coupe—*pen for poultry.*

The poore old couple wisht their bread were wheat, their
whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds were creame, to
make him merry.

Mean while (in russet neatly clad, with linen white as
swanne,
Herselfe more white, save rosie where the ruddy colour
ranne :

Whome naked nature, not the aydes of arte made to
excell)
The good man's daughter sturres to see that all were feat¹
and well ;
The Earle did marke her, and admire such beautie there to
dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare, and held him at a feast :
But as his hunger slaked, so an amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks, and welcome too ;
he sayd
Unto his host and hostesse, in the hearing of the mayd :

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord of this, and many
townes ;
I also know that you be poore, and I can spare you
pownes.²

Soe will I, so yee will consent, that yonder lasse and I
May bargaine for her love ; at least, doe give me leave to
trye.

Who needs to know it ? nay who dares into my doings pry ?

First they mislike, yet at the length for lucre were misled ;
And then the gamesome Earle did wowe the damsell for his
bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet so coyish to be kist,
As mayds that know themselves belov'd, and yieldingly
resist.

In few, his offers were so large she lastly did consent ;
With whom he lodged all that night, and early home he
went.

¹ Feat—*nice, or neat.*

² Pownes—*pounds.*

He tooke occasion oftentimes in such a sort to hunt,
 Whom when his lady often mist, contrary to his wont,
 And lastly was informed of his amorous haunt elsewhere ;
 It greev'd her not a little, though she seem'd it well to
 beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe, some fault perhaps in
 me ;
 Somewhat is done, that soe he doth : alas ! what may it
 be ?

How may I winne him to myself ? he is a man, and
 men
 Have imperfections ; it behooves me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,¹ although hee
 now were chaste :
 A man controuled of his wife, to her makes lesser haste.

If duty then, or daliance may prevayle to alter him ;
 I will be dutifull, and make my selfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly did entertaine her lord,
 As fairer, or more faultles none could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman,² and did still pursue that
 game,
 Suspecting nothing less, than that his lady knew the
 same :
 Wherefore to make him know she knew, she this devise
 did frame :

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought the foresayd
 meanes in vaine,
 She rideth to the simple graunge but with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, and then did
 looke about her :
 The guiltie household knowing her, did wish themselves
 without her ;
 Yet, for she looked merily, the lesse they did misdoubt
 her.

¹ To "check" is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit. To check also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

² Leiman—*mistress*.

When she had seen the beauteous wench (then blushing
fairnes fairer)
Such beauty made the countesse hold them both excus'd
the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait? thought she: and
who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt? sweet errors
lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd of proffer'd gold
denied,
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt, but, tenne to one,
had lied.

Thus thought she: and she thus declares her cause of
coming thether;
My lord, oft hunting in these partes, through travel,
night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house; I thanke you for the
same;
For why? it doth him jolly ease to lie so neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myselfe to see his lodging
drest.

With that two sumpters¹ were discharg'd, in which were
hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate, and al such turn
should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd, she prayes them to
have care
That nothing hap in their default, that might his health
impair:

And, Damsell, quoth shee, for it seemes this houshold is
but three,
And for thy parents' age, that this shall chiefly rest on
thee;

Do me that good, else would to God he hither come no
more.
So tooke she horse, and ere she went bestowed gould good
store.

¹ Sumpters—*horses carrying clothes, &c.*

Full little thought the Countie¹ that his Countesse had
done so ;

Who now return'd from far affaires did to his sweet-
heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within the late deformed cote,²
But that the formall change of things his wondring eies
did note.

But when he knew those goods to be his proper goods ;
though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes the matter to
debate.

The Countesse was a-bed, and he with her his lodging
tooke ;
Sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night for you I did
not looke.

Then did he question her of such his stuffe bestowed soe.
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did your love and lodging
knowe :

Your love to be a proper wench, your lodging nothing
lesse ;
I held it for your health, the house more decently to
dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her, your lordship loveth me ;
And greater hope to hold you such by quiet then brawles,
'you' see.

Then for my duty, your delight, and to retaine your
favour,
All done I did, and patiently expect your wonted 'haviour

Her patience, witte and answer wrought his gentle teares
to fall :

When (kissing her a score of times), amend, sweet wife,
I shall :

He said, and did it ; ' so each wife her husband may' recall.

¹ Countie—Count, or Earl.

² Cote—cottage.

DOWSABELL.

FROM a Pastoral by Michael Drayton [b. 1563—d. 1631]. "Dowsabell" is a pleasant imitation of the style and metre of the old metrical Romances, which Drayton was able to feel and to copy ; for he had a musical ear, and much playfulness of fancy.

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd¹ a knight, hight Cassemen,
As bolde as Isenbras :
Fell² was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped³ Dowsabel,
A mayden fayre and free :
And for she was her fathers heire,
Full well she was y-cond⁴ the leyre
Of mickle curtesie.

The silke well couth⁵ she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke :
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
Which seemly was to see ;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
Y-wrought full featously.⁶

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that growes by Dove ;
And lyth⁷ as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

¹ Won'd—*dwelt*.
³ Cleaped—*named*.

⁴ Y-cond—*taught*.

² Fell—*furious*.

⁵ Couth—*could*.

⁶ Featously—*dexterously*.

⁷ Lyth—*playful*.

This mayden in a morne betime
 Went forth, when May was in her prime,
 To get sweete cetywall,¹
 The honey-suckle, the harlocke,²
 The lilly and the lady-smocke,
 To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
 Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
 She chanced to espie
 A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
 Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,³
 And pip'd full merrilie.

He lear'd⁴ his sheepe as he him list,⁵
 When he would whistle in his fist,
 To feede about him round ;
 Whilst he full many a carroll sung,
 Untill the fields and medowes rung,
 And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherds swayne
 Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,⁶
 Which helde prōwd kings in awe :
 But meeke he was as lamb mought be ;
 An innocent of ill as he⁷
 Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,
 Which was of the finest loke,⁸
 That could be cut with sheere :
 His mittens⁹ were of bauzens skinne,
 His cockers¹⁰ were of cordiwin,¹¹
 His hood of meniveere.¹²

His aule and lingell¹³ in a thong,
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
 His breech of coyntrie blewe :
 Full crisper and curled were his lockes,
 His browes as white as Albion rocks :
 So like a lover true,

¹ Cetywall—the herb valerian.

² Harlocke—perhaps wild rape.

³ Crancke—merry.

⁴ Lear'd—taught.

⁵ List—as he pleased.

⁶ Alluding to "Tamburlaine the Great, or the Scythian Shepheard" (1590, 8vo.), an old ranting play, ascribed to Marlowe.

⁷ Abel.

⁸ Loke—lock of wool.

⁹ Mittens of bauzens—sheepskin gloves with the wool on the inside.

¹⁰ Cockers—buskins.

¹¹ Cordiwin—properly Spanish leather, but here a common sort.

¹² Meniveere—a kind of fur.

¹³ Lingell—rosined thread, for mending shoes.



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DOWSABELL.

"This mayden in a morne betime
Went forth when May was in her prime."

And pyping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popingay;¹

Which liked² Dowsabel:

That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought;
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her smocke,

She drew the shepheard nye;
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,³
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
To heare his melodye.

The sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly shepheard's swayne,
The which can pipe so well:

Yea but, sayth he, their shepherd may,
If pyping thus he pine away
In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,⁴
Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,
Lest they should hap to stray.

Quoth he, So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell
Come forth to gather Maye.

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she sayd:

With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee.

My coate,⁵ sayth he, nor yet my foulde
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, Yet lever where I dead,
Then I should lose my mayden-head,
And all for love of men.

Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde,
To love us now and then.

¹ Popingay—parrot.

² Liked—pleased.

³ A good—a good deal.

⁴ Keepe—heed.

⁵ Coate—cot.

And I to thee will be as kinde
 As Colin was to Rosalinde,
 Of curtesie the flower.
 Then will I be as true, quoth she,
 As ever mayden yet might be
 Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
 Down by the shepheard kneeled shee,
 And him she sweetly kist :
 With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,
 Quoth he, Ther's never shepheards boy
 That ever was so blist.¹

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE.

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, entitled "The Lover's Progress,"
 Act iii. sc. 1.

ADIEU, fond love, farewell, you wanton powers ;
 I am free again.
 Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,
 Bewitching pain,
 Fly to fools, that sigh away their time :
 My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
 And there behold beauty still young,
 That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,
 Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
 And honoured by eternity and joy :
 There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,
 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

¹ Blist—blest.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN.

FROM "Hymen's Triumph," a pastoral tragi-comedy, by Samuel Daniel [b. 1562—d. 1619], a writer of great refinement and elegance. Mr. Coleridge said: "Read Daniel—the admirable Daniel—in his 'Civil Wars,' and 'Triumph of Hymen.' The style and language are just such as any pure and manly writer of the present day would use. It seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare."

SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,
 Possesse these shores with me,
 The windes and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.
 Here may we sit and view their toyle,
 That travaile in the deepe,
 Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleepe.

ULYSSES.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attain'd with ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leave such toiles as these:
 But here it dwels, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth;
 To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
 With that unreaall name:
 This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
 And rests on others' fame.
 Begotten only to molest
 Our peace and to beguile
 (The best thing of our life) our rest,
 And give us up to toyle!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
 Nor honor, nor report,
 Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
 The time in idle sport:

For toyle doth give a better touch
 To make us feeble our joy;
 And ease findes tediousnes, as much
 As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
 Whereto tendes all your toyle;
 Which you forego to make it more,
 And perish oft the while.
 Who may disport them diversly,
 Find never tedious day;
 And ease may have variety,
 As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
 These toyles and dangers please;
 And they take comfort in the same,
 As much as you in ease:
 And with the thought of actions past
 Are recreated still:
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last
 To shew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
 That's out of custom bred;
 Which makes us many other laws
 Than ever nature did.
 No widdowe's waile for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood;
 The world we see by warlike wights
 Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest,
 And these great spirits of high desire
 Seem borne to turne them best:
 To purge the mischiefs, that increase
 And all good order mar:
 For oft we see a wicked peace
 To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
 I shall not have thee here ;
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there.
 I must be wonne that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not wonne :
 For beauty hath created bin
 T' undoo, or be undone.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

FROM the "Poetical Rhapsody," of which the first edition appeared in 1602, a second in 1608, a third in 1611, and a fourth in 1621. The Editor was Francis Davison, and the Miscellany contained poems by Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, and other eminent writers in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. "Cupid's Pastime," which, in the third edition of the "Rhapsody," is called "A Fiction," is, in the first edition, signed "Anomos." Percy attributes it to Francis Davison, the eldest son of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. He was born about the year 1575, and is believed to have died before 1619.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
 That went to seek his straying sheep,
 Within a thicket on a plain
 Espied a dainty Nymph asleep.
 Her golden hair o'erspred her face ;
 Her careless arms abroad were cast ;
 Her quiver had her pillow's place ;
 Her breast lay bare to every blast.
 The shepherd stood, and gaz'd his fill ;
 Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;
 Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
 Did guide the God of Love that way.
 The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
 Whom, if she wak'd, he durst not see ;
 Behind her closely seeks to creep,
 Before her nap should ended bee.
 There come, he steals her shafts away,
 And puts his own into their place ;
 Nor dares he any longer stay,
 But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by :
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain :
Yet up again forthwith did start,
And to the Nymph he ran again.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet Nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart :
Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft ;
Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast
Love found an entry to her heart ;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord ! how this gentle Nymph did start !

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;
Away she throws both shaft and bow :
She seeks for what she shunn'd before ;
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :
What other lovers do, did they :
The God of Love sate on a tree,
And laught that pleasant sight to see.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

DRUMMOND informs us that Ben Jonson, when he came to Hawthorn den, had these verses "by heart." They read like a collect in rhyme. The writer, Sir Henry Wotton, was Provost of Eton, and died in 1639, at the age of 72.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertaines the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

GILDEROY,

THE Robin Hood of Scottish minstrelsy, was a noted robber who infested the Highlands of Perthshire with his gang, of whom seven, being captured by the Stewarts of Athol, were executed February, 1638. In revenge, Gilderoy burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts; but the offer of a large reward (1000*l.*) for his apprehension, caused him to be pursued from place to place; and at length, with five of his companions, he suffered for his crimes at Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh, July 1638.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
 Had roses tull his shoone,
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging doune :
 It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
 To see sae trim a boy ;
 He was my jo¹ and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sike twa charming een he had,
 A breath as sweet as rose,
 He never ware a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes ;
 He gain'd the luv^e of ladies gay,
 Nane eir tull² him was coy :
 Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
 Baith in one toun together,
 We scant³ were seven years befor⁴,
 We gan to luv^e each other ;
 Our dadies and our mammies thay,
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day,
 Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luv^e of mine,
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding sark of holland fine,
 Wi' silken flowers wrought :
 And he gied me a wedding ring,
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
 Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
 Like me and Gilderoy.

¹ Jo—sweetheart.
² Scant—scarce.

² Eir tull—ever to.
⁴ Befor—before.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time,
 Among the leaves sae green;
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kiss and toy,
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
 Wi' me to lead his life;
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
 To stir in feates of strife:
 And he in many a venturous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try;
 And now this gars¹ mine heart to bleed,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee,
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 "My benison² gang wi' thee:
 God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart;
 For gane is all my joy;
 My heart is rent sith³ we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in every toun,
 And bauldly bare away the gear,
 Of many a lawland loun:
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy;
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare:
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,
 I neir had lost my joy,
 Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

¹ Gars—makes.² Benison—blessing.³ Sith—since.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
 He mought hae banisht been;
 Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sike handsome men:
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand,
 As thee, my Gilderoy.
 Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung:
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae trim a boy;
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.
 Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
 I washt his comelye clay;
 And siker¹ in a grave sae deep,
 I laid the dear-lued boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

WINIFREDA.

A MS. note, by his son, gives to J. G. Cooper, the author of "Letters concerning Taste," the honour of writing this Song. But the verses appeared in Lewis' Collection of Poems, 1726, when Cooper was a child of three years. Dr. Rimbault suggests the name of George Alexander Stevens, a clever laureate of drinking-clubs. Here, also, time is adverse; for Stevens was a youth at the publication of "Winifreda." It is called a translation "from the ancient British language."

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.
 What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood;
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

¹ Siker—safe.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke :
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess ;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung ;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

WRITTEN by Dr. Harrington, of Bath, in 1748, but here printed from a copy supplied and altered by Shenstone. Wokey-hole is a famous cavern near Wells, in Somersetshire.

IN aunciente days tradition showes
A base and wicked elfe arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight :
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped¹ hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide :
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,
She chose to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock :
No wholesome herb could here be found ;
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to see ;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee ;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill ;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes ;
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And well he did, I ween :
Sich mischief never had been known,
And, since his mickle lerninge shown,
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He crost the water, blest the brooke,
Then—pater noster done,—
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er ;
When lo ! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone.

¹ Ycleped—called.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale :
 Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
 And doubtfull may appear,
 I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
 That has not seen the witch in stone,
 With all her household gear.¹

But tho' this lernede clerke did well ;
 With grieved heart, alas ! I tell,
 She left this curse behind :
 That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
 Tho' sense and beauty both unite,
 Should find no leman² kind.

For lo ! even, as the fiend did say,
 The sex have found it to this day,
 That men are wondrous scant :
 Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,
 With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
 Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane ?
 They might as well, like her, be stone,
 As thus forsaken dwell.
 Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ;
 Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
 And, oh ! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair ;
 Virtue's the gods' peculiar care ;
 I hear the gracious voice :
 Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
 We only wait to find sich men,
 As best deserve your choice.

¹ "Adjoining to the circular area is what our guide called the *Witch's Brew-house*, where a great number of singular configurations of stalactite are observable ; and the vulgar have given them correspondent appellations, such as the *boiler*, *furnace*, &c."—Maton, "Western Counties," ii. 138.

² *Leman—lover.*

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

Is founded on a fact that happened in the Island of St. Christopher, and was communicated to Percy by his early and familiar friend, Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Sugar Cane."

THE north-east wind did briskly blow ;
The ship was safely moor'd ;
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall ;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true ;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine ;
Her cheeks red dewy rosebuds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood ;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain ;
When, ah ! a shark bit through his waste :
His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring :
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BALLADS make an interesting chapter of Spanish literature under the name of Romances. They chiefly relate to conflicts with the Moors, and display the chivalrous gallantry of that people. Percy translated some of these pieces, while he was studying the Spanish language. "Rio Verde" is the name of a river, and should have been retained.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain :
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died :
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo ! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons slow retires ;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado¹
Loudly shouts with taunting cry ;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra ;
Dost thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know ;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine ;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare :
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound :
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

¹ Properly an apostate ; but sometimes, as here, used to express an infidel in general.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
 Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
 Wearied out but never daunted,
 Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
 Stout resists the Paynim bands ;
 From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
 Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
 Furious he repels their rage :
 Loss of blood at length enfeebles :
 Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
 Close beneath its foot retir'd,
 Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
 And without a groan expir'd.¹

* * * *

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A MOORISH TALE.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
 Softly fall the dews of night ;
 Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
 Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
 Whom he loves with flame so pure ;
 Loveliest she of Moorish ladies ;
 He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
 Oft he paces to and fro ;
 Stopping now, now moving forwards,
 Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

¹ A few stanzas, which seemed to be of inferior merit, were not translated.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care :—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :
Alla¹ keep thee, lovely lady ;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That seduc'd by sordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along ;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong ?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes ;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend :
Ah ! my lord, too true the story ;
Here our tender loves must end.

¹ *Alla* is the Mahometan name of God.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows :
All my friends are full of fury ;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me ;
My stern father breaks my heart :
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine ;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine ?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne ;
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them ;
All, to force my hand combine ;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong ;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor !
Farewell too my life with thee !
Take this scarf a parting token ;
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth ;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart :
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida !
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish! —
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

END OF SERIES THE FIRST.

SERIES THE SECOND.

Book E.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

FROM a very ancient MS. (Harl. MSS. 2253 s. 23) in the British Museum, and supposed to be not later than the time of Richard II. The ballad was "made by one of the adherents of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, May 14th, 1264." A few words will explain this antique libel. The battle followed the failure of the Barons to procure a peace by a payment of 30,000*l.* to the brother of Henry III. The King, Prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies; while two great Barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot, the king's Justiciary, escaped into France. This Ballad is said to have been a chief cause of the law made in the third year of Edward I., "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people."

In the first stanza the sum of 30,000*l.*, as the demand of the king's brother, is misrepresented. In the second stanza the reader is to remember that Richard, with the Earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and Eyre confirmed to him, on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243. The third stanza refers to the flight of Richard, who took refuge in a windmill which he defended for some time, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. The fourth stanza is explained by the clamour against the attendants whom Richard was about to bring over from Italy in 1259. In the fifth stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren; and in the sixth and seventh stanzas, he intimates the peril of the Earl of Warren and Sir Hugh Bigot, in the event of their capture. This allusion fixes the date of the Ballad; for in 1265 they landed in South Wales, and the Royal party soon afterwards gained the upper hand.

SITTETH¹ alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The kyng of Alemaigne,² bi mi leaute,³
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees⁴ in the countre,
Ant so he dude more.
Richard, thah⁵ thou be ever trichard,⁶
Trichthen⁷ shalt thou never more.

¹ Sitteth, &c.—*Sit ye all still, and hearken unto me.*

² Alemaigne—*Germany.*

³ Leaute—*loyalty.*

⁴ Pees—*peace.*

⁵ Thah—*though.*

⁶ Trichard—*treacherous.*

⁷ Trichthen—*deceive.*

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kyng,
 He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
 Haveth he nout¹ of Walingford oferlyng,
 Let him habbe,² ase he brew, bale to dryng,³
 Maugre Wyndsore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne, wende do ful wel,
 He saisede⁴ the mulne for a castel,
 With hare⁵ sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,⁶
 He wende that the sayles were mangonel⁷
 To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede⁸ ys host,
 Made him a castel of a mulne post,
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,⁹
 Brohte¹⁰ from Alemayne mony sori gost
 To store Windesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
 That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne :
 He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant the fenne,
 The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren¹¹ henne,
 For love of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore¹² bi ys chyn,
 Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
 Shuld he never more come to is yn,
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn,
 To help of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sir Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop,
 Hevede¹³ he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot :
 Al¹⁴ he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot¹⁵
 Shulde he never more with his sot pot
 To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

¹ Nout—nought.

² Habbe, &c.—have as he brews.

³ Bale, &c.—misery to drink.

⁴ Saisede, &c.—seized the mill for a castle.

⁵ Hare, &c.—with their swords.

⁶ Stel—steel.

⁷ Mangonel—an engine for hurling great stones.

⁸ Gederede, &c.—gathered his host.

⁹ Muchele, &c.—great boast.

¹⁰ Brohte—brought.

¹¹ Y-boren, &c.—carried away hence.

¹² Suore, &c.—sworn by his chin.

¹³ Hevede—had he now.

¹⁴ Al—although.

¹⁵ Scot—revenue.

Be the luf, be the loht, sire Edward,
Thou shalt ride sporeles¹ o thy lyard
Al the ryhte way to Dover-ward,
Shalt thou never more breke foreward ;
 Ant that reweth sore,
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward,²
 Forsoke thyn emes lore,
Richard, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD THE FIRST.

THIS early attempt at elegy seems to have been composed soon after the death of Edward I., July 7th, 1307.

The king had vowed an expedition to the Holy Land; but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140, say historians, 80, says our poet), who were to carry his heart into Palestine. This dying command was never performed. The Elegist attributes the failure to the advice of the King of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch, who succeeded, immediately married. But, in truth, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures. To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his *éloge* in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe, pouring forth his praises.

ALLE, that beoth³ of huerte trewe,⁴
 A stounde⁵ herkneth⁶ to my song
 Of duel,⁷ that Deth hath diht us newe,
 That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among ;
 Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
 Of wham God hath don ys wille ;
 Me-thuncheth⁸ that deth hath don us wrong,
 That he so sone shall ligge stille.⁹

Al Eng lond ahte¹⁰ for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y synge;¹¹
Of Edward kyng, that lith¹² so lowe,
Zent¹³ al this world is nome¹⁴ con springe:¹⁵

¹ Sporeles—*spurless*.

² Shreward—*male shrew*.

³ Beoth—*be, are.*

⁴ Huerte trewe—*heart true*.

⁵ A stounde—for a little time.

⁶ Herkneth—*hearken ye.*

7 Duel—*grief*.

⁸ Me-thuncheth—*methinketh*.

⁹ Ligge stille—*lie still*.

¹⁰ Ahte—ought.

u Y syngge—I sing.

¹² Lith—*lieth*.

13 Zent—through

14 Nome—*name*.

15 Con springe—*sprung*.

Trewest mon of alle thinge,
 Ant in werre war ant wys,
 For him we ahte our honden wrynge,¹
 Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
 He spek ase² mon that wes in care,
 "Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,
 "Y charge ou by oure sware,
 "That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
 "Y deze,³ y ne may lyven na more;⁴
 "Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
 "For he is nest to buen y-core.⁵

"Ich biqueth⁶ myn herte arhyt,
 "That hit be write at my devys,⁷
 "Over the see that Hue⁸ be diht,
 "With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
 "In werre that buen⁹ war ant wys,
 "Azein¹⁰ the hethene for te fyhte,
 "To wynne the croiz¹¹ that lowe lys,
 "Myself ychoide¹² zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest¹³ 'sinne,'
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
 To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'
 To wende to the holy londe:
 That oure kyng hede take on honde
 All Engelond to zeme ant wysse,
 To wenden in to the holy londe
 To wynnen us heveriche¹⁴ blisse.

The messenger to the pope com,
 And seyde that our kynge was ded:
 Ys¹⁵ oune hond the lettre he nom,¹⁶
 Ywis¹⁷ his herte was full gret:

¹ Honden wrynge—*hands wring*.
² Ase—as.
³ Deze—*die*.
⁴ Lyven na more—*live no longer*.
⁵ Y-core—*chosen*.
⁶ Ich biqueth—I bequeath.
⁷ Devys—*devise*.
⁸ The name of the person who was to preside over this business.
⁹ Buen—*be*.
¹⁰ Azein—*against*.
¹¹ Croiz—*cross*.
¹² Ychoide—I should if.
¹³ Hevedest—*hadst*.
¹⁴ Heveriche—heavenly.
¹⁵ Ys is probably a contraction of *in hys* or *yn his*.
¹⁶ Nom—took.
¹⁷ Ywis—*verily*.

The Pope him self the lettre redde,
 Ant spec a word of gret honour.
 "Alas! he seid, is Edward ded?
 "Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
 For dol¹ ne mihte he speke na more;
 Ant after cardinals he sende,
 That muche couthen² of Cristes lore,
 Bothe the lasse,³ ant eke the more,
 Bed hem bothe rede ant synge:
 Gret deol me⁴ myhte se thore,⁵
 Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyter's stod at is massa
 With ful gret solempnetè,
 Ther me con the soule blesse:
 "Kyng Edward honoured thou be:
 "God love thi sone come after the,
 "Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
 "The holy crois y-mad⁶ of tre,
 "So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

"Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore⁷
 "The flour of al chivalrie
 "Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
 "Alas! that he zet shulde deye!
 "He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
 "Oure banners, that bueth⁸ broht to grounde;
 "Wel! longe we mowe clepe⁹ and crie
 "Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engelond al aplyht,¹⁰
 God lete him ner be worse man
 Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,¹¹
 To holden is pore men to ryht,
 And understonde good counsail,
 Al Engelong for to wysse¹² ant dyht;
 Of gode knyhtes darh¹³ him nout fail.

¹ Dol—grief.

² Couthen—*knew*.

³ Lasse—*less*.

⁴ Me—*men*; so in Robert of Gloucester, *passim*.

⁵ Thore—*there*.

⁶ Y-mad—*made*.

⁷ I-lore—*lost*.

⁸ Bueth—*are brought*.

⁹ Clepe—*call*.

¹⁰ Al aplyht—*all complete*.

¹¹ Lasse of myht—*less of might*.

¹² Wysse ant dyht—*teach and govern*.

¹³ Darh—*need*.

Thah¹ mi tonge were mad of stel,
 Ant min herte yzote² of bras,
 The godness myht y never telle,
 That with kyng Edward was :
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
 In uch³ bataille thou hadest prys ;
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

THE versification of this Sonnet is of the kind which the French call Rondeau. Geoffrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

I.

YOURE two eyn⁴ will sle me sodenly,
 I may the beaute of them not sustene,
 So wendeth⁵ it thorowout my herte kene.

And but your words will helen⁶ hastily
 My hertis⁷ wound, while that it is grene,
 Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
 That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene ;
 For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.

Youre two eyn, &c.

II.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased
 Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn ;⁸
 For daunger halt⁹ your mercy in his cheyne.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased ;
 I sey yow soth,¹⁰ me nedeth not to fayn :
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
 So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
 To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.¹¹

So hath youre beaute, &c.

¹ Thah—*though*.

² Yzote—*molten*.

³ Uch—*each*.

⁴ Eyn, &c.—*eyes will slay me suddenly*.

⁵ Wendeth—*goeth*.

⁶ Helen—*heal*.

⁷ Hertis—*heart's*.

⁸ Pleyn—*complain*.

⁹ Halt—*holdeth*.

¹⁰ I sey, &c.—*I tell you truth*.

¹¹ Peyn—*pain*.

III.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
 Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.¹

He may answere, and sey this and that,
 I do no fors,² I speak ryght as I mene;
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,³
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene:
 For ever mo 'ther' is non other mene,
 Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE,
 THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE.

WHILE Europe was captivated by the charms of Chivalry and Romance, Chaucer ridiculed the latter in his Rhyme of "Sir Topaz," and in the following poem we have a burlesque of the former. The writer introduces a company of clowns imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we find the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the reward—the preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the accidents of the encounter—the conqueror carrying off the prize—the magnificent feasting, and all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the Tournament. The Poem was first printed in 1631, by W. Bedwell, Rector of Tottenham, from a MS. lent to him by his friend George Wither. Percy produced a correcter transcript from a copy preserved among the "Harl. MSS." (5396), and appearing to have been written in the reign of Henry VI., about 1456. The reputed author of the "Tournament" was Gilbert Pilkington, who is supposed to have been a predecessor of Bedwell at Tottenham. Price considered the Poem to be at least as old as the middle of the fifteenth century.

Of all thes kene conquerours to carpe⁴ it were kynde;
 Of fele feyztyng⁵ folk ferly we fynde,
 The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;
 It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,
 In story as we rede
 Of Hawkyn, of Herry,
 Of Tomkyn, of Terry,
 Of them that were dughty⁶
 And stalworth⁷ in dede.

¹ Bene—a term of scorn.

² I do, &c.—I dont care.

³ Sclat—slate.

⁴ Carpe—speak.

⁵ Fele, &c.—fierce fighting.

⁶ Dughty—doughty.

⁷ Stalworth—stout.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,
 Ther was mad a shurtyng¹ be the hy-way :
 Theder com al the men of the contray,
 Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
 And all the swete swynkers.²

Ther hopped Hawkyn,
 Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
 Ther trumped Tomkyn,
 And all were trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
 That thay schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts cast ;
 Perkyn the potter into the press past,
 And sayd Randol the refe,³ a dozter⁴ thou hast,

Tyb the dere :

Therfor faine wyt⁵ wold I,
 Whych of all thys bachelery
 Were best worthye
 To wed hur to hys fere.⁶

Upstyrt thos gadelyngys⁷ wyth ther lang staves,
 And sayd, Randol the refe, lo ! thys lad raves ;
 Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves ;
 We er rycher men than he, and mor gode haves
 Of cattell and corn ;

Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have hyzt⁸
 That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,⁹
 If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,
 Or elles zet to morn.

Then sayd Randolfe the refe, Ever be he waryd,¹⁰
 That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd :
 I wold not my dozter, that scho¹¹ were miscaryd,
 But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd :
 Therfor a Turnament schal begynne

Thys day sevenyzt,—
 Wyth a flayl for to fyzt :
 And ' he,' that is most of myght
 Schal brouke hur wyth wyne.¹²

¹ Shurtyng—a pastime.

² Swynkers—labourers.

³ Refe—bailiff.

⁴ Dozter—daughter.

⁵ Wyt—know would I.

⁶ Fere—wife.

⁷ Gadelyngys—vagabonds.

⁸ Hyzt—promised.

⁹ Ryzt—right.

¹⁰ Waryd—accursed.

¹¹ Scho—she.

¹² Schal brouke, &c.—shall enjoy her with pleasure.

Whoso berys¹ hym best in the turnament,
 Hym schal be granted the gre² be the comon assent,
 For to wynne my dozter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,³
 And 'coppell'⁴ my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of
 Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe
 For no spens⁵ wyl I spare,
 For no cattell wyl I care,
 He schal have my gray mare,
 And my spottyd sowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede:⁶
 Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they zede;⁷
 And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,⁸
 Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.

They armed ham in matts;
 They set on ther nollys,⁹
 For to kepe ther pollys,¹⁰
 God blake bollys,¹¹
 For batryng of bats.¹²

Thay sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld
 not lrest:¹³

Ilk-on¹⁴ toke a blak hat, insted of a crest:
 'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'
 And a flayl on ther hande; for to fyght prest,¹⁵
 Furth gen thay fare:¹⁶

Ther was kyd¹⁷ mekyl fors,
 Who schuld best fend hys cors:
 He that had no gode hors,
 He gat hym a mare.¹⁸

Sych another gadryng¹⁹ have I not sene oft,
 When all the gret company com rydand²⁰ to the croft:
 Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft
 On a sek ful of fedys,²¹ for scho schuld syt soft,

¹ Berys—beareth.

² Gre—prize.

³ Dent—stroke.

⁴ Coppell. We still use the phrase, "a cople-crowned hen."

⁵ Spens—expense.

⁶ Bede—engage, offer.

⁷ Zede—went.

⁸ Graythed, &c.—prepared their clothing.

⁹ Nollys—heads.

¹⁰ Pollys—polls.

¹¹ Bollys—bowls.

¹² Bats—cudgels.

¹³ They sewed themselves up in sheepskins, by way of armour.

¹⁴ Ilk-on—each one.

¹⁵ Prest—ready.

¹⁶ Fare, &c.—on they went.

¹⁷ Kyd—shewn.

¹⁸ It was a disgrace to chivalry to ride on a mare.

¹⁹ Gadryng—gathering.

²⁰ Rydand, &c.—riding to the enclosure.

²¹ Fedys—feathers.

And led 'till the gap.'
 For cryeng of the men
 Forther wold not Tyb then,
 Tyl scho had hur brode hen
 Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,
 And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,
 And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stonys,
 Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng,¹ was wrotyn² for the nonys;
 For no 'spendings' thay had spared.
 When joly Gyb saw hur thare,
 He gyrd³ so hys gray mare,
 'That scho lete a fowkin'⁴ fare
 At the rereward.

I wow to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe behynde,
 May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,
 Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
 For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,
 I wot I schall hym greve.
 Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.
 And I wow, quoth Dawkyn,
 May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
 Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou se,
 Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:
 I schal scomfet⁵ thaym all, for the love of the;
 In what place so I come thay schal have dout⁶ of me,
 Myn armes ar so clere:
 I bere a reddyl, and a rake,
 Poudred wyth a brenand drake,⁷
 And three cantells⁸ of a cake
 In ycha⁹ cornere.

I wow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the gowt,
 Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' here aboute,
 Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,
 In ycha stede¹⁰ ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute,

¹ Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng—the holy cross token.

² Wrotyn—wrought.

³ Gyrd—lashed.

⁴ Fowkin—*crepitus ventris*.

⁵ Scomfet—discomfit.

⁶ Dout—fear.

⁷ Brenand drake—perhaps a firework so called; but here it seems to signify burning embers, or fire-brands.

⁸ Cantells—pieces.

⁹ Ycha—each.

¹⁰ Stede—place.

When I begyn to play.
 I make avowe that I ne schall,
 But yf Tybbe wyl me call,
 Or¹ I be thryes don fall,
 Ryzt² onys³ com away.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede ;
 Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,⁴
 For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,
 I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede :
 I am armed at the full ;

In myn armys I bere wele
 A doz trogh,⁵ and a pele,
 A sadyll wythout a panell,
 Wyth a fles⁶ of woll.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,
 Whyls me ys left my ' mare,' thou gets hurr not swa ;⁷
 For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,⁸
 Ther is no capul⁹ in thys myle befor hur schal ga ;
 Sche wul ne nozt begyle :

Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,
 On a lang somerys day,
 Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,
 Nozt other half myle.

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost,
 I schal wyrch¹⁰ ' wyselyer' withouten any bost :
 Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,
 I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bring thaym to my cost,
 And here I grant thaym Tybbe.

Wele boyes here ys he,
 That wyl fyzt, and not fle,
 For I am in my jolyte,
 Wyth so forth, Gybbe.

When thay had ther voves made, furth can thay hie,
 Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre :
 Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre ;
 Thay were dyzt¹¹ in aray, as thaymselves wold be :

Thayr baners were ful bryzt
 Of an old rotten fell ;
 The cheveron of a plow-mell ;¹²
 And the schadow of a bell,
 Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.¹³

¹ Or—before. ² Ryzt—right. ³ Onys—once. ⁴ Bede—engage.
⁵ Doz-trogh—dough-trough. ⁶ Fles—fleece. ⁷ Swa—so. ⁸ Rae—roe.
⁹ Capul—horse. ¹⁰ Wyrch, &c.—work more wisely. ¹¹ Dyzt—dressed.
¹² Plow-mell—a small wooden hammer sometimes fixed to the plough.
¹³ Mone lyzt—moonlight.

I wot yt 'was' no chylder¹ game, whan thay togedyr met,
 When icha freke² in the feld on hys feloy³ bet,⁴
 And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
 And foght ferly⁵ fast, tyll ther horses swet,

And few wordys spoken.

Ther were flayles al to slatred,⁶
 Ther were scheldys al to flatred,
 Bollys and dysches⁷ al to schatred,
 And many hedys⁸ brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-sadelys, and clatterying of
 cannes ;

Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes ;⁹
 Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,
 And yll were thay besene,¹⁰ or thay went thanns,

Wyth swyppyng¹¹ of swepyls :

Thay were so wery for-foght,¹²
 Thay myzt¹³ not fyzt mare oloft,
 But creped about in the 'croft,'
 As thay were croked crepyls.¹⁴

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute ;
 Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte :
 An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute !
 That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,¹⁵
 For no cost wyl I spare.

He styrt up as a snayle,
 And hent¹⁶ a capul be the tayle,
 And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle,
 And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa :
 Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don sa ;
 Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha :
 The Capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,
 But styl gon thay stond.

Alas ! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese ;
 Mee had lever then a ston of chese,
 That dere Tyb had al these,
 And wyst it were my sond.¹⁷

¹ Chylder—children's.

² Freke—man.

³ Feloy—fellow.

⁴ Bet—did beat.

⁵ Ferly—wonderfully.

⁶ Slatred—splintered.

⁷ Bollys—bowls and dishes.

⁸ Hedys—heads.

⁹ Fannes—instruments for winnowing corn.

¹⁰ Besene—clad.

¹¹ Swyppyng, &c.—striking fast with the corn-flails.

¹² For-foght—over-fought.

¹³ Myzt, &c.—might not fight more aloft.

¹⁴ Crepyls—cripples. ¹⁵ Noye oute—annoyance. ¹⁶ Hent—laid hold of.

¹⁷ And wyst, &c.—And knew it were my sending.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang,
 Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang;
 He threw tham down to the erth, and thrust tham amang,
 When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,¹

And after hym ran;

Off his horse he hym drogh,²

And gaf³ hym of hys flayl inogh:

We te he!⁴ quoth Tyb, and lugh,⁵

Ye er a dughty man.

'Thus' thay tugged, and rugged, tyl⁶ yt was nere nyzt:
 All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt
 Wyth wyspes, and kexis,⁷ and ryschys⁸ there lyzt,⁹
 To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trouth plyzt;

And sum brozt gret harwos,¹⁰

Ther husbandes hom to fetch,

Sum on dores, and sum on hech,¹¹

Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,¹²

And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, 'on' everych syde,
 And grant hym ther 'the gre,' the more was hys pryde:
 Tyb and he, wyth gret 'mirth,' homward con thay ryde,
 And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde;

And thay 'to church went:'

So wele hys nedys he has sped,

That dere Tyb he 'hath' wed;

The prayse-folk,¹³ that hur led,

Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest¹⁴ com many for the nones;
 Some come hyphalte,¹⁵ and some trippand 'thither' on the
 stonys:

Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;

Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder
 bonys;

¹ Fang—make off.

² Drogh—pulled.

³ Gaf—gave him of his flail enough.

⁴ Te he—interjection of laughter.

⁵ Lugh—laughed.

⁶ Tyl, &c.—till it was near night.

⁷ Kexis—elder sticks used for candles.

⁸ Ryschys—rushes.

⁹ Lyzt—light.

¹⁰ Some brought great harrows.

¹¹ Hech—hatch.

¹² Crech—crutch.

¹³ Mr. Chappell, speaking of a later age, observes—"A wedding was of a much gayer character than now. There was first the 'Hunt's up,' a morning song to wake the bride; then the music to conduct her to church, the same from church."

¹⁴ Fest—feast.

¹⁵ Hyphalte—lame in the hip.

With sorrow come thay thedyr.
 Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
 Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
 And so was all the bachelary,
 When thay met togedyr.

At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,
 Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay;¹
 And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day;
 And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray:²
 Mekyl myrth was them among;
 In every corner of the hous
 Was melody delycyous
 For to here precyus
 Of six menys song.³

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

THIS Song in praise of the victory at Agincourt (Oct. 25th, 1415) is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, which also contains the music to it, written, as Dr. Rimbault informs us, on vellum, in the Gregorian, or square and lozenge notes. "In its original state, this song may be considered as the first English regular composition of which we have any remains." Although Henry "had forbidden the minstrels to celebrate his victory," he was a patron of the "Order," and both of his biographers mention his love of music.

Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!

OWRE kyng went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and myzt of chivalry;
 The God for hym wrouzt⁴ marvelously,
 Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry,

*Deo gratias :
 Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria.*

¹ Every fyve, &c.—Every five had a cook or scullion to attend them.

² Deray—noise and confusion.

³ Six menys song—i. e., a song for six voices.

"It has been supposed that this is an allusion to 'Sumer is icumen in,' which requires six performers; but in all probability there were many such songs, although but one of such early date has descended to us."—Chappell, "On Popular Music," p. 37.

⁴ Wrouzt—wrought.

He sette a sege,¹ the sothe for to say,
 To Harflue toune with ryal aray;
 That toune he wan, and made a fray,
 That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.²

Then went owre kyng, with alle his oste,
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;
 He spared 'for' drede of leste, ne most,
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.³

Than for sothe that knyzt⁴ comely
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
 Thorow grace of God most myzty
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory:

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,⁵
 And some were ledde in to Lundone
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

Now gracious God he save owre kyng,
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
 That we with merth mowe savely synge,

Deo gratias:

Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

THE Not-browne Mayd first appeared about the year 1521, in a curious miscellany of odd things, entitled "Arnold's Chronicle." Warton draws a proof from the language of the Ballad, that it was not written earlier than the beginning of the sixteenth century, and he suspected the sentiment to be too refined for the popular taste. Prior founded his "Henry and Emma" upon this Poem, without preserving its naturalness or harmony; for the Ballad is a little drama, artfully varied, and strikingly conducted to its close.

BE it ryght or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne;⁶
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne,

¹ Sege—*seige*.

² Domes day—*doomsday*.

³ Coste—*region*.

⁴ Knyzt—*knight*.

⁵ Sone—*soon*.

⁶ Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus:—

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
 On women to complayne.

To love them wele; for never a dele¹
 They love a man agayne:
 For late a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne,
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
 Theyr first true lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her² thought
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd,
 That woman's faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayed;
 But, neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continuë:
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde:
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus³
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also
 Tell all the payne, and fere,
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye me answère;
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be
 I pray you, gyve an ere.⁴
 "I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man."

SHE.—And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse;
 Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
 That men have an yll use
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse;
 Therefore to you I answere nowe,
 All women to excuse,—

¹ Dele—*deal*.³ Dyscus—*discuss*.² Her—their.⁴ Ere—*ear*.

Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
 I pray you, tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—It standeth so; a dede is do
 Whereof grete harme shall growe:
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe;
 Or elles to fle: the one must be.
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore adue, my owne hart true!
 None other rede I can:
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
 That changeth as the mone!
 My somer's day in lusty May
 Is derked¹ before the none.
 I here you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
 We départ nat so sone.
 Why say ye so? wheder² wyll ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfàre to sorrowe and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystrayne;³
 But, afterwarde, your paynes harde
 Within a day or twayne
 Shall sone aslake:⁴ and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do; and pray you to,
 As hartely,⁵ as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

¹ Derked—darkened.² Wheder—whither.³ Dystrayne—vex.⁴ Aslake—abate.⁵ Hartely—earnestly.

SHE.—Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde;
 Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
 Was to her love unkynde:
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Allthough it were anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Yet I you rede¹ to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say:
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away,
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode you to play;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me
 Be called an yll woman,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame,
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name:
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
 To part with you, the same:
 And sure all tho,² that do not so,
 True lovers are they none;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—I counceyle³ you, remember howe,
 It is no mayden's lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne⁴ out
 To wode with an outlawe:

¹ Rede—*advise*.

³ Counceyle—*counsel*.

² Tho—*those*.

⁴ Renne—*run*.

For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe ;
 Whereby to you grete harme myght growe :
 Yet had I lever¹ than,
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
 It is no mayden's lore :
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before,
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
 To gete us mete in store ;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more :
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—For an outlawe this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and bynde ;
 Without pytè, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede (as God forbede !)
 What rescous² coude ye fynde ?
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :
 And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than :
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght ;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght :
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save ; as women have
 From deth 'men' many one ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

¹ Lever—rather.

² Rescous—rescue.

HE.—Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne ;
 And, us above, none other rofe
 But a brake bush, or twayne :
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;
 And yè wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—Syth I have here bene partynère
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is :
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre ;
 And shortely, it is this :
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
 I coude nat¹ fare amysse.
 Without more speche, I you beseche
 That we were sone agone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
 No shetés clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of threde and twine ;
 None other house, but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne,
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
 Sholde make you pale and wan ;
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,²
 Where is so grete plentè :

¹ Coude nat—could not.

² Vitayle—victual.

And water clere of the ryvére
 Shall be full swete to me ;
 With which in hele¹ I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see ;
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me :
 As cut your here² up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne ;
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Do it shortely as ye can :
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede ;
 To shote my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede :
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue,³
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 All this make ye : Now let us fle ;
 The day cometh fast upon ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,
 And I shall tell ye why,—
 Your appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy :
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
 In lyke wyse hardely
 Ye wolde answe're whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde :
 And so is a womàn.
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

¹ Hele—health.² Here—hair.³ Ensee—follow.

SHE.—Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me;
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
 Or¹ I you loved, pardè:²
 And though that I of auncestry
 A baron's daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
 A squyer of lowe degrè;
 And ever shall, whatso befall;
 To dy therfore anone;³
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—A baron's chylde to be begylde!
 It were a cursed dede;
 To be felawe⁴ with an outlawe!
 Almighty God forbede!
 Yet beter were, the pore squyere
 Alone to forest yede,⁵
 Than ye sholde say another day,
 That, by my cursed dede,
 Ye were betray'd: Wherefore, good mayd,
 The best rede⁶ that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd.
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
 For in the forest nowe
 I have purvayed⁷ me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you;

¹ Or—before.² Pardè—in truth.³ i. e. for this cause; though I were to die for having loved you.⁴ Felawe—fellow, companion.⁵ Yede—went.⁶ Rede—advice.⁷ Purvayed—provided.

Another fayrèrè than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 With other as I trowe:
 It were myne ese to lyve in pese;¹
 So wyll I, yf I can;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.—Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your:
 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 And courteys every hour;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power:
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 ‘Of them I wolde be one;’
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone,

HE.—Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde and true;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
 Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
 To you, whan I began;
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go;
 I am no banyshed man.

SHE.—These tydings be more gladd to me,
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure;
 But it is often sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordés on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene:
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

¹ Ese, &c.—*ease to live in peace.*

HE.—Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;
 I wyll nat dysparàge
 You (God defend !), syth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynàge.
 Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 As shortely as I can :
 Thus have you won an Erly's son,
 And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.—Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable :
 Late¹ never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But rather pray God that we may
 To them be comfortable ;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
 Yf they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one ;
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but Hym alone.

A BALET: BY THE EARL RIVERS,

IN imitation of some verses by Chaucer, beginning "Alone walking," &c. It is the only original poem by that accomplished nobleman, and was composed during his imprisonment. He was beheaded at Pontefract, by order of Richard III., June 13th, 1483.

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,
 In remembring The unstydfastnes ;
 This world being Of such whelyng,²
 Me contrarieng, What may I gesse ?
 I fere dowlles, Remediles,
 Is now to sese My wofull chaunce,
 [For unkyndness, Withouten less,
 And no redress, Me doth avaunce,
 With displesaunce, To my grevaunce,
 And no suraunce Of remedy.]
 Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,
 Such is my dawnce, Wyll yng to dye.

¹ Late—*let*.

² Whelyng—*wheeling*.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn¹ am I,
 And that gretly, To be content:
 Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry²
 All contrary From myn entent.
 My lyff was lent Me to on intent,
 Hytt³ is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
 But I ne went Thus to be shent,⁴
 But sho⁵ hit ment; Such is hur won.⁶

CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

WARTON believed Lord VAUX, the poet, to be Thomas the son of Nicholas, "the shining ornament of the Court of Henry VII.," and who died in the year 1523.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
 Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;
 The batry was of such a sort,
 That I must yelde or die therfore.
 There sawe I Love upon the wall,
 How he his banner did display:
 Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:
 And bad his souldiours kepe aray.
 The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
 Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,⁷
 In silver and sable to declare
 The stedfast love he alwayes ment.
 There might you se his band all drest
 In colours like to white and blacke;
 With powder and with pelletes prest
 To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.
 Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
 For spence⁸ of pouder he spared not
 Assault! assault! to crye aloude.
 There might you heare the cannons rore;
 Eche pece discharged a lover's loke;
 Which had the power to rent, and tore
 In any place whereas they toke.

¹ Bowndyn—bounden.

² Hytt, &c.—it is nearly.

⁵ Sho, &c.—she it meant.

⁷ Besprent—besprinkled.

² Wry—turn aside.

⁴ Shent—abashed, confounded.

⁶ Won—usage, or custom.

⁸ Spence—expense.

And even with the trumpette's sowne¹
 The scaling ladders were up set,
 And Beautie walked up and downe,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
 And shrouded him under 'his' targe;²
 As one the worthiest of them all,
 And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
 And halberdes with handy strokes;
 The argabushe³ in flesh it lightes,
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is the souldier's use,
 When shot and powder gins to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded up for my livè's grant.

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
 And Beauty entred with her band,
 With bagge and baggage, sely⁴ wretch,
 I yelded into Beautie's hand.

Then Beautie had to blow retrete,
 And every souldier to retire,
 And Mercy wyll'd with spede to fet
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assayes,
 I yeld to you without delay
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye;
 Nedes must you with your handy warke,
 Or salve my sore, or let me die.

¹ Sowne—*sound*.

² Targe—*shield*.

³ Argabushe—*arquebuse, an old-fashioned musket*.

⁴ Sely—*simple*.

SIR ALDINGAR.

THIS Ballad is from the folio MS., amended and completed by Percy, who supposes the Poet to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, sometimes called Eleanor, who was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry. Scott printed a Ballad, "Sir Hugh le Blond," which he believed to be the original of "Sir Aldingar;" the incidents being the same, excepting that in "Aldingar" an angel does battle for the Queen instead of a mortal champion. The false steward is differently named in the two ballads; but Scott traced a resemblance in sound between "Aldingar and Rodingham," and thought that the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other.

Our king he kept a false stewàrde,
 Sir Aldingar they him call;
 A falser steward than he was one,
 Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
 Her deere worshippe to betraye:
 Our queene she was a good womàn,
 And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
 With her hee was never content,
 Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
 In a fyer to have her brent.¹

There came a lazar² to the king's gate,
 A lazar both blinde and lame:
 He tooke the lazar upon his backe;
 Him on the queene's bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyst,
 "Looke thou goe not hence away;
 "He make thee a whole man and a sound
 "In two howers of the day."³

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
 And hyed him to our king:
 "If I might have grace, as I have space,
 "Sad tydings I could bring."

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar,
 Saye on the soothe⁴ to mee.
 "Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
 "And shee will have none of thee.

¹ Brent—*burnt*.

² Lazar—*leper*.

³ He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the king's evil.

⁴ Soothe—*truth*.

“ If shee had chosen a right good knight,
 “ The lesse had beene her shame ;
 “ But she hath chose her a lazar man,
 “ A lazar both blinde and lame.”

If this be true, thou Aldingar,
 The tyding thou tellest to me,
 Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
 Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
 As God nowe grant it bee !
 Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queene's chambèr,
 And.opend to him the dore.
 A lodlye love, king Harry says,
 For our queene dame Elinore !

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
 Here on my sword thoust dye ;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
 And an angry man was hee ;
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bride so bright of blee.¹

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
 And Christ you save and see ;
 Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The lesse had been your shame ;
 But you have chose you a lazar man,
 A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou bee.—
 “ Now out alacke ! said our comly queene,
 Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out, alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,
 My heart with grieve will brast.
 I had thought swevens² had never been true ;
 I have proved them true at last.

¹ Blee—complexion.

² Swevens—dreams.

I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve,
 In my bed wheras I laye,
 I dreamt a grype¹ and a grimlie beast
 Had carryed my crowne awaye;
 My gorgett² and my kirtle of golde,
 And all my faire head-geere:
 And he wold worrye me with his tush³
 And to his nest y-beare:
 Saving there came a little 'gray' hawke,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
 That dead he downe did fall.
 Giffe⁴ I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battell wold I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
 Att him I cast my glove.
 But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
 My liege, grant me a knight
 To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,
 To maintaine me in my right."
 "Now forty dayes I will give thee
 To seeke thee a knight therin:
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
 Thy bodye it must brenn."
 Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
 By north and south bedeene:⁵
 But never a champion colde she find,
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.
 Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had;
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene,
 And aye her hart was sad.
 Then came one of the queene's damselles,
 And knelt upon her knee;
 "Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet helpe may be:
 And here I will make mine avowe,⁶
 And with the same me binde;
 That never will I return to thee,
 Till I some helpe may finde."

¹ Grype—griffin.⁴ Giffe—if.² Gorgett—dress of the neck.⁵ Bedeene—immediately.³ Tush—tusk, or tooth.⁶ Avowe—vow.

Then forth she rode on a faire palfràye
 Oer hill and dale about :
 But never a champion colde she finde,
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
 When our good queene must dye ;
 All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
 When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
 And the salt teares fell from her eye :
 When lo ! as she rode by a river's side,
 She met with a tynye boye.

A tynye boye she mette, God wot,
 All clad in mantle of golde ;
 He seemed noe more in man's likenesse,
 Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
 And what doth cause you moane ?
 The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
 But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damsèlle,
 And greete thy queene from mée :
 When bale is att hyest, boote¹ is nyest,
 Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
 In her bedd, wheras shee laye :
 How when the grype and the grimly beast
 Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
 And saved her from his clawes :
 Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
 For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
 And her hart it lept for glee :
 And when she told her gracious dame
 A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
 No helpe appeared nye :
 Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
 And the teares stood in her eye.

¹ Bale and boote—evil and help.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood ;
 And a stake was made of tree ;
 And now queene Elinor forth was led,
 A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
 And three times spake on hye :
 Giff any good knight will fende¹ this dame,
 Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
 No helpe appeared nye :
 And now the fyer was lighted up,
 Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
 As hot as hot might bee ;
 When riding upon a little white steed,
 The tynye boy they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands,
 And loose our comelye queene :
 I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
 And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
 But when he saw the chylde,
 He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
 And weened he had been beguylde.

“ Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
 And eyther fighte or flee ;
 I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
 Thoughe I am so small to see.”

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde,
 So gilt it dazzled the ee ;
 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
 Smote off his leggs by the knee.

“ Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
 And fight upon thy feete,
 For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,
 Of height wee shall be meete.”

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
 While I am a man alive.

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
 Me for to houze and shrive.²

¹ Fende—*defend*.

² Houze and shrive—to give the sacrament, and hear the confession.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent ;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the king's gates,
A lazar both blind and lame :
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had hym layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke ! sayes Aldingar,
Falsing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live.
“ Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.”

Here take thy queene, our king Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosed her full sone :
Then turnd to look for the tynye boye ;
——The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand :
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight, and tall :
King Henrye made him his head stewarde
To wayte withinn his hall.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

TRADITION informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor, Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he has celebrated with his own pen, viz., in this ballad of "The Gaberlunzie Man," and in another entitled "The Jolly Beggar."

THE pauky¹ auld Carle came ovir the lee
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
 Will ze lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down azout the ingle he sat;²
 My dochter's shoulders he gan to clap,
 And cadgily³ ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blyth and merry wad I bee!
 And I wad nevir think lang.
 He grew canty,⁴ and she grew fain:⁵
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa⁶ together were say'n,
 When wooing they were sa thrang.⁷

And O! quo he, an uze were as black,
 As evir the crown of your dadye's hat,
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' me thou sould gang.
 And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
 Ild clead⁸ me braw, and lady-like,
 And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wyliey they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.

¹ Pauky, &c.—sly old man.

² Azout, &c.—beyond the fire, which was in the middle of the room.

³ Cadgily—merrily.

⁴ Canty—cheerful.

⁵ Fain—fond.

⁶ Slee twa—sly two.

⁷ Thrang—close.

⁸ Clead—clothe.

Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths,
Syn e to the servant's bed she gaes
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day!

For some of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,¹
But nought was stown² that could be mist.
She dancid her lane,³ cryd Praise be blest,
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn,⁴ and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife can say
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And hast ze, find these traitors agen;
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,
The wearyfou⁵ gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood⁶ and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
For snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.⁷
The priving⁸ was gude; it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

¹ Kist—chest.

² Stown—stolen.

³ Her lane—alone by herself.

⁴ Kirn—churn.

⁵ Wearyfou—tiresome.

⁶ Wood—mad.

⁷ Whang—a large slice.

⁸ Priving—tasting.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou,
 Illfardly¹ wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
 Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.
 My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;
 And hae na learnt the beggar's tonge,
 To follow me frae toun to toun,
 And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
 And spindles and whorles² for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed
 The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.
 Ill bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,
 A crible or blind they will cau me:
 While we sall sing and be merrie—o.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

THE Ballad seems to have been composed between Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 10, 1540, and his execution on the 28th of July following. Cromwell had many excellent qualities, notwithstanding the dark colour in which the libeller portrays him. This attack called forth several panegyrics.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.
 Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,
 Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace;
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a-pace.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,
 Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
 Tyll in the kynge's treasure suche thinges were myst.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes,
 Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,
 Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

¹ Illfardly—ill-favouredly.

² Spindles and whorles—the instruments used for spinning in Scotland instead of spinning-wheels.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his grace!
 Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,
 Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture;
 But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
 One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
 For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;
 But euer was full of iniquite:
 Wherefore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.

All they, that were of the new trycke,
 Agaynst the church thou haddest them stycke;
 Wherefore now thou haste touchyd the quyeke.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
 Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;
 Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
 Whyther of Chayme,¹ or Syschemell,
 Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
 But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,
 And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;
 Wherefore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,
 Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke
 Upon thy gresy fuller's² stocke;
 Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
 And for thy carcas care thou nought,
 Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,
 And prynce Edward that goodly flowre,
 With al hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, synge trolle on away.
 Heveye and how rombelowe³ trolle on awaye.

¹ Chayme, or Syschemell—*Cain*, or *Ishmael*.

² Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney; but the author of this ballad would insinuate that either he himself, or some of his ancestors, were fullers by trade.

³ "Rombelowe" is the burden of an old song.

HARPALUS.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

THE author of these verses is unknown. Preceding the "Shepherd's Calendar" of Spenser by nearly fifty years, they have more natural feeling and melody. Warton regarded the poem "as perhaps the first example in our language, now remaining, of the pure unmixed Pastoral; and in the Erotic species for ease of numbers, elegance of rural allusion, and simplicity of imagery, excelling everything of the kind in Spenser." Its date may be fixed at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:¹
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all to coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.²

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlandes make
Of couslips and of colombine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field:³
Of lover's lawe he toke no cure;
For once he was begilde.⁴

Harpalus prevailed nought;
His labour all was lost;
For he was fardest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
And drye as clot⁵ of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

¹ Yfere—together.

² Forst—forced; regarded her not in the least.

³ More, &c.—occupied himself in field sports.

⁴ Begilde, &c.—had once been deceived in love.

⁵ Clot—clod.

His beard it had not long be shave ;
 His heare hong all unkempt :¹
 A man most fit even for the grave,
 Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all ' forewacht ;'²
 His face besprent with teares :
 It semde unhap had him long ' hatcht,'
 In mids of his dispaïres.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare ;
 As one forlorne was he ;
 Upon his head alwayes he ware
 A wreath of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
 And he sate in the dale ;
 And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,
 He gan to tell his tale.

Oh, Harpalus ! (thus would he say)
 Unhappiest under sunne !
 The cause of thine unhappy day,
 By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
 A tigre to make tame,
 That settes not by thy love a leeke ;³
 But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to convert
 The frost into ' a ' flame,
 As for to turne a frowarde hert,
 Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liveth carèlesse :
 He leapes among the leaves :
 He eates the frutes of thy redresse :⁴
 Thou ' reapst,' he takes the sheaves.

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,
 And harke your herdman's sounde ;
 Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath slaine,
 Through-girt⁵ with many a wounde.

¹ Unkempt—uncombed.

² Forewacht—over-watched ; i. e., his eyes were always open.

³ Not worth a leek—a common phrase in early poetry.

⁴ Redresse—labour.

⁵ Through-girt—pierced through.

O happy be ye, beastès wilde,
 That here your pasture takes :
 I se that ye be not begilde
 Of these your faithfull makes.¹

The hart he feedeth by the hinde :
 The bucke harde by the do :²
 The turtle dove is not unkinde
 To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme :
 The yong cow hath the bull :
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe
 Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-away ! that nature wrought
 The, Phylida, so faire :
 For I may say that I have bought
 Thy beauty all tò deare.

What reason is that crueltie
 With beautie should have part ?
 Or els that such great tyranny
 Should dwell in woman's hart ?

I see therefore to shape my death
 She cruelly is prest ;³
 To th' ende that I may want my breath :
 My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
 And do not stoppe thine eares ;
 That she may feele within her brest
 The paines of my dispaire :

Of Corin 'who' is carèlesse,
 That she may crave her fee :
 As I have done in great distresse,
 That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave ;
 Her slave, and eke her thrall :⁴
 Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
 This chaunce that is befall.

" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
 " By cruell love now slaine :
 " Whom Phylida unjustly thus
 " Hath muredred with disdaine."

¹ Makes—*mates*.

² Prest—*ready*.

³ Do—*doe*.

⁴ Thrall—*captive*.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

CHIEFLY printed from the "Ever Green" of Allan Ramsay, by whom it was revised and amended. The author was Robert Henryson, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was probably a teacher of the young in the Benedictine Convent at Dunfermline.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,
 Keipand¹ a flock of fie,
 Quhen² mirry Makyne said him till,³
 "O Robin rew⁴ on me:
 "I haif thee luvit baith loud and still,
 "Thir⁵ towmonds twa or thre;
 "My dule in dern bot giff thou dill,
 "Doubtless but dreid Ill die."⁶

Robin replied, Now by the rude
 Naithing of luvè I knaw,
 But keip my sheip undir yon wod:
 Lo quhair they raik⁷ on raw.
 Quhat can have mart⁸ thee in thy mude,⁹
 Thou Makyne to me schaw;
 Or quhat is luvè, or to be lude?¹⁰
 Fain wald I leir¹¹ that law.

"The law of luvè gin thou wald leir,
 "Tak thair an A, B, C;
 "Be heynd,¹² courtas, and fair of feir,
 "Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,
 "Sae that nae danger do the deir,
 "Quhat duie in dern thou drie:¹³
 "Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,¹⁴
 "Be patient and privie."¹⁵

Robin, he answert her againe,
 I wat not quhat is luvè;
 But I haif marvel in certaine
 Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.¹⁶

¹ Keipand, &c.—keeping a flock of cattle.

² Quhen—when.

³ Till—unto.

⁴ Rew—take pity.

⁵ Thir towmonds—these twelve months.

⁶ My grief in secret if thou do not calm, with certainty I shall die.

⁷ Raik, &c.—go fast in a row.

⁸ Mart—hurt.

⁹ Mude—mood.

¹⁰ Lude—loved.

¹¹ Leir—learn.

¹² Heynd—gentle.

¹³ Quhat, &c.—what grief thou suffer in secret.

¹⁴ Press, &c.—be eager to please and appear gay.

¹⁵ Privie—secret.

¹⁶ Wanrufe—uneasy.

The wedder¹ is fair, and I am fain ;
 My sheep gais² hail abuve ;
 And sould we pley us on the plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

“ Robin, tak tent³ unto my tale,
 “ And wirk all as I reid ;
 “ And thou sall haif my heart all hale,
 “ Eik and my maiden-heid :
 “ Sen⁴ God, he sendis bute for bale,⁵
 “ And for murning⁶ remeid,
 “ I’dern⁷ with thee bot gif I dale,
 “ Doubtless I am but deid.”

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;
 But maugre haif⁸ I, gif I byde,
 Frae they begin to steir,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest ;
 “ I luvè bot thee alane.”
 Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,
 The day is neir-hand gane.
 “ Robin, in dule I am so drest,
 “ That luvè will be my bane.”
 Makyn, gae luvè quhair-eir ye list,
 For leman I luid nane.

“ Robin, I stand in sic a style,
 “ I sich⁹ and that full sair.”
 Makyne, I have bene here this quyle ;¹⁰
 At hame I wish I were.
 “ Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
 “ Gif thou will do nae mair.”
 Makyne, som other man beguyle,
 For hameward I will fare.

¹ Wedder—weather.

² Gais, &c.—go altogether.

³ Tak tent—take heed.

⁴ Sen—since.

⁵ Bute for bale—good for evil.

⁶ Murning—remedy for mourning.

⁷ I’dern, &c.—unless I deal witht hee in secret.

⁸ Maugre haif, &c.—in spite of ill-will.

⁹ Sich—sigh.

¹⁰ Quyle—while.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,
 As light as leif on tree ;
 But Makyne murnt and made lament,
 Scho trow'd¹ him neir to see.
 Robin he brayd attowre the bent :²
 Then Makyne cried on hie,
 " Now may thou sing, for I am shent !
 " Quhat ailis luvè at me ? "

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
 And weirylic could weip ;
 Then Robin in a full fair dale
 Assemblit all his sheip.
 Be that some part of Makyne's ail,
 Out-throw his heart could creip ;
 Hir fast he followt to assail,
 And till her tuke gude keip.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing ;
 For all my luvè, it sall be thyne,
 Withouten departing.
 All hale thy heart for till have myne,
 Is all my coveting ;
 My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,
 Will need of nae keeping.

" Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
 " In gests and storys auld,
 " The man that will not when he may,
 " Sall have nocht when he wald.
 " I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
 " Be eiked³ their cares sae cauld,
 " That presses first with thee to play
 " Be forrest, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wether warm and fair,
 And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,
 To walk attowre all where :
 There may nae janglers us espy,
 That is in luvè contrair ;
 Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
 Unseen may mak repair.

¹ Trow'd—believed.

² Attowre the bent—out over the field.

³ Eiked—enlarged.

"Robin, that warld is now away,
 "And quyt brocht till¹ an end :
 "And nevir again thereto, perfay,²
 "Sall it be as thou wend ;
 "For of my pain thou made but play ;
 "I words in vain did spend :
 "As thou hast done, sae sall I say,
 "Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,³
 My heart on thee is set ;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
 Quhyle I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feill,
 Quhat grace so eir I get.
 "Robin, with thee I will not deill ;
 "Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
 Outowre the holtis hair :⁴
 Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh ;⁵
 Scho sang, and he sicht⁶ sair :
 And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,
 In dolor and in care,
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,⁷
 Amang the rushy gair.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

THE scene of this old Ballad is laid near Walsingham, about seven miles from the town of Wells in Norfolk, once famous for its image of the Virgin Mary, which, at the dissolution of the Monasteries in 1538, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt. Pilgrimages to this shrine commenced in or before the reign of Henry III., who was there in 1241. The poem is printed from the folio MS., and the conjectural supplements are distinguished by italics.

GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
 Of curtesy I thee pray,
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Which is the right and ready way.

¹ Brocht till—*brought unto.*

² Perfay—*verily.*

³ Heil—*health.*

⁴ Holtis hair—*hoar hills.*

⁵ Leugh—*laughed.*

⁶ Sicht—*sighed.*

⁷ Heuch—*hill.*

“Unto the towne of Walsingham
 “The way is hard for to be gon;
 “And verrey crooked are those pathes
 “For you to find out all alone.”

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
 And the way never soe ill,
 Itt were not enough for mine offence;
 Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

“Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
 “Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
 “Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
 “For to committ so great a sinne.”

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
 If thou knewest soe much as I;
 My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
 Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
 I am a woman, woe is me!
 Born to greeffe and irksome care.

*For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My wayward cruelty could kill:
 And though my teares will nought avail,
 Most dearely I bewail him still.*

*He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere colde bee;
 Of comely mien and shape hee was,
 And tenderlye hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grewe so proud his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know mysele,
 Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.*

¹And grew soe coy and nice to please,
 As women's lookes are often soe,
 He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

¹ Goldsmith paraphrased these stanzas in his “Hermit.”

Thus being wearyed with delayes
 To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
 He gott him to a secrett place,
 And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
 And sacrifice my tender age;
 And every day Ile begg my bread,
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
 And ever will doe till I dye;
 And gett me to some secrett place,
 For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
 But keepe my secretts I thee pray;
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Show me the right and ready way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!

"For he must ever guide thee still:

"Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,

"And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

KING EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

WAS a story of great fame among our ancestors. The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The copy in the Bodleian library is intitled "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c., printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed), in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,¹
 With horne, and eke with bowe;
 To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

¹ Bowne—a common word in the North for *going*.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.¹

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the grene wood spraye;
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet² what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
 Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
 "The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
 I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand?
 The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
 Thou doest but jest I see;
 Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:
 I hold thee out of thy witt:
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
 And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spare;
 All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
 And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye³ for nothing, the tanner replyde,
 Thou payest no fare of mine:
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine.

¹ In the reign of Edward IV., Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will, dated March 7, A.D. 1468, among many other bequests, has this—"Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse." Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

² Weet—know.

³ Gramercye, &c.—I thank you.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
 And send them well to priefe.¹
 The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare,
 For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,
 Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, sir, by the roode.
 "Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
 And standest in midds of thy goode."²

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,
 As you ryde farre and neare?
 "I heare no tydings, sir, by the masse,
 But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides ! cowe-hides ! what things are those ?
 I marvell what they bee ?"
 What art thou a foole ? the tanner reply'd ;
 I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king,
 I praye thee tell me trowe.
 "I am a barker,³ sir, by my trade ;
 Nowe tell me what art thou ?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne ;
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend,⁴ the tanner replyde,
 That thou my prentise were ;
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange :
 Though my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.

¹ Priefe—*prone*.

² *i. e.* hast no other wealth but what thou carryest about thee.

³ *i. e.* a dealer in bark.

⁴ Forfend—*prevent*.

“Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
 I will have some boot¹ of thee.”

That were against reason, sayd the king,
 I sweare, so mote² I thee :
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

“Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare ;
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss ;
 Aye skipping here and theare.”

What boote wilt thou have ? our king reply'd ;
 Now tell me in this stound.³

“Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
 But a noble in gold so round.”

“Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
 Sith thou wilt have it of mee.”
 I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
 Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
 A change we must abide ;
 Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou gettest not my cove-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge,
 I sweare, so mought I thee ;
 Thy foule cove-hide I wolde not beare,
 If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cove-hide,
 That of the cow was hilt ;
 And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
 That was soe fayrelye gilte.

“Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
 'Tis time that I were gone :
 When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
 Sheel say I am a gentilmou.”

¹ Boot—gain.

² Mote I thee—might I thrive.

³ Stound—moment.

The king he tooke him up by the legge ;
 The tanner a — lett fall.
 Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
 Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinge's sadëlle,
 And his foote in the stirrup was ;
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cow's taile wagge,
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne ;
 He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummil fast :
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe ;
 His necke he had well-nye brast.¹

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
 With mee he shall not byde.
 " My horse would have borne thee well enoughe,
 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well may wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly taunèr,
 I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
 Nowe tell me in this stounde ?
 " Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pound."

" Here's twentye groates out of my purse ;
 And twentye I have of thine :
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
 And blewe both loude and shrille :
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.

¹ Brast—broken.

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,
 That ever I sawe this daye !
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
 Will beare my cove-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
 I sweare, soe mote I thee :
 But they are the lords of the north countrey,
 Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the ground :
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounce

A collar, a collar, here : sayd the king,
 A collar he loud gan crye ;
 Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
 He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
 I trowe it will breed sorrowe ;
 After a collar commeth a halter,
 I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.

Be not afraid, tanner, said our king ;
 I tell thee, so mought I thee,
 Lo here I make thee the best esquire
 That is in the North countrie.¹

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside :
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
 To maintaine thy good cove-hide.

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
 For the favour thou hast me showne ;
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

This stanza is restored from a quotation of this ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove that one mode of creating esquires at that time was by the imposition of a collar. His words are: "Nor is that old pamphlet of the 'Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth' so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making esquires, by giving collars, is expressed."

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

THIS song, like a former, is founded on the Pilgrimage to Walsingham. The Copy was communicated by Shenstone, who added the concluding stanza.

As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love,
As by the way ye came?

"How should I know your true love,
"That have met many a one,
"As I came from the holy land,
"That have both come and gone?"

My love is neither white¹ nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good sir,
"With an angelicke face;
"Who like a nympe, a queene appeard
"Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
"And a new way doth take,
"That some times loved thee as her life,
"And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth,
Growe old now as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.²

¹ White—*pale*.

² Dr. Bliss quotes Raleigh's admonition to his son (Works, viii. 560):—"Let thy marriage be in thy young and strong years; for believe it, ever the young wife betrayeth the old husband; and she that hath thee not in thy flower will despise thee in thy fall."

For love is like a carelesse childe,
 Forgetting promise past :
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list ;
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,
 And yielde a trustlesse joye ;
 Wonne with a world of toil and care,
 And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
 Or LOVE's faire name abusde,
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,
 And follyes are excusde.

' But true love is a lasting fire,
 ' Which viewless vestals¹ tend,
 ' That burnes for ever in the soule,
 ' And knowes nor change nor end.'²

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

" THE ballad of Hardyknute has no great merit, if it be really ancient. People talk of nature ; but mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind." The suspicion of Johnson was just. The ballad is not " ancient." It was written by Elizabeth Halket, who married Sir Henry Wardlaw, and died about 1727, in her fifty-first year. Sir John Bruce, to whom Percy attributed the verses, was the lady's brother-in-law. Walter Scott called Hardyknute the first poem which he had learned, and the last which he should forget. He observed, however, that detection was inevitable, from the want of knowledge sufficiently exact to support the genius of the writer in its disguise. He specified the introduction of a chief, with a Norwegian name, resisting a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs ; and the " needle-work so rare," which must have been long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. The historical events of the Ballad are these :—" In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, invaded the Western Isles of Scotland with a powerful fleet, and having taken and laid waste Kintire, he anchored

¹ i. e. angels.

² The older copy is more natural and vigorous :—

But true love is a durable fyre,
 In the mind ever burnynge ;
 Never sycke, never ould, never dead ;
 From itselfe never turninge.

his fleet at the Cumbrays, and sent a detachment up the Clyde, which, landing at Loch Long, dragged their boats across the Isthmus at Tarbet, and plundered the Islands in Loch Lomond. In the meantime a storm arose, and several of the ships were driven on shore near Largs. The Scotch army attacked them; and the reinforcement sent to their assistance by Haco brought on the Battle of Largs, October 2nd, 1263." Mr. Finlay points out the accuracy of the local sketches. Fairly Castle, the residence of Hardyknute, is a single square tower, standing "high on a hill," by the side of a mountain stream, that tumbles over a rock into a deep chasm. The battle-field is three miles to the North of the Castle, which overlooks the Firth of Clyde to the blue hills of Arran.

STATELY stept he east the wa',¹
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy years he now had seen,
 Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
 He liv'd when Britons' breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae:
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deadlye fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
 With ha's and tow'rs a height,
 And goodly chambers fair to se,
 Where he lodged mony a knight.
 His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
 For chast and beauty deem'd,
 Nae marrow² had in all the land,
 Save ELENOR the queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout:
 In bloody fight with sword in hand
 Nine lost their lives bot³ doubt:
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land;
 High was their fame, high was their might,
 And high was their command.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,
 Their sister saft and dear,
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,⁴
 And gowden glist⁵ her hair.

¹ Wa'—way. ² Marrow—equal. ³ Bot—without.

⁴ Gimp—slender. ⁵ Gowden glist—shone as gold.

What waefu' wae her beauty bred?
 Waefu' to young and auld,
 Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,
 Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle
 With mony a hardy knight.
 The tydings to our good Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dine,
 With noble chiefs in brave aray,
 Drinking the blood-red wine.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Your faes stand on the strand,
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands."
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
 Our good king rose and cry'd,
 A trustier beast in a' the land
 A Scots king nevir try'd.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill sae hie,
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
 And haste and follow me.
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master's arm,
 "Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute
 And rid your king frae harm."

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do;
 He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
 And gi'en five sounds sae shill,¹
 That trees in green wood shook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee
 Had past that summer's morn,
 When low down in a grassy dale
 They heard their father's horn.

¹ Sae shill—so shrill.

That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,
 We've other sport to bide.
 And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his side.

"Late late the yestreen¹ I ween'd in peace
 To end my lengthened life;
 My age might well excuse my arm
 Frae manly feats of strife;
 But now that Norse do's proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to inthrall,
 It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
 He fear'd to fight or fall.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows shoot sae leel,²
 That mony a comely countenance
 They've turned to deadly pale.
 Brade Thomas, take you but your lance;
 You need nae weapons mair;
 If you fight wi't as you did anes
 'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
 That runs in forest wild,
 Get me my thousands three of men
 Well bred to sword and shield:
 Bring me my horse and harnisine,³
 My blade of mettall clear.
 If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for fear.

"Farewell my dame sae peerless good,
 (And took her by the hand),
 Fairer to me in age you seem,
 Than maids for beauty fam'd.
 My youngest son shall here remain
 To guard these stately towers,
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps
 Sae fast your painted bowers."

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
 And then her boddice green,
 Her silken cords of twirtle⁴ twist,
 Well plett with silver sheen;

¹ Yestreen—*yester evening*.

² Leel—*true*.

³ Harnisine—*armour*.

⁴ Twirtle twist—*twirled twist*.

And apron set with mony a dice
 Of needle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
 Save that of FAIRLY fair.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
 O'er hills and mony a glen,
 When he came to a wounded knight
 Making a heavy mane;
 "Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
 By treacherie's false guiles;
 Witless I was that e'er ga faith
 To wicked woman's smiles."

"Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,
 To lean on silken seat,
 My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
 Who ne'er knew deadly hate:
 Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,
 Her maids a dead of night;
 And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd chear,
 As she stands in your sight.

"Arise young knight, and mount your stead,
 Full lown¹ the shynand day:
 Choose frae my menzie² whom ye please
 To lead you on the way."
 With smileless look, and visage wan
 The wounded knight reply'd:
 "Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
 For here I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor night
 Can e're be sweet or fair,
 But soon beneath some draping tree,
 Cauld death shall end my care."
 With him nae pleading might prevail;
 Brave Hardyknute to gain
 With fairest words, and reason strong,
 Strave courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd³ out o'er
 Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
 That lord a worthy wight was ay,
 When faes his courage sey'd:⁴

¹ Lown—blazes.

² Menzie—retinue.

³ Far hynd—far beyond, over the country.

⁴ Sey'd—tried.

Of Pictish race by mother's side,
 When Picts rul'd Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
 When he sav'd Pictish crown.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train.
 He reach'd a rising hight,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norss¹ menzie lay in sicht.
 "Yonder my valiant sons and feirs²
 Our raging revers³ wait
 On the unconquert Scottish sward
 To try with us their fate.

Make orisons⁴ to him that sav'd
 Our sauls upon the rude;⁵
 Syne⁶ bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
 With Caledonian blude."
 Then furth he drew his trusty glave,
 While thousands all around
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;
 And loud the bougles sound.

To joyn his king adoun the hill
 In hast his merch he made,
 While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit⁷
 Afore him stately strade.
 "Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,⁸
 Thy nation's shield and pride;
 Thy king nae reason has to fear
 When thou art by his side."

When bows were bent and darts were thrown;
 For thrang⁹ scarce cou'd they flee;
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the tree.¹⁰
 Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
 With little skaith to mon,
 But bloody bloody was the field,
 Ere that lang day was done.

¹ *The Norse army.*

² *Feirs—companions.*

³ *Revers—robbers.*

⁴ *Orisons—prayers.*

⁵ *Rude—cross.*

⁶ *Syne—then.*

⁷ *Meit—proper.*

⁸ *Stoup, &c.—pillar of war.*

⁹ *Thrang—throng.*

¹⁰ *Dart the tree—hit the tree.*

The king of Scots, that sindle¹ brook'd
 The war that look'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sin bows seem'd but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, " Mine I'll keep,
 I wat it's bled a score."
 Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king,
 As he rode on before.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
 With him to mense² the faught,
 But on his forehead there did light
 A sharp unsonsie³ shaft;
 As he his hand put up to feel
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst between his een.

" Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 Your mail-coat sha' na bide
 The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
 Then sent it through his side.
 Another arrow well he mark'd,
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He low as earth did fa'.

" Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!"
 Again wi' might he drew
 And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew:
 Wae to the knight he ettled⁴ at;
 Lament now queen Elgreed;
 High dames too wail your darling's fall,
 His youth and comely meed.

" Take aff, take aff his costly jupe⁵
 (Of gold well was it twin'd,
 Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk
 His steelly harness shin'd);
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blood it bears;
 Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He sure nae weapon fears."

¹ Sindle—*seldom*.² Mense, &c.—*measure or try the battle*.³ Unsonsie—*unlucky*.⁴ Ettled—*aimed*.⁵ Jupe—*upper garment*.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
 And fear'd at Britain's throne :
 Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
 I soon shall make him wail,
 That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
 It lent him youthfu' micht :
 "I'm Hardyknute ; this day, he cry'd,
 To Scotland's king I heght¹
 To lay thee low, as horse's hoof ;
 My word I mean to keep."
 Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
 He garr'd² his body bleed.

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,
 He sigh'd wi' shame and spite ;
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
 That left thee power to strike :"
 Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As laigh as he to ladies us'd
 In courtly guise to lout.³

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he marvell'd sair,
 Sin blows till then on him but darr'd⁴
 As touch of FAIRLY fair :
 Norse marvell'd too as sair as he
 To see his stately look ;
 Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
 Sae soon his life he took.

Where like a fire to heather set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
 Up toward him did prance ;
 He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
 His fury to repell.

¹ Hegt—*promised*.

³ Lout—*bend*.

² Garr'd—*made*.

⁴ Darr'd—*hit*.

“That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm’d,
 Looks like poor Scotland’s gear,¹
 But dreadfull seems the rusty point !”
 And loud he leugh in jear.²
 “Oft Britons bood has dimm’d its shine;
 This point cut short their vaunt :”
 Syne pierc’d the boaster’s bearded cheek ;
 Nae time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
 His stirrup was nae stay,
 Sae feeble hang his unbent knee
 Sure taiken he was fey :³
 Swith⁴ on the harden’t clay he fell,
 Right far was heard the thud :⁵
 But Thomas look’t nae as he lay
 All waltering in his blud :

With careless gesture, mind unmov’t,
 On rode he north the plain ;
 His seem in throng of fiercest strife,
 When winner ay the same :
 Not yet his heart dame’s dimplet cheek
 Could mease⁶ soft love to bruik,
 Till vengefu’ Ann return’d his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luik.

In thraws of death, with walowit⁷ cheik
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,
 Ne’re to arise again ;
 Ne’re to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds
 To boast the glories of the day,
 And shaw their shining wounds.

On Norway’s coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with tears,
 May lang luik ow’r the shipless seas
 Befor her mate appears.
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain ;
 Thy lord lyes in the clay ;
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole⁸
 To carry life away.

¹ Gear—*property*.² Leugh in jear—*laughed in scorn*.³ Taiken, &c.—*token he was predoomed to death*.⁴ Swith—*instantly*.⁵ Thud—*noise of the fall*.⁶ Mease—*soften*.⁷ Walowit—*faded*.⁸ Thole—*suffer*.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dread,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
 Shall latest ages read.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy shower,
 Mirk¹ grew the night ere Hardyknute
 Wan² near his stately tower.
 His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze
 To shine sae far at night,
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,
 There's nae light in my ha';
 Nae blink³ shines round my FAIRLY fair,
 Nor ward⁴ stands on my wa'
 "What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"—
 Nae answer fitts their dread.
 "Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide?"
 But by they past with speed.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes,"—
 There ceas'd his brag of weir,
 Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,
 And maiden FAIRLY fair.
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear
 He wist nae yet; wi' dread
 Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
 And a' the warrior fled.

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¹ Mirk—dark.² Wan—drew near.³ Blink—flash.⁴ Ward—warden.

Book II.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL,
AND A HUSBANDMAN.

IN the former Book, the Second Series of Poems was brought down to about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses engaged in theological controversy. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes which it underwent in the three succeeding reigns, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery and growing Protestantism, could not fail to interest all people. Accordingly every pen was busy in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession had their respective Ballad-makers, and every day produced some popular rhymes for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that entitled "Little John Nobody," may serve as specimens of the writings of each Party. Both compositions belong to the reign of Edward VI. This ballad of "Luther and the Pope" is of the dramatic kind, and the character of the Reformer is drawn with considerable spirit. It is printed from the original black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the Lorde's magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence :
For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,¹
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get,
To kepe our houses and servauntes ;
That did the Freers² from us fet,³
And with our soules played the merchauntes :
And thus they with theyr false warrant
Of our sweate have easely lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe ;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe :

¹ *i. e.* denied us the Cup.² Freers—*friars*.³ Fet—*fetch*.

But now we Husbandmen do knowe
 Al their subtelye, and their false caste :¹
 For the Lorde hath them overthrowe
 With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
 Hast usurped kynge's powers,
 As having power over realmes and townes,
 Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres :
 Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
 Thou maist lykewise God's word oppresse ;
 As do the deceatful foulers,
 When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince and lord,
 Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre ;
 All those, that do followe God's worde,
 To make them cleve to thy desire,
 Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire ;
 Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
 Such as to reade them have desyre,
 Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
 Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
 I shall dryve the from citey and towne,
 Even with this PEN that thou seyste here :
 Thou fyghtest with swerd, shyld, and speare,
 But I wyl fyght with God's worde ;
 Which is now so open and cleare,
 That it shall brynge the under the borde.²

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
 And to utter dampnacion,
 Throughe myne ensample and consel,
 Or thorow any abhominacion,
 Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
 And thou, Luther, arte accursed ;
 For blamyng me, and my condicion,
 The holy decres have the condempned.

¹ Caste—meaning, or contrivance.² i. e. make thee knock under the table.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
 Because thou findest it not in scripture ;
 As though I by myne auctorite
 Myght not make one for myne honoure.
 Knowest thou not, that I have power
 To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
 In erth, and every creature ?
 Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it ;
 Am not I God's hye¹ vicare ?
 Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
 As the carpenter his ruler ?²
 Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,
 That will not obey my auctoritie.
 With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
 That ye shal al accursed be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a Cardinall of Rome,
 Sent from Christe's hye vicary,
 To graunt pardon to more, and sume,
 That wil Luther resist strongly :
 He is a greate hereticke treuly,
 And regardeth to much the scripture ;
 For he thinketh onely thereby
 To subdue the pope's high honoure.

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
 And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;
 Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
 For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :
 And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
 Although ye be overcome by chaunce,
 Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte ;
 God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge
 Shall go down to hel every one ;
 For they have not the pope's blessynge,
 Nor regarde his holy pardòn :
 They thinke from all destruction
 By Christe's bloud to be saved,
 Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
 Therefore shall they al be dampned.³

¹ Hye—high.

² i. e. his rule

³ Dampned—condemned.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

THE Scottish Reformers equalled their English brethren in vehemence, and surpassed them in coarseness. A favourite exercise of zeal was the adaptation of impure songs to the tunes of hymns in the Latin service. "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies," designed to ridicule the Popish clergy, and "Maggy Lauder," and "John Anderson my Jo," are examples. The original music of all these burlesque rhymes was exceedingly fine.

WOMAN.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, cum in as ze¹ gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheip's² heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer?³ and how hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,
Cummer, na;
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

WE have here a witty libel on the Reformation under King Edward VI., written about the year 1550. The versification is in the alliterative manner of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," with the addition of rhyme, which was then coming into general use.

IN December, when the dayes draw to be short,
After November, when the nights wax noisome and long;
As I past by a place privily at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last⁴ talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i' th' faith. I 'freyned'⁵ that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.

He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not
speake.

¹ Ze—ye.

² Sheip's heid—*sheep's head*.

³ Cummer—*gossip*.

⁴ Perhaps—*He left talk*.

⁵ Freyned, &c.—*asked that man*.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell
 What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad.
 He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the Gospel,
 As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
 To discusse divinity they nought adread;
 More meet it were for them to milk kye¹ at a fleyke.
 Thou lvest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not
 speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
 And the glorious Gospel ghostly to have in mind;
 It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
 As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:
 Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;
 As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:²
 Such caitives count to be come of Cain's kind;³
 But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend⁴ father hath set forth an order,
 Our service to be said in our seignour's tongue;
 As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
 Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,
 With homilies, and godly books us among,
 That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:⁵
 But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
 And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed
 hel,
 And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the
 world,
 That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.
 For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so
 quel,⁶
 That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him
 wreake;⁷
 The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

¹ Kye, &c.—cows at a hurdle.

² Leyke—to play.

³ So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars are said to be
 —“Of Caymes kind;” (vid. sig. C. ij. b.)

⁴ Archbishop Cranmer.

⁵ Freyke—indulge.

⁶ Quel—cruel.

⁷ Wreake—pursue revengefully.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
 And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
 For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
 Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
 To bring them in advoutry,¹ or else they wil strife,
 And in brawling about baudery, God's commandments
 breake:

But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
 Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp,² and
 not care

According to their foolish fantasy; but fast wil they
 naught:

Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
 Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their
 thought:

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us
 bought,

That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful freyke
 Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought;
 And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in no place, this NOBODY, in no time I met,
 Where no man, 'ne' NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did
 appear;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
 That 'Aeolus' through the eccho did cause me to hear.
 Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer
 Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted³ from a freyke:
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
 But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

¹ Advoutry—adultery.

² Carp—censure.

³ Shunted—started from, shunned.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER.

Restored by Horace Walpole from the corrupted text of Hentzner.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare¹ me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

A Scottish Ballad revised and enlarged by Percy. The "Heir of Linne" appears to have been a Laird, who received his title with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE² and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlând,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his heart's delighte.

¹ *Could beare* is an ancient idiom, equivalent to *did bear*, or *hath borne*.

² *Lithe*—attend.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend, and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselve,
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee :
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.¹

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere ;
 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
 My lande nowe take it unto thee :
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he cast him a God's-pennie ;²
 But for every pounce what John agreed,
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
 He was right glad his land to winne ;
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
 My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

¹ Fee—land.

² i. e. earnest-money ; from the French "Denier à Dieu." At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a "God's Penny."

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend ;
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
 And then his friendes they slunk away ;
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three ;
 And one was brass, another was lead,
 And another it was white monèy.

Nowe well-a-day, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Nowe well-a-day, and woe is mee ;
 For when I was the lord of Linne
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
 And why shold I feel dole or care ?
 Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
 Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home ;
 Another had payd his gold away ;
 Another call'd him thriftless loone,
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-a-day, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Now well-a-day, and woe is me ;
 For when I had my landes so broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis, it were a brenning¹ shame :
 To rob and steal it were a sinne :
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

¹ Brenning—burning.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend ;
 When all the world should frown on mee
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne :
 But bare and lothly¹ were the walles :
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone ;
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
 These words were written so plain to see :
 " Ah ! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine al.,
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie ?

" All this my boding mind misgave,
 " I therefore left this trusty friend :
 " Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent² wi' this rebuke,
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne ;
 His heart, I wis, was near to brast
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :
 " This is a trusty friend indeed,
 " And is right welcome unto mee."

¹ Lothly—loathsome.² Shent—abashed.

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
 And sprang aloft with his bodie:
 When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,¹
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there:
 Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.²

Two were full of the beaten golde;
 The third was full of white monèy;
 And over them in broad lettèrs
 These words were written so plaine to see:

“Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
 “Amend thy life and follies past;
 “For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 “That rope must be thy end at last.”

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;
 And let it bee, but if I amend:³
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade⁴ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,
 Away then went the heire of Linne;
 I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
 Till John o' the Scale's house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
 Upp at the speere⁵ then looked hee;
 There sate three lords upon a rowe,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
 Because now lord of Linne was hee.
 I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend mee.

¹ Bille—letter.

² In-fere—i. e. together.

³ i. e. unless I amend.

⁴ i. e. advice, counsel.

⁵ Perhaps the hole in the door or window by which it was speered,—i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut. In Bale's Second Part of the “Acts of Eng. Votaries” we have this phrase—“*The dore therof oft tymes opened and speared agayne.*”

Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;
 Away, away, this may not bee :
 For Christ's curse on my head, he sayd,
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne ;
 To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he :
 Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
 I pray, for sweet saint Charitiè

Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;
 I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;
 For if we shold hang any losel¹ heere,
 The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord ;
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;
 Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
 To let him sit in thy companie :
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
 All wood² he answer'd him againe :
 Now Christ's curse on my head, he sayd,
 But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
 Before these lords so faire and free,
 Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
 With that he cast him a God's-pennie :
 Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
 And here, good John, is thy monèy.

¹ Losel—a worthless fellow.

² Wood—furious.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent¹ he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make the keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne;
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee:
Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.

¹ Shent—confounded.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,
AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, a poet of the early part of Elizabeth's reign, was born in Essex, and became a student of Gray's Inn; but disliking the Law, he sought his fortune at Court, and afterwards in the wars of the Low Countries. Pen and sword were equally unfruitful, and he died at Walthamstow in humble circumstances, but possessing "such means as might content one who had become a wise and thoughtful man." Southey remarks:—"His age cannot have been under forty; for he frequently speaks of himself as being in middle life, and says, in one place, that the crow's-foot had grown under his eyes." Gascoigne is an elegant and musical versifier. The Lady, whom he celebrates, was Catherine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands.

In court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell;
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall so well
Hir graces all agree;
No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
Which like some other best,
Will say, the blemishe on hir browe
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie;
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature first
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir so well:

Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne:
And some unseen wer present there,
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stooode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
I gesse it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest.

His hot newe-chosen love
He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
To see the cruell deede:
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
Shal have some helpe I trowe:
And quick with skin she coverd it,
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind.¹
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

¹ *In cradel of hir kind*—i. e. in the cradle of her family.

The skar still there remains ;
 No force, there let it bee :
 There is no cloude that can eclipse
 So bright a sunne as she.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

MOST of our old English annalists seem to have followed Higden, the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow:—"Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A.D. 1177], where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze;¹ but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead she was buried at Godstow, in an house of nunnes beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

"Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
 "Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshed speaks of it, as "the common report of the people, that the queene founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." On the other hand, in Speed's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." Our ballad-maker, with more ingenuity and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise from the knight who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stow mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive them. Indeed on her tomb-stone was engraven the figure of a cup. This, which was probably an accidental ornament (perhaps only the chalice), might in after-times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that

¹ Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See Note on his "Epistle of Rosamond."

"the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the cup, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh Bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed and buried "without the church." In what situation the remains of Rosamond were found at the dissolution of the nunnery we learn from Leland:—"Rosamunde's tumba at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, 'Tumba Rosamundæ.' Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were cloyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it."¹

Henry had two sons by Rosamond—William Longue-espé (or Longsword) Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey Bishop of Lincoln.²

The Ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Delone. Lond. 1612." 4to. It is now printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

¹ This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and been received as a proof of his being a saint.

² Afterwards Archbishop of York, *temp.* Richard I.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong :

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladye's sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinge's delighte and ladye's joy
Full soon shee did beguile :

For why, the kinge's ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke :

" My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye :
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye :

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
 My coming shortlye see,
 And in my heart, when hence I am,
 Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
 Did heare the king saye soe,
 The sorrowe of her grieved heart
 Her outward lookes did showe ;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
 The teares gusht out apace,
 Which like the silver-pearled dewe
 Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
 Did waxe both wan and pale,
 And for the sorrow she conceivde
 Her vitall spirits faile ;

And falling down all in a swoone
 Before king Henry's face,
 Full oft he in his princelye armes
 Her bodye did embrace :

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
 He kist her tender cheeke,
 Untill he had revivde againe
 Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
 The king did often say.
 Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
 My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
 Amonge your foes unkinde
 Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
 Why should I staye behinde?

Nay, rather let me, like a page,
 Your sworde and target beare ;
 That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
 Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
 Prepare your bed at nighte,
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
 At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye,
 No toil I will refuse;
 But wanting you, my life is death;
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

“Content thy self, my dearest love;
 Thy rest at home shall bee
 In Englande’s sweet and pleasant iele;
 For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
 Soft peace their sexe delightes;
 ‘Not rugged campos, but courtlye bowers;
 Gay feastes, not cruell fights.’

My Rose shall safely here abide,
 With musicke passe the daye;
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
 My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
 Whilst I me in armour dighte;
 Gay galliards’ here my love shall dance,
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
 To bee my love’s defence;
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
 When I am parted hence.”

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
 As though his heart would breake:
 And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
 Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
 In heart be grieved sore:
 After that daye faire Rosamonde
 The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
 And into France was gone;
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
 To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte,
 In an unhappy houre;
 Who with his clue of twined thread,
 Came from this famous bower.

¹ Galliards—*sprightly dances.*

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee ;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

“Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye ;
And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide ;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.”

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there :
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee ;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
Who tooke it in her hande,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand :

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 Shee did for mercye calle;
 And drinking up the poison stronge,
 Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
 Had showde its greatest spite,
 Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
 Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
 When life was fled away,
 At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
 As may be seene this day.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

"ELEANOR, the daughter and heiress of William Duke of Guienne, and Count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. King of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels: but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. King of England, though at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them, disguised in man's apparel, in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." The following ballad is altogether fabulous; no immorality being imputed to the Queen during her second marriage.

QUEENE ELIANOR was a sicke woman
 And afraid that she should dye:
 Then she sent for two fryars of France
 To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three ;
“Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee.”

A boone, a boone ; quoth earl marshall,
And fell on his bended knee ;
That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee.

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryar's coat,
And Ile put on another ;
And we will to queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe :
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
They fell on their bended knee ;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
As I suppose you bee ?
But if you are two English fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any masse
Sith we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde ;
Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king ;
May God forgive it thee !
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison king Henrye.

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing of the balle?
That is earl marshall's eldest sonne,
And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is king Henrye's youngest sonne,
And I love him the worst of all.¹

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;
His nose is like a boare.
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryar's coate,
And appeared all in redde:
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee;
Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,
Or hanged thou shouldst bee.

¹ He means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshal, the youngest by the king.

THE STURDY ROCK.

THIS poem, subscribed M.T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall] is preserved in "The Paradise of Daintie Devises."

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine :
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain :
The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set :
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net :
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste ;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame :
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name :
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

THIS popular Ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth; the concluding stanzas were altered to make the story more affecting, and to reconcile it to history. Percy gives four beautiful lines from an old Song, on the same subject, in which we are told of the Beggar, that "down his neck

— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

Pepys (June 24th, 1663) speaks of dining with Sir William Ryder: "This very house was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some out-houses of it." The house was called Kirby Castle. According to Mr. Chappell, the Ballad is still kept in print in Seven Dials, and is sung about the country.

PART THE FIRST.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar's heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seek out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queene's armes entertained was shee:
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend :
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way enamour'd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold ;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree ;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye ;
And at her commandment still wold they bee ;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe ;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe ;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee ;
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night,
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall :
Her master's own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight ;
My hart's so intrall'd by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee :
My life is distressed : O heare me, quoth hee ;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey ;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
 This thing to fulfill we all doe agree;
 But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene:
 The seely¹ blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
 He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
 A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
 Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:
 Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee:
 I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggar's degree,
 And therefore adewe, my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
 I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse,
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
 Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
 Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
 A poor beggar's daughter noe ladye shal bee;
 Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
 The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
 The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
 Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
 And as the knight lighted most courteouslye,
 They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
 Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
 This fray being ended, then straitway he see
 His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

¹ Seely—*simple*.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells¹ with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar droppt twayne:

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in other's despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The SECOND FITT² shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

¹ Angell—a gold coin worth ten shillings.

² The word *Fit*, for *Part*, frequently occurs in old ballads and metrical romances, and had obtained that meaning in the time of Chaucer.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggar's daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse therof you did see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number therto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke ;
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
 And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to play ;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

“ A poore beggar’s daughter did dwell on a greene,
 “ Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene :
 “ A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
 “ And many one called her pretty Bessee.

“ Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
 “ But beggd for a penny all day with his hand ;
 “ And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,
 “ And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

“ And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
 “ Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 “ To proove she is come of noble degree :
 “ Therefore never flout att pretty Bessee.”

With that the lords and the companye round
 With harty laughter were readye to swound.
 Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,
 The bride and the beggar’s behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes.
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
 That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
 Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
 Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree :

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us do say)
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee ;
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 "One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
 "And if that itt may not winn good report,
 "Then doe not give me a GROAT for my sport.

"[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee ;
 "Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 "Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 "Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

"When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
 "Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
 "A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 "And oft-times he made their enemies flee.

"At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine¹
 "The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine ;
 "Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 "Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee !

"Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 "His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
 "Was felde by a blowe he receivde in the fight !
 "A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 "Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 "When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee ;
 "And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee !

"A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
 "To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
 "And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 "Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

"In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
 "While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine :
 "At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
 "And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
 "We clothed ourselves in beggar's arraye ;
 "Her jewelles she solde, and hither came wee :
 "All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

¹ The battle of Evesham was fought August 4, 1265, when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, and his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side. In consequence of that defeat, the whole family sunk for ever ; the King bestowing their honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster.

"And here have wee lived in fortune's despite,
 "Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighe:
 "Full forty winters thus have I beene
 "A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
 "Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
 "And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
 "That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee."

Now when the faire companye everye one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
 Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighe,
 A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
 In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

EDWARD VERE, famous for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth, was the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, succeeding his father in 1562, and dying, an aged man, in 1604. Mr. Campbell remarks:—"This nobleman sat as Great Chamberlain of England upon the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. In the year of the Armada, he distinguished his public spirit by fitting out some ships at his private cost. He had travelled in Italy in his youth, and is said to have returned the most accomplished coxcomb of his age."

COME hither, shepherd's swayne:

"Sir, what do you require?"

I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.

"My name is FOND DESIRE."

When wert thou borne, Desire?

"In pompe and pryme of May."

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?

"By fond Conceit, men say."

Tell me who was thy nurse?

“Fresh youth in sugred joy.”

What was thy meate and dayly foode?

“Sad sighes with great annoy.”

What hadst thou then to drinke?

“Unsaoury lovers’ teares.”

What cradle wert thou rocked in?

“In hope devoyde of feares.”

What lulld thee then asleepe?

“Sweete speech, which likes me best.”

Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?

“In gentle hartes I rest.”

What thing doth please thee most?

“To gaze on beautye stille.”

Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?

“Disdayn of my good wille.”

Doth companye displease?

“Yes, surelye, many one.”

Where doth Desire delighte to live?

“He loves to live alone.”

Doth either tyme or age

Bringe him unto decaye?

“No, no, Desire both lives and dyes

“Ten thousand times a day.”

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,

Thou art no mate for mee;

I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle

With such a one as thee.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

THE father of Andrew Barton, a Scotchman, having suffered, by sea, from the Portuguese, obtained Letters of Marque for his two sons to make reprisals. But complaints soon reached the Government, in London, that, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, Barton interrupted the English trade. Henry [A.D. 1511] was reluctant to provoke a quarrel with Scotland; but the Earl of Surrey declared before the Council, that while he had an estate capable of furnishing a ship, or a son able to command it, the narrow seas should not be infested. The King accepted Surrey's offer, and two vessels were immediately fitted out under the Earl's sons, Thomas and Edward Howard. Barton was a skilful officer; but an obstinate engagement ended in his defeat. He was killed, fighting bravely; and his ships, with their freights and crews, were carried into the Thames, August 2, 1511. The battle of Flodden is said to have grown out of this capture.

If the Ballad occasionally wanders from history, it illustrates it with a few lesser facts. We may conclude many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, when we find one of the most improbable to be not very remote from the truth. It is said that England had before "but two Ships-of-War." Now the "Great Harry" had been built only seven years, *i. e.* 1504, "which was, properly speaking, the first ship in the English Navy."

THE FIRST PART.

'WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 'Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
 'And Neptune with his daintye showers
 'Came to present the monthe of Maye;'
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
 Over the river of Thames past hee;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchànts;
 Good saylors, welcome unto mee."
 They swore by the rood they were saylors good,
 But rich merchànts they cold not bee:
 "To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare:
 And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
 Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
 "I thought he had not beene in the world,
 Durst have wrought England such unright."

The merchants sighed, and said, alas !
 And thus they did their answer frame,
 He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
 And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
 And an angrye look then looked hee :
 " Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
 Will feitch yond traytor unto mee ?"
 Yea, that dare I; lord Howard sayes ;
 Yea, that dare I with heart and hand ;
 If it please your grace to give me leave,
 Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong, the kyng replied :
 Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
 " Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
 Or before my prince I will never appeare."
 Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
 And chuse them over my realme so free ;
 Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
 To guide the great shipp on the sea.

The first man, that lord Howard chose,
 Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
 Though he was threescore yeeres and ten ;
 Good Peter Simon was his name.
 Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea,
 To bring home a traytor live or dead :
 Before all others I have chosen thee ;
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

If you, my lord, have chosen mee
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread.¹
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,
 " Whose active hands had gained fame.
 In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
 And William Horseley was his name.²

¹ An old English word for *breadth*.

² Mr. Lambe, in his " Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," contends that this expert bowman's name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire.

Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea;
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee.
 If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
 Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
 On your main-màst Ile hanged bee,
 If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
 This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
 And days he scant had sayled three,
 Upon the 'voyage,' he tooke in hand,
 But there he mett with a noble shipp,
 And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

Thou must tell me, lord Howard said,
 Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
 And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.
 My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee
 With a heavey heart, and a carefull mind;
 I and my shipp doe both belong
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
 As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
 Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
 Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knight?
 Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas!
 With a grieved mind, and well away!
 But over-well I knowe that wight,
 I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
 To his hach-borde he clasped me,
 And robd me of all my merchant ware:
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
 And every man will have his owne;
 And I am nowe to London bounde,
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

That shall not need, lord Howard sais ;
 Lett me but once that robber see,
 For every penny tane thee froe
 It shall be doubled shillings three.
 Nowe God forefend, the merchant said,
 That you shold seek soe far amisse !
 God keepe you out of that traitor's hands !
 Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
 With beames on his topcastle stronge ;
 And eighteen pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side along :
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,¹
 St. Andrewe's crosse that is his guide ;
 His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one ;
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall,
 He wold overcome them everye one,
 If once his beames they doe downe fall.²
 This is cold comfort, sais my lord,
 To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea :
 Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
 Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee.

Then a noble gunner you must have,
 And he must aim well with his ee,
 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
 Or else hee never orecome will bee :
 And if you chance his shipp to borde,
 This counsel I must give withall,
 Let no man to his topcastle goe
 To strive to let his beams downe fall.

¹ Deerlye dight—*richly fitted out*.

² It should seem from hence that, before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy "Dolphins," made of lead or iron, used by the ancient Greeks, which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemy's ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, lib. vii., p. 256, ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Schefferi de Militiâ Navali, lib. ii., cap. v., p. 136, ed. 1653, 4to. The "Crow" of Duilius, as used by the Romans in their naval warfare, was of a similar construction.

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 To be the head I have chosen thee.
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 But there he mett with a noble shipp,
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 Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
 And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.
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 With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
 I and my shipp doe both belong
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.

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 As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
 Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
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 With a grieved mind, and well away!
 But over-well I knowe that wight,
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And seven pieces of ordinance,
 I pray your honour lend to mee,
 On each side of my shipp along,
 And I will lead you on the sea.
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
 Whether you sayle by day or night;
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke,
 You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse
 Soe well apparent in his sight,
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
 His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold,
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde sais,
 This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents,¹ standards eke,
 So close that no man may them see;
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,
 As merchants use to sayle the sea.
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast;²
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
 What English churles are yonder, he sayd,
 That can soe litle curtesye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
 I have beene admirall over the sea;
 And never an English nor Portingall
 Without my leave can passe this way.
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace;
 "Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
 Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shott off,
 Full well lord Howard might it ken;
 For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
 And killed fourteen of his men.

¹ Ancyents—banners.² i. e. did not salute.

Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,
 Looke that thy word be true, thou said ;
 For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold ;
 His ordinance he laid right lowe ;
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long,¹
 With other great shotte lesse, and moe ;
 And he lette goe his great gunnes shott :
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
 The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
 He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !
 "Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon ;
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."
 When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose,
 Within his heart hee was full faine :
 "Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
 Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sais,
 Weale howsoever this geere will sway ;
 Itt is my lord admirall of England,
 Is come to seeke me on the sea.
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare ;
 In att his decke he gave a shott,
 Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
 Came bravely on the other side,
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourscore men beside.
 Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrewe cryed,
 What may a man now thinke, or say ?
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
 That aye wast readye att my call ;
 I will give thee three hundred markes,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.

¹ i.e. discharged chain-shot.

Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
 "Horseley see thou be true in stead;
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved¹ the maine-mast tree,
 He swarved it with might and maine;
 But Horseley with a bearing² arrowe,
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
 And he fell unto the haches again,
 And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
 Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
 How that the Gordon hee was dead.

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
 Thou art my only sister's sonne,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.
 With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
 He swarved it with nimble art;
 But Horseley with a broad arròwe
 Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
 That with his blood did streame amaine:
 Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
 Alas a comelye youth is slaine!
 All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
 With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
 "Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe,
 For I will to the topeastle mysell."

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe;
 That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
 God be with my brother John of Barton!
 Against the Portingalls hee it ware;
 And when he had on this armour of prooffe,
 He was a gallant sight to see:
 Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
 My deere brothèr, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horseley, sayes my lord,
 And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.

¹ Swarved—climbed.² Bearing—that carries well.

Ile shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
 Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
 But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
 With right good will he swarved then:
 Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
 But the arrow bounded back agen.
 Then Horseley spyed a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
 Under the spole¹ of his right arme
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

“Fight on, my men,” Sir Andrew sayes,
 “A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
 Ile but lye downe and bleede awhile,
 And then Ile rise and fight againe.
 “Fight on, my men,” Sir Andrew says,
 “And never flinche before the foe;
 And stand fast by St. Andrewe’s crosse,
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe.”

They never heard his whistle blow,—
 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
 Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew’s dead.
 They boarded then his noble shipp,
 They boarded it with might and maine;
 Eighteen score Scots alive they found;
 The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrewe’s head;
 “I must have left England many a daye,
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead.”
 He caused his body to be cast
 Over the hatchboard into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred crownes:
 “Wherever thou land this will bury thee.”

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
 And backe he sayled ore the maine,
 With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.

¹ Spole—arm-pit.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;
“Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
As never did subject to a king:

Sir Andrewe's shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warr,
Before in England was but one.”
King Henrye's grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
“And where,” said he, “is this rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?”

“The rover, he is safe, my Liege,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne.”

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrewe's jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be erle Surrye hight,¹
As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done.
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight:
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
This man were alive as he is dead:

¹ Hight—called.

Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
 Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
 His men shall have twelvenpence a day,
 Till they come to my brother king's high land.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

THE subject of the Ballad was Anna Bothwell, daughter of a Bishop of Orkney, who was raised to a temporal peerage with the title of Lord Holyroodhouse. The lover was Sir Alexander Erskine, third son of John seventh Earl of Mar. He perished in Dunglass Castle, August 1640, and the lady died of a broken heart.

BALOW,¹ my babe, lye still and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
 If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
 Thy maining² maks my heart ful sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father breides me great annoy.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe;
 It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
 And with his sugred wordes³ to muve,
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
 To me that time did not appeire:
 But now I see, most cruell hee
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile:
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luvng to thy father still:
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
 My luve with him doth still abyde:
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

¹ Balow—*hush*.

² Maining—*moaning*.

³ When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet "sugred" is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;
 Be loyal to thy luver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new:
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For women's bannings¹ wonderous sair.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forget man's cruelty.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a woman's mouth!
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us then they care not how.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe;
 It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

THE death of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, is the subject of this Ballad. He was murdered February 9, 1567-8, in his twenty-first year, by the Earl of Bothwell. His youth, his beauty, and his fall shed a romantic interest over his name, and the writer adorns his memory with the virtues which he ought to have possessed. The ballad seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England [1568]. It will be remembered, at v. 5, that this princess (having been first married to Francis II., who died December 4, 1560) was Queen Dowager of France.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlande'
 For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
 The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
 You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
 And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
 And bade him come Scotland within,
 And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

¹ Banning—cursing.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere :
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho the kinge had beene present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce ;
I shall you tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye ;
For the death of the queene's chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his way :
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthy king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne ;¹
To take his rest was his desire ;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall ;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

¹ Bowne—ready.

Who have wee here? lord Bodwell sayd:
 Now answer me, that I may know.
 "King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
 For his sweete sake some pittie show."

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd,
 Now answer me when I doe speake.
 "Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well:
 Some pittie on me, I pray thee, take."

Ile pittie thee as much, he sayd,
 And as much favor show to thee,
 As thou didst to the queene's chamberlaine,
 That day thou deemedst¹ him to die.'

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
 Through towers and castles that were nye,
 Through an arbor into an orchard,
 There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard
 How that the worthye king was slaine;
 He persued the queen so bitterlye,
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England,
 And here her residence hath taine;
 And through the queene of England's grace,
 In England now shee doth remaine.

A SONNET BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS "dittie most sweet and sententious," as Puttenham calls it, was written about the year 1569, when the partizans of Mary were busy on her behalf.

THE doubt of future foes exiles my present joy;
 And wit me warnes to shun such snares, as threaten mine
 annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth
 ebbe:

Which would not be, if reason rul'd, or wisdom wove
 the webbe.

¹ Deemedst—doomedst.

But clowdes of joyes untried do cloake aspiring mindes ;
Which turn to raine of late repent, by course of changed
windes.

The toppe of hope supposed the roote of ruthe will be ;
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles, as shortly all shall
see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride, which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights, whose foresight fals-
hood finds.

The daughter of debate,¹ that discord ay doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule hath taught stil
peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight shall ancre in this port ;
Our realme it brookes no strangers' force ; let them else-
where resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change, or gape for
such like joy.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

THIS tale, so circumstantially told, but with no foundation in history, was probably written during the Regency, or at least before the death of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581, when James was in his fifteenth year. The writer, W. Elderton, had been an attorney, and was afterwards a comedian, and the composer of many popular songs. His end and his drunkenness are recorded in a Latin Epitaph. He died before 1592.

'OUT alas !' what a grieve is this
That princes' subjects cannot be true ;
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue ;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king ?
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

¹ She evidently means here the Queen of Scots,

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
 As proper a youth as neede to be,
 Well given to every happy thing,
 That can be in a kinge to see:
 Yet that unluckie country still
 Hath people given to craftie will.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
 A posset was made to give the king,
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
 And that it was a poysoned thing:
 She cryed, and called piteouslie;
 Now help, or els the king shall die!

One Browne, that was an English man,
 And hard the ladie's piteous crye,
 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
 Out of the doores in haste to flie;
 But all the doores were made so fast,
 Out of a window he got at last.

He met the bishop coming fast,
 Having the posset in his hande:
 The sight of Browne made him aghast,
 Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
 With him were two that ranne awa,
 For feare that Browne would make a fray.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?
 Nothing at all, my friend, sayd he;
 But a posset to make the king good cheere.
 Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see.
 First I will have thyself begin,
 Before thou go any further in;
 Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
 This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne, I doo know
 Thou art a young man poore and bare;
 Livings on thee I will bestowe:
 Let me go on, take thou no care.
 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
 A traitour for all Christiantie:
 Happe well or woe, it shall be so;
 Drink now with a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
 His belly burst, and he fell downe :
 A just rewarde for his traitery.

This was a posset indeed, quoth Browne !
 He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
 To come to the kinge when he did please.

As soon as the king got word of this,
 He humbly fell uppon his knee,
 And praysed God that he did misse
 To tast of that extremity :
 For that he did perceive and know,
 His clergie would betray him so :

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,
 My father, and grandfather slaine :¹
 My mother banished, O extreame !
 Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne !
 And now like treason wrought for me,
 What more unhappie realme can be !

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
 And gave her twenty poundes a yeere ;
 And trustie Browne too in like case,
 He knighted him with gallant geere :
 And gave him 'lands and livings great,'
 For dooing such a manly feat,
 As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
 Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and past,
 Took not effect of traytery ;
 Another treason at the last,
 They sought against his majestie :
 How they might make their kinge away,
 By a privie banket² on a daye.

'Another time' to sell the king
 Beyond the seas they had decreede :
 Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
 And did prevent the same with speede.
 For a letter came, with such a charme,
 That they should do their king no harme :
 For further woe, if they did soe,
 Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

¹ His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather, the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.

² Banket—*banquet*.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
 Take heede you do not offend the king;
 But show yourselves like honest men
 Obediently in every thing:
 For his godmother¹ will not see
 Her noble childe misus'd to be
 With any woe; for if it be so.
 She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
 In England, Scotland, every where:
 That no such daunger may ensue,
 To put the prince or state in feare:
 That God the highest king may see
 Obedience as it ought to be,
 In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so,
 To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

IN December, 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, failing in his attempt to seize the person of his Sovereign James VI., retired towards the North, and the King commissioned the Earl of Huntley to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. But Huntley availed himself of the opportunity to revenge his own quarrel with James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell; and in the night of February 7, 1592, he beset his house, on the northern side of the Forth, burnt it, and slew Murray, a young man of much promise, and the darling of the people. Murray deserved the name of "bonny," being "the tallest and lustiest young nobleman in the kingdom."

YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
 Oh! quhair hae ye been?
 They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
 And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
 And quhairfore did you sae!
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.

¹ Queen Elizabeth.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring;¹
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the ba';
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the gluve;²
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he was the Queene's luv.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Luke owre the castle downe,³
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum sounding throw the towne.

YOUNG WATERS.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THIS Ballad is thought to allude to the partiality which the Queen of James VI. (Anne of Denmark) is said to have shown for the "bonny Earl of Murray;" but Mr. Finlay corrects the error of Percy "in countenancing the report that James aided and abetted the murderers:" on the contrary, a proclamation was immediately made, "charging all noblemen, &c., to rise in arms for the pursuit of the Earl of Huntley."

ABOUT Zule,⁴ quhen the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 A'! there is cum to our king's court
 Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw zoung Waters
 Cum riding to the town.

¹ That is, bore away the ring on his lance at tilting—a feat of surpassing address.—*Finlay*.

² Playing at the glove seems to have been anciently a kind of game.

³ *Castle downe* has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray, and giving the title of Viscount to the eldest son of the Earl.

⁴ Zule—yule; *Christmas*.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind;
 Ane mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
 And siller shod behind;
 The horse zong Waters rade upon
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
 Unto the queen said he,
 O tell me quha's the fairest face
 Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
 And knights of high degree;
 Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters
 Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,
 (And an angry man was he)
 O, if he had been twice as fair,
 Zou nicht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,
 Bot the king that wears the crown;
 Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
 Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or say,
 Appeasd he wad nae bee;
 Bot for the words which she had said
 Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
 Put fetters to his feet;
 They hae taen zoung Waters, and
 Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
 In the wind both and the weir.
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
 Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town
 In the wind both and the rain;
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
 Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill¹
 His zoung son in his craddle,
 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
 His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
 His lady fair to see;
 And for the words the Queen had spoke
 Zoung Waters he did dee.

MARY AMBREE.

IN the year 1584, the Spaniards, commanded by the Prince of Parma, took many fortresses and cities in Flanders and Brabant. Some attempt to regain Ghent, with the help of English volunteers, probably occasioned this Ballad, written upon a heroine unknown to history, but whom the following rhymes made famous. Ben Jonson calls any remarkable virago by her name. She is also mentioned in Fletcher's "Scornful Lady."

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
 Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
 They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
 And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major² was slaine in her sight,
 Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
 Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
 Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
 In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shewe;
 A faire shirt of male³ then slipped on shee;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee strait did provide,
 A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
 On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

¹ *Heiding-hill*—i. e. heading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

² Or Serjeant Major.

³ A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by Speuser, who speaks of the Irish gallow-glass, or foot-soldier, as "armed in a long shirt of mayl."

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band ;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

My soldiers, she saith, soe valiant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde ;
Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free ;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye ;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemye's bodyes with bullets soe hott ;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre ;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide ;
To beate down the walles they all did decree :
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransom thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortlye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therefore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for England's faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The w—— of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
Therefore, English captaines of every degree,
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

PEREGRINE BERTIE, LORD WILLOUGHBY OF ERESBY, having distinguished himself (1586) at the siege of Zutphen, was, in the following year, chosen to replace the Earl of Leicester in the command of the English forces in the United Provinces. The appointment enabled him to signalize his courage and skill in several conflicts with the Spaniards. One of these, largely exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad. Lord Willoughby died in 1601. Mr. Chappell informs us that the tune, with which his name was associated, continued to be as popular in the Netherlands as in England long after his death. Norris and Turner, of whom the ballad makes honourable mention, were distinguished soldiers of that age.

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field :
 The most couragious officers
 Were English captains three ;
 But the bravest man in battel
 Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris ;
 A valiant man was hee :
 The other captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas ! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then,
 Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it, noble pikemen,
 And look you round about :
 And shoot you right, you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out :
 You musquet and calliver¹ men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I'll be the formost man in fight,
 Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
 They fiercely did assail,
 And fought it out most furiously,
 Not doubting to prevail :

¹ Calliver was a musket of a particular size or bore.

The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see ;
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more ;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water ;
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rd the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;
Which made the Spaniards waver ;
They thought it best to flee ;
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away ;
I fear we shall be spoiled all,
If here we longer stay ;
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell ;
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight ;
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite ;

But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky,
God and St. George for England!
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To the souldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout¹
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

¹ Bout—*conflict*.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

FROM "Cupid and Death," a Masque by James Shirley, who was born in 1596, and died in 1666.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day ;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd;
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

THE fate of the Armada did not quench the fury or the enterprise of Philip II., who prepared a second invasion of England. But Elizabeth anticipated the attack by a descent on the Spanish coast. The armament sailed from Plymouth June 1st, and reached Cadiz on the 20th of that month. A picturesque narrative of the voyage will be found in Southey's "Naval History." Lord Essex, with 3000 men, carried the town, sword in hand. "The earliest copy of this ballad, containing many variations from Percy, probably written by Thomas Deloney, was originally printed in or before 1596."

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyer and sword ;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums :
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good ;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.

At Plymouth speedilye took they ship valiantlye ;
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their head,
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle.

Unto Cales cunninglye came we most speedilye,
Where the kinge's navy securelye did ryde ;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,¹
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
There might you hear them cry, wayle, and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to scape thence away.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
Wee took in fight manfullye, and brought away.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town ;
The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage, my soldiers all ;
Fight and be valiant ; the spoil you shall have ;
And be well rewarded all, from the great to the small ;
But looke that the women and children you save.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung upp flags of truce, and yielded the towne ;
Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
With English colours which purchased renowe.

¹ The Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, set fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the English.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
 For gold and treasure we searched eche day ;
 In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind,
 Meate at fire roasting, and folkes run away.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catched our eyes,
 Damasks, and sattens, and velvets full fayre ;
 Which soldiers measur'd out by the length of their swords ;
 Of all commodities eche had a share.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
 March'd to the market-place, where he did stand :
 There many prisoners fell to our several shares ;
 Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd.

When our brave General saw they delayed all,
 And wold not ransome their towne as they said,
 With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
 Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made ;
 And when the town burned all in a flame,
 With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

PRINTED from a black-letter copy, corrected in part by the folio MS. This Ballad is founded on the capture of Cadiz by Lord Essex in 1596. The author, assuming his readers to be familiar with the expedition, and the circumstances which occasioned it, neither mentions the time nor the place of his little drama in rhyme. He is equally silent respecting the names of the actors. Tradition has been busy in filling the blanks. Devonshire, rich in Raleighs and Cliffords, makes a claim to the gallant captain; Staffordshire sets forth the merits of Sir Richard Leveson of Trentham, whose pleasant features, in brass, may be studied in the Church of Wolverhampton; Cheshire rejoices in Sir Urias Legh of Adlington; and Wiltshire points triumphantly to the Popham family, and the grim old mansion of Littlecote, of which a striking sketch was furnished to Sir Walter Scott by Lord W. Seymour. It stands, solemn and lonely, two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire; and the rusty armour, a large oak table, and a cumbrous arm-chair carry the visitor back to the age of Elizabeth, and beyond it. A narrow gallery, looking into an ancient garden, is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. But Lincolnshire seems to show the strongest title to the honours of romance in the person of John Bolle, of Thorpe Hall, in whose behalf a descendant stood forward in the May of 1846. His pedigree and story are given by Archdeacon Illingworth, in his account of the Parish of Scampton. Having been knighted by Elizabeth for his bravery at Cadiz, Sir John Bolle died in 1606, aged 46, and was buried in

Haugh Church, near Alford. The Archdeacon mentions some very interesting gifts of the Spanish lady :—" She sent, as presents to his wife, a profusion of jewels and other valuables, amongst which was her portrait drawn in green, a beautiful tapestry-bed wrought in gold by her own hands, and several cases full of plate, money, and other treasures ; some of which articles are still in possession of the family ; though her picture was unfortunately, and by accident, disposed of about half a century ago [A. D. 1760]. This portrait being drawn in green gave occasion to her being called in the neighbourhood of Thorpe Hall, ' The Green Lady,' where to this day there is a traditionary superstition among the vulgar, that Thorpe Hall was haunted by the Green Lady, who used nightly to take her seat in a particular tree near the mansion ; and that during the life of his son, Sir Charles Bolle, a knife and fork were always laid for her, if she chose to make her appearance." We are told that the gold chain, the lady's parting gift, is still preserved. The portrait of Sir John, drawn in 1596, when he was in his thirty-seventh year, was, in 1846, possessed by Mr. Bosville of Ravensfield Park, Yorkshire. The Ballad is justly regarded as one of the most perfect compositions of its class, "portraying the love of adventure, the spirit of honour, respect for high engagements, and those noble thoughts seated in hearts of courtesy, which the imagination is pleased to associate with this glorious period of our annals."

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How shee wooed an English man ?
 Garments gay and rich as may be
 Decked with jewels she had on.
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lye ;
 Cupid's bands did tye them faster
 By the liking of an eye.
 In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
 For to set the ladies free,
 With their jewels still adorned,
 None to do them injury.
 Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me ;
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

Gallant captain, shew some pity
 To a ladye in distresse ;
 Leave me not within this city,
 For to dye in heavinessse :
 Thou hast set this present day my body free,
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city you have won our hearts eche one;
Then to your country bear away that is your owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard;
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender;
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers;
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

“ Courteous ladye, leave this fancy ;
Here comes all that breeds the strife.
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

O how happy is that woman,
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many happy days God send her ;
Of my suit I make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady ;
Bear to her this chain of gold ;
And these bracelets for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold :
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer ;
Love and all her laws defye ;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companye :
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
Farewell too my heart's content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent :
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !
“ The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.”

ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

FROM "Albion's England," by William Warner. The story is believed to be the invention of the poet. Campbell remarks that 'Argentile and Curan' "has some beautiful touches, but requires to be weeded of many lines to be read with unqualified pleasure." Though here divided into stanzas, the metre is the old Alexandrine of fourteen syllables.

THE Bruton's 'being' departed hence
 Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
 Where diversly in divers broyles
 The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
 In Diria jointly raigne ;
 In loyal concorde during life
 These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
 To Edel thus he sayes ;
 By those same bondes of happie love,
 That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
 The moyetie is mine ;
 By God, to whom my soule must passe,
 And so in time may thine ;

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
 To nourish, as thine owne,
 Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,
 Till she to age be growne ;
 And then, as thou receivest it,
 Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,
 The testatòr he dies ;
 But all that Edel undertooke
 He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time
 The damsell that was growne
 The fairest lady under heaven ;
 Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love ;
 But none might her obtaine ;
 For grippell¹ Edel to himselve
 Her kingdome sought to gaine ;
 And for that cause from sight of such
 He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
 A prince in Danske,² did see
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,
 As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe ?
 His saint was kept in mewe ;³
 Nor he nor any noble-man
 Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
 He pines himselve awaye ;
 Anon he thought by force of arms
 To win her if he maye :

And still against the king's restraint
 Did secretly invay.
 At length the high controller Love,
 Whom none may disobay,

Imbated him from lordlines
 Into a kitchen drudge,
 That so at least of life or death
 She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,
 He did his love bewray,
 And tells his birth : her answer was,
 She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
 His booty to atchieve,
 Nor caring what became of her,
 So he by her might thrive ;
 At last his resolution was
 Some pessant should her wive.

¹ Grippell—gripping.

² Danske—probably *Denmark*.

³ Mewe—cage.

And (which was working to his wish)
 He did observe with joye
 How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
 Scapt many an amorous toye.¹

The king, perceiving such his veine,
 Promotes his vassal still,
 Lest that the basenesse of the man
 Should lett,² perhaps, his will.

Assured therefore of his love,
 But not suspecting who
 The lover was, the king himselve
 In his behalf did woë.

The lady resolute from love,
 Unkindly takes that he
 Should barre the noble, and unto
 So base a match agree :

And therefore shifting out of doores,
 Departed thence by stealth ;
 Preferring povertie before
 A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
 The anguish in his hart
 Was more than much, and after her
 From court he did depart ;

Forgetfull of himselve, his birth,
 His country, friends, and all,
 And only minding (whom he mist)
 The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
 Or court, or stately townes,
 But solitarily to live
 Amongst the country grownes.³

A brace of yeares he lived thus,
 Well pleased so to live,
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
 Himselfe did wholly give.

¹ The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan"—i. e. escaped from him, being off his guard.

² Lett—hinder.

³ Grownes—grounds.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
 Grew almost to the waine:
 But then began a second love,
 The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherd's maid,
 Where Curan kept his sheepe,
 Did feed her drove: and now on her
 Was all the shepherd's keepe.¹

He borrowed on the working daies
 His holy russets² oft,
 And of the bacon's fat, to make
 His startops³ blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend,
 He left it at the folde:
 Sweete growte,⁴ or whig,⁵ his bottle had,
 As much as it might holde.

A sheeve⁶ of bread as browne as nut,
 And cheese as white as snow,
 And wildings,⁷ or the season's fruit
 He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre⁸ did sleepe,
 And sheep-hooke lay him by,
 On hollow quilles of oten straw
 He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his saint,
 He wip'd his greasie shooes,
 And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
 And thus the shepherd wooes.

"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
 "As good as tooth may chawe,
 "And bread and wildings souling⁹ well,
 (And therewithall did drawe

¹ Keepe—care, or notice.

² Holy-day russets—i. e. his best clothes.

³ Startops—buskins, or half-boots.

⁴ Growte—small beer variously made.

⁵ Whig—whey, or buttermilk.

⁶ Sheeve—a great slice.

⁷ Wildings—wild apples.

⁸ Curre—dog.

⁹ Souling—victualling.

- His lardrie¹) and in 'yeaning' see
 "Yon crumpling² ewe, quoth he,
 "Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
 "If I might tup with thee.
- "Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
 "Too elvish and too coy :
 "Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
 "That such a flocke enjoy ?
- "I wis I am not : yet that thou
 "Doest hold me in disdaine
 "Is brimme³ abroad, and made a gybe
 "To all that keepe this plaine.
- "There be as quaint⁴ (at least that thinke
 "Themselves as quaint) that crave
 "The match, that thou, I wot not why,
 "Maist, but mislik'st to have.
- "How wouldst thou match ? (for well I wot,
 "Thou art a female) I
 "Her know not here that willingly
 "With maiden-head would die.
- "The plowman's labour hath no end,
 "And he a churle will prove :
 "The craftsman hath more worke in hand
 "Then fitteth unto love :
- "The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
 "Suspects his wife at home :
 "A youth will play the wanton ; and
 "An old man prove a mome.⁵
- "Then chuse a shepheard : with the sun
 "He doth his flocke unfold,
 "And all the day on hill or plaine
 "He merrie chat can hold ;
- "And with the sun doth folde againe ;
 "Then jogging home betime,
 "He turnes a crab,⁶ or turnes a round,
 "Or sings some merry ryme.

¹ Lardrie—*larder*.

² Crumpling—*crooked-horned*.

³ Brimme—*public*.

⁴ Quaint—*nice*, or *fantastical*.

⁵ Mome—a *dull person*.

⁶ *i.e.* roasts a crab, or apple.

“Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
 “The nut-brown bowl doth trot;
 “And sitteth singing care away,
 “Till he to bed be got :

“Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,
 “Forgetting morrow-cares ;
 “Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
 “Nor uttering of his wares ;

“Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
 “Or cracke of credit lost ;
 “Not spending franklier than his flocke
 “Shall still defray the cost.

“Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
 “More quiet nights and daies
 “The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he
 “Whose cattel he doth graize.

“Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
 “A man, and so am I ;
 “Content is worth a monarchie,
 “And mischiefs hit the hie ;

“As late it did a king and his
 “Not dwelling far from hence,
 “Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
 “For fair a matchless wench.”——

Here did he pause, as if his tongue
 Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse,¹ longing for the rest,
 Did egge² him on to tell
 How faire she was, and who she was.
 “She bore, quoth he, the bell

“For beautie ; though I clownish am,
 “I know what beautie is ;
 “Or did I not, at seeing thee,
 “I senceles were to mis.

* * * * *

¹ Neatresse—female keeper of cattle.

² Egge—urge on ; still used in the North of England.

" Her stature comely, tall ; her gate
 " Well gracèd ; and her wit
 " To marvell at, not meddle with,
 " As matchless I omit.

" A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
 " A forehead smooth, and hie,
 " An even nose ; on either side
 " Did shine a grayish eie :

" Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
 " White just-set teeth within ;
 " A mouth in meane ;¹ and underneathe
 " A round and dimpled chin.

" Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
 " Stood bolt upright upon
 " Her portly shoulders: beating balles
 " Her veined breasts, anon

" Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
 " Her middle falling still,
 " And rising whereas women rise :
 " —Imagine nothing ill.

" And more, her long and limber armes
 " Had white and azure wrists ;
 " And slender fingers aunswere to
 " Her smooth and lillie fists.

" A legge in print, a pretie foot ;
 " Conjecture of the rest ;
 " For amorous eies, observing forme,
 " Think parts obscurèd best.

" With these, O raretie ! with these
 " Her tong of speech was spare :
 " But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,
 " The balle from Ide to bear.

" With Phœbe, Juno, and with both,
 " Herselfe contends in face ;
 " Wheare equall mixture did not want
 " Of milde and stately grace.

¹ In meane—middle-sized.

- " Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
 " Were chearefull unto all ;
 " Even such as neither wanton seeme.
 " Nor waiward ; mell,¹ nor gall.

 " A quiet minde, a patient moode,
 " And not disdainig any ;
 " Not gybing, gadding, gawdy : and
 " Sweete faculties had many.

 " A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie
 " Might praise, might wish, might see ;
 " For life, for love, for forme ; more good,
 " More worth, more faire than shee.

 " Yea such an one, as such was none,
 " Save only she was such ;
 " Of Argentile to say the most,
 " Were to be silent much."

I knew the lady very well,
 But worthles of such praise,
 The neatresse said : and muse I do,
 A shepheard thus should blaze
 The ' coate' of beautie.² Credit me,
 Thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
 But wherefore dost thou weepe ?
 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
 And both doe silence keepe.

- " In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
 " As seeming I professe :
 " But then for her, and now for thee,
 " I from myselfe digresse.

- " Her loved I (wretch that I am
 " A recreant to be) ;
 " I loved her that hated love,
 " But now I die for thee.

- " At Kirkland is my father's court,
 " And Curan is my name ;
 " In Edel's court sometimes in pompe,
 " Till love countrould the same :

¹ Mell—honey.

² Emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597.

“But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?”

“What ailest thou to weepe?”

The damsell wept, and he was woe,

And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much,

That you did love so much:

But whom your former could not move,

Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile

Submitteth her to thee;

And for thy double love presents

Herself a single fee,

In passion not in person chang'd,

And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,

And silent for a space,

When as the extasie had end,

Did tenderly imbrace;

And for their wedding, and their wish

Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then

Was namèd so this land)

Then Curan had an hardier knight;

His force could none withstand:

Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then

Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime

In Argentile her right,

He warr'd in Diria, and he wonne

Bernicia¹ too in fight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke

At once his life and crowne,

And of Northumberland was king,

Long raigning in renowne.

¹ During the Saxon heptarchy the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six Northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties—viz. Deira (called here Diria), which contained the southern parts, and Be'nicia, comprehending those which lay north.

CORIN'S FATE.

Or this Song the three first stanzas are ancient. The application was added by Percy.

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke ?
Little foode is on the plaine ;
Full of danger is the rocke :

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes ;
Forests tangled are with brakes :
Meadowes subject are to floodes ;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill :
How may then reliefe be found ?

Such is hapless Corin's fate :
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;
Yet to speke will move disdaine :
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe ?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell ;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

JANE SHORE,

MISTRESS to Edward the Fourth, was living, old and poor, in the time of Sir Thomas More, who, in his "History of Richard III." has given a striking account of her character and appearance:—"Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and who doth us a good turne, we write it in dust. Which is not worse proved by her; for at this day she beggeth of many at this day living, that at this day had begged, if she had not beene." From Drayton we get a finely-coloured picture:—"Her stature was meane, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray; delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on her but a rich mantle cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which her naked arm did lie. Richard III., causing her to do open penance in Paul's Church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her; which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." A portrait of Jane Shore is in the Provost's house at Eton; and there is another in the Lodge of King's College, Cambridge, of both which foundations she is believed to have been a benefactor. She died in the eighteenth year of Henry VIII. Granger mentions a lock of her hair, in the possession of the Duchess of Montague, which looked as if it had been powdered with gold dust. The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection. To every stanza is annexed this burden:—

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was belovèd of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was lovèd dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,¹
A husband for me did obtaine;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

¹ Sir Thomas More writes:—"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very well maryed, saving somewhat to soone; her husband an honest citizen, yonge and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuch as they were coupled ere she wer well ripe, she not very fervently loved for whom she never longed."

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to woove,
Because chaste love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englande's king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteem'd deare,
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be belov'd of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed, though wrongèd by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I livèd in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore¹
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphan's crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes' tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edward's friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had livèd in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me vewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

¹ "In whom the king toke special pleasure, whose favour she never abused to any man's hurt, but to many a man's comfort and relief."—*Sir Thomas More.*

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,¹
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant :

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came ;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late ;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hangèd for that deed ;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food :
Whereby I beggèd all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

¹ "Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the Protector sent into the house of Shore's wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of all that ever she had, above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks, and sent her body to prison."—*Sir Thomas More*.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed :
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye ;¹
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just ;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one ?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove ;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives :
Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

¹ But it had this name long before, being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly "shore") or drain.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

THE burthen of the song, "Ding, Dong," &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial Dirge in Shakespeare's "Tempest"—

"Full fadom five thy father lies," &c.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
 For evermore farewell!
 Ay me! I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell,

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
 My Phillida is dead!
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
 Our bridal bed was made:
 But 'stead of silkes so gay,
 She in her shroud is laid.

Her corpse shall be attended
 By maides in fair array,
 Till the obsequies are ended,
 And she is wrapt in clay.

Her herse it shall be carried
 By youths, that do excell;
 And when that she is buried,
 I thus will ring her knell.

A garland shall be framed
 By art and nature's skill,
 Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
 In token of good-will.¹

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
 On it I will bestow;
 But chiefly black and yellowe:
 With her to grave shall go.

¹ It is a custom in many parts of England to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen,
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.

Instead of fairest colours,
 Set forth with curious art,¹
 Her image shall be painted
 On my distressed heart.

And thereon shall be graven
 Her epitaph so faire,
 "Here lies the loveliest maiden,
 "That e'er gave shepheard care."

In sable will I mourne;
 Blacke shall be all my weede:
 Ay me! I am forlorne,
 Now Phillida is dead!

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
 My Phillida is dead!
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

Book III.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE

Is an allegorical Satire, a manner of moralising which the Author of "Piers Ploughman's Vision" either introduced or made popular. That remarkable work is thought to have been composed towards the end of 1362, and is the finest remaining example of a metrical style purely English. The versification of this Ballad bears a relationship to it. The Anglo-Saxons did not employ rhyme, but adopted, in the place of it, "a system of verse, of which the characteristic was a very regular *alliteration*, so arranged that, in every couplet, there should be two principal words in the first line beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line." Rhyme, which came with the Anglo-Normans, was received into the English language before the middle of the twelfth century. But it spread slowly, and alliterative verse kept its charm for the common people until the appearance of "Piers Ploughman" brought it into fashion. It is found in Scotland so late as the age of Dunbar, who lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century. When rhyme began to be superadded, all the

¹ This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

niceties of Alliteration were at first retained with it; and the song of "Little John Nobody" exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied; and this kind of metre was at length swallowed up, and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapæstic verse, now used only in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of Conscience, and in that well-known dog-grel, "A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall." Degraded in England, this metrical style found a home in the French heroic line of twelve syllables,¹ which is the genuine offspring of the old Gothic measure, stript like our Anapæstic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme. To conclude: the metre of "Piers Ploughman's Vision" is altogether unlike that of Blank verse; yet it has a harmony of its own, surpassing all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only less polished, and being sweetened with the internal recurrence of similar sounds, instead of their final rhymes. The following Song is printed from the folio MS.; the corrections being enclosed between inverted 'commas.'

As I walked of late by 'an' wood side,
 To God for to meditate was my entent;
 Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed
 A silly poore creature ragged and rent;
 With bloody teares his face was besprent,
 His fleshe and his color consumed away,
 And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
 I stept to him straight, and did him require
 His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
 His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
 My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
 And makes me scornèd, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turn'd him, and pray'd 'me' sit downe,
 And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe;
 My name is called CONSCIENCE:—wheratt he did frowne,
 He pined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
 'Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'
 'Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres,
 I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

¹ It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
 For with the king's counsell 'I' sate in commission;
 Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name;
 And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition:
 I was ever holden in honest condition,

For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
 When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
 But one pore peny, that was their fine;
 And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
 The poore wold doe nothing without counsell mine:
 I ruled the world with the right line:

For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,
 But Conscience was called to bee at 'the' end.

Noe bargaines nor merchandize merchants wold make
 But I was called a wittnesse therto:

No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
 But I wold controule them, if that they did soe:

'And' that makes me live now in great woe,
 For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
 That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call'
 That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:
 They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my downe-fall;
 Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
 And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed

To have had entertainment with some one or other;
 But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to the Court the gallants to winn,
 But the porter kept me out of the gate:
 To Bartlemew Spittle¹ to pray for my sinne,
 They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state;
 Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
 With whom evermore I esteemèd have been.

Then went I to London, where once I did 'dwell':
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame:
 They lought² at my raggs, and there had good game;
 This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt with saint
 Peter;

But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

¹ Spittle—hospital.

² Lought—laughed.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know ;
 I having but one poor pennye in my purse,
 On an awle and some patches I did it bestow ;
 'For' I thought better cobble shooes than doe worse.
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
 And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
 And whipp me out of towne to 'seeke' where I was
 borne.

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
 The Court of Conscience where once I did sit :
 Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,
 For my name and the place agreed soe fit ;
 But there of my purpose I fayled a whit,
 For 'thoughe' the judge us'd my name in everye
 'commission,'
 The lawyers with their quille¹s wold get 'my' dismissal.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me ;
 Good lord ! how the lawyers began to assemble,
 And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee !
 The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble ;
 I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble ;
 Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
 But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away,
 Dost thou remember how wee thee fond ?
 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
 And sett thee on shore in the New-found land ;
 And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
 And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us ;
 For when we wold reape profitt here thou woldst
 accuse us.

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on
 To gentlemen's houses of an ancyent name ;
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
 'Telling' how their forefathers held me in fame :
 And at letting their farmes 'how always I came.'
 They sayd, Fye upon thee ! we may thee curse :
 'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the worse.

¹ Quille^{ts}—quibbles.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
 To husbandmen's houses, who grieved right sore,
 And sware that their landlords had plagued them so,
 That they were not able to keepe open doore,
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore :
 Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
 Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare.

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
 Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds ;
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave,
 Wee are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds,
 'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds ;'
 Our banishment is its utter decay,
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
 To goe to the Clergie ; for dailye they preach
 Eche man to love you above all the rest ;
 Of Mercye, and Pittie, and Almes- 'deeds,' they teach.
 O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,
 For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
 That whosoever gives almes they will give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away,
 And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
 I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
 For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
 First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest ;
 For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,
 And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

THIS excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, entitled, "The Garland of Goodwill." Ignorance is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

God speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?
And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill¹ tell thee, by my vazen,²
That zometimes che³ have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier,⁴
As ich⁵ may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritie,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

¹ Chill—*I will.*

² *i. e.* faithen; as in the Midland counties they say "housen," "closen," for houses, closes.

³ Che—*I.*

⁴ Vrier—*friar.*

⁵ Ich—*I.*

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmall thee now, man;
 Che know well what thou art;
 A vellow of mean learning,
 Thee was not worth a vart:
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then;
 And everything was plenty
 Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,
 As did the Jewes sometimes
 Unto the prophet Jeremye,
 When he accus'd their crimes:
 'Twas merry, sayd the people,
 And joyfull in our rea'me,
 When we did offer spice-cakes
 Unto the queen of heav'n.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
 Before the vriers went hence,
 A bushell of the best wheate
 Was zold vor vourteen pence;
 And vorty egges a penny,
 That were both good and newe;
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
 And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

Within the sacred Bible
 We find it written plain,
 The latter days should troublesome
 And dangerous be, certaine;
 That we should be self-lovers,
 And charity wax colde;
 Then 'tis not true religion
 That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
 And choul'd¹ that well ye knewe,
 Ich care not for the Bible booke;
 Tis too big to be true.
 Our blessed Lady's psalter
 Zhall for my money goe;
 Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,²
 The Bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
 For in that book indeede
 No mention of our Lady,
 Or Romish saint we read:
 For by the blessed Spirit
 That book indited was,
 And not by simple persons,
 As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham³ zure they were not voolishe
 That made the masse, che trowe;
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
 And vools no Latine knowe.
 Were not our fathers wise men,
 And they did like it well;
 Who very much rejoyced
 To heare the zacring bell?⁴

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
 As I may say to thee,
 Have wisht the light that you have,
 And could it never see:
 For what art thou the better
 A Latin song to heare,
 And understandest nothing.
 That they sing in the quiere?

¹ Choul'd—*would*.² Probably alluding to the illuminated psalters, missals, &c.³ Cham—I am.⁴ Sacring bell, rung to announce the elevation of the Host.

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
 The noise was passing trim
 To heare the vriers zinging,
 As we did enter in :
 And then to zee the rood-loft
 Zo bravely zet with zaints ;—
 But now to zee them wandring
 My heart with zorrow vaints.¹

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
 No image thou shouldst make,
 Nor that unto idolatry
 You should your self betake :
 The golden calf of Israel
 Moses did therefore spoile ;
 And Baal's priests and temple
 Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame
 Was a pure and holy zaint,
 And many men in pilgrimage
 Did shew to her complaint.
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
 And many other moe :
 The holy maid of Kent² likewise
 Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
 To your profession sure ;
 And to the men that made them
 So precious and so pure ;
 The one for being a traytoure,
 Met an untimely death ;
 The other eke for treason
 Did end her hateful breath.

¹ Vaints—*faints*.² By name Eliz. Barton, executed April 21, 1534.

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
 Dispraise them how you wille:
 But zure they did much goodnesse;
 Would they were with us stille!
 We had our holy water,
 And holy bread likewise,
 And many holy reliques
 We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
 With vain and empty showe,
 Which never Christ commanded,
 As learned doctors knowe:
 Search then the holy scriptures,
 And thou shalt plainly see
 That headlong to damnation
 They alway trained thee.

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
 As thou dost zay to mee,
 Unto my heavenly Fader
 Alone then will I flee:
 Believing in the Gospel,
 And passion of his Zon,
 And with the zubtil papistes
 Ich have for ever done.

THE WANDERING JEW.

IN the year 1228, an Armenian Archbishop was entertained at the Monastery of St. Albans; and Matthew Paris, a member of the Society, records the particulars of the visit. A Monk, who sat near the stranger, inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The Archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the Abbot, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy; out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the Apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." Since the time of Matthew Paris, several impostors have assumed the name and character of the Wandering Jew. The story in the following ballad is of one who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and said that he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the Crucifixion of Jesus. The ballad, however, seems to be of a later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys Collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
 Our Saviour Christ did live,
 And for the sins of all the worlde
 His own deare life did give;
 The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
 Did dailye him molest,
 That never till he left his life,
 Our Saviour could not rest.
 When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
 And scourg'd him to disgrace,
 In scornfull sort they led him forth
 Unto his dying place,
 Where thousand thousands in the streete
 Beheld him passe along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there,
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every one's consente:
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed.
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled,
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor heart's content;
No house, nor home, nor biding place:
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grievèd conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.



P. 328.

THE WANDERING JEW.

“ —Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here.”



Thus after some few ages past
In wandring up and downe ;
He much again desired to see
Jerusalem's renowne ;
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviour's wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke ;"
So doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe ;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round,
And seene those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change :
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane :

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath ;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners' crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria.
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest Apostles deare ;
There he hath told our Saviour's wordes,
In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne ;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe :
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time :
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare ;
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
But weepe and make great moane ;
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone :
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christe againe.

If you had seene his death, saith he,
As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon :
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.
These are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

"THE LYE."

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE authorship of these noble verses has been examined by the Rev. John Hannah in his edition of Raleigh's Poems. The common report, that the "Lye" was written by Raleigh on the night before his execution (October 29, 1618) is disproved by its publication in the "Poetical Rhapsody," 1608. Nor is the difficulty lessened by supposing Raleigh to have composed the poem under the apprehension of death in 1603; for a MS. copy is traced to 1593. Other names are, therefore, suggested; and among them we find Richard Edwards, Lord Essex, F. Davison, whom Ritson confidently affirmed to be the author, and Joshua Sylvester, whose claim is supported by Ellis. The evidence is strong in favour of Raleigh; for while he yet lived the poem was openly ascribed to him. Mr. Hannah notices some minor points; in particular he mentions a transcript of the "Lye" among the "Chetham MSS., of which the date does not seem to fall much later than the period of Raleigh's death, and which has the full signature—'Wa. Raleigh.'" If we admit Raleigh to have written the poem, the tradition respecting it may be easily explained. It seems that he did "really compose one short piece, if not a second, the very night before his execution; the rumour of these being soon spread abroad, the popular appetite for prison verses would encourage conjectures on their nature;" and any moral verses, indicating the near approach of death, would be eagerly accepted as a dying meditation.

Goe, soule, the bodie's guest,
 Upon a thankelesse arrant;
 Feare not to touche the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Goe, since I needs must dye,
 And give the world the lye.

Goe, tell the Court, it glowes
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Goe, tell the Church, it showes
 What's good, and doth no good:
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lye.

Tell Potentates, they live,
 Acting by others' actions;
 Not lov'd, unlesse they give,
 Not strong, but by their factions;
 If Potentates reply,
 Give Potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practise onely hate ;
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending ;
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

Tell Zeale, it lacks devotion ;
 Tell Love, it is but lust ;
 Tell Time, it is but motion ;
 Tell Flesh, it is but dust ;
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lye.

Tell Age, it daily wasteth ;
 Tell Honour, how it alters ;
 Tell Beauty, how she blasteth ;
 Tell Favour, how she falters ;
 And as they shall reply,
 Give each of them the lye.

Tell Wit, how much it wrangles
 In tickle¹ points of nicenesse ;
 Tell Wisedome, she entangles
 Herselfe in over-wisenesse ;
 And if they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lye.

Tell Physicke of her boldnesse ;
 Tell Skill, it is pretension ;
 Tell Charity of coldness ;
 Tell Law, it is contention ;
 And as they yield reply,
 So give them still the lye.

¹ Tickle—uncertain.

Tell Fortune of her blindnesse;
 Tell Nature of decay;
 Tell Friendship of unkindnesse;
 Tell Justice of delay:
 And if they dare reply,
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell Arts, they have no soundnesse,
 But vary by esteeming;
 Tell Schooles, they want profoundnesse,
 And stand too much on seeming:
 If Arts and Schooles reply,
 Give Arts and Schooles the lye.

Tell Faith, it's fled the citie;
 Tell how the countrey erreth;
 Tell, Manhood shakes off pitie;
 Tell, Vertue least preferreth;
 And, if they doe reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soule can kill.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON
 PRINCE HENRY.

JAMES was a great versifier. Of the two following poems, written in his best and his worst manner, the first would not dishonour any author of that time, while the second is a complete example of the Bathos.

GOD gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
 For on his throne his scepter do they swey:
 And as their subjects ought them to obey,
 So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
 Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
 And from his law make all your laws to spring;
 Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
 Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
 Walke always so, as ever in His sight,
 Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.
 And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
 Resembling right your mightie King divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH
 HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEW-MARKET
 IN JANUARY 1616.

How cruelly these catives do conspire?
 What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
 Betwixt the cankred king of Creta land,¹
 That melancholy old and angry sire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire
 Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd?²
 But now his double face is still dispos'd,
 With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
 Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast:
 The chilling cold lets everything to grow,
 And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
 Curs'd be that love, and mought³ continue short,
 Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

¹ Saturn.

² Janus.

³ i. e. may it.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

THE common popular ballad of "King John and the Abbot" seems to have been abridged and modernised, about the time of James I., from one much older, and entitled, "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury." According to Dr. Rimbault, "the story of this ballad may be found in the adventures of 'Howle-glass,' originally printed in the lower Saxon dialect, 1483, but translated into English, and printed by Copland in the following century. It is also in 'El Patrañuelo,' a collection of Spanish novels, 1576."

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John ;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canturburye ;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne ;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,¹
For spending of my own true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye ;
For except thou canst answer me questions threc,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

¹ Deere—hurt.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride the whole world about.
 And at the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
 Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
 But if you will give me but three weekes' space,
 Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
 And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
 For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
 Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
 And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
 But never a doctor there was so wise,
 That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
 How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
 What newes do you bring us from good King John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
 That I have but three days more to live:
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my bodie."

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soone he may ride this whole world about:
 And at the third question I must not shrink,
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
 That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
 Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answe're your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
 Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
 For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
 With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
 Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
 And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke thou art one penny worsen than hee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,¹
 I did not think I had been worth so littel!
 —Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride this whole world about.

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth againe;
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
 I did not think it could be gone so soone!
 —Now from the third question thou must not shrinken,
 But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

“Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
 You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
 But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
 He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
 “Nowe naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
 For alacke I can neither write ne reade.”

¹ Meaning probably St. Botolph

Four nobles a weeke then I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
 And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

FROM the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" (1651), with some corrections from an old MS. copy. The song was written by Sir Henry Wotton, when about fifty-two years old, upon Elizabeth daughter of James I., and wife of the Elector Palatine, chosen king of Bohemia, September 5th, 1619. It was set to music, and printed in 1624.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfie our eies
 More by your number than your light;
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the Spring were all your own;
 What are you when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents: what's your praise,
 When Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my Mistris shal be seene
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
 By virtue first, then choyce¹ a Queen;
 Tell me, if she was not design'd
 Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

¹ Two additional stanzas are printed, in a note, by Mr. Hannah:—

You rubies, that do gems adorne,
 And sapphires with your azure hue,
 Like to the skies, or blushing morne,
 How pales your brightness to our view,
 When diamonds are mixt with you!

The rose, the violet, all the spring
 Unto her breath for sweetness run;
 The diamond's dark'ned in the ring:
 If she appear, the Moon's undone,
 As in the presence of the Sun.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

THIS excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660. Pepys writes in his Diary, June 16, 1668, "Come to Newbery, and there dined—and musick: a song of the 'Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth,' and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out." The copy of the ballad, among the "Ashmolean MSS.," begins, "With an old song made by an old aged pate." In former times, "Chevy Chase" and the "Old Courtier" were ornaments of the mantel-piece. This Ballad seems to have been first printed in the reign of James I.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages ;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,
 nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by
 his looks.

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks ;

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many
 shrewde blows,

And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
 bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good
 pounds ;

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be
 kind :

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd ;
 Like a young courtier of the king's,
 And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor
 stand.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,
 or care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's
 hair.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal
 nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er
 stood.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five
 days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws and toys.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
 stone.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
 the meat,

With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
 Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestor's old manors are sold ;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so
 cold,

 Among the young courtiers of the king,
 Or the king's young courtiers.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

THIS lively Pasquil is thought to have been written by Suckling himself [b. 1608, d. 1641], as a banter upon his own disgrace. When the Scottish Covenanters advanced to the English borders, in 1639, Sir John raised a troop of horse which cost him 12,000*l.*, and behaved with great cowardice in the field. Some of his contemporaries, however, attributed the verses to Sir John Mennis, a Poet of those times.

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
 To Scotland for to ride-a,
 With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
 To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
 With halfe so gay a bravada,
 Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,
 Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
 So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
 And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,
 Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on ;
 His heart would not relent-a,
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear ?
 Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him !) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a :
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Wert-a ;¹
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
 And all prepared to fight-a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a,
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a ;
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

FROM "Lucasta," a collection of Poems by Richard Lovelace, [b. 1618, d. 1658], whom the House of Commons committed to the Gate-house, Westminster, April, 1642, for presenting a petition in favour of the King's restoration to his authority. "In 1646 he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, was colonel of it, and was wounded at Dunkirk. On this occasion his mistress, Lucasta, a Miss Lucy Sacheverell, married another, hearing that he had died of his wounds."

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates ;

¹ John De Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. : hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called *De Vert*.

When I lye tangled in her haire,
 And fetter'd with her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the aire,
 Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,¹
 Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grieve in wine we steepe,
 When healths and draughts goe free,
 Fishes, that tipples in the deepe,
 Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confinèd I
 With shriller note shall sing
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
 And glories of my king ;
 When I shall voyce aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlargèd windes, that curle the flood,
 Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
 Nor iron barres a cage ;
 Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free,
 Angels alone, that soare above,
 Enjoy such libertie.

¹ Thames is here used for water in general.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

CHARING CROSS, as it stood before the Civil Wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected by Edward I. to mark every place where the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. Its demolition in 1647, by order of the House of Commons, occasioned the following sarcasm. The plot, noticed in verse 17, was that of Waller the poet, and others. It was to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of the conspirators, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Chaloner, suffered death, July 5, 1643.

UNDONE, undone, the lawyers are;
 They wander about the towne;
 Nor can find the way to Westminster,
 Now Charing-cross is downe:
 At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
 Swearing they are at a loss,
 And chaffing say, that's not the way
 They must go by Charing-cross.

The Parliament to vote it down
 Conceived it very fitting,
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the house, as they were sitting.
 They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted,
 To give command, it should not stand,
 But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots; this might have been worse
 For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins and Chaloner
 Were hang'd for long agoe.
 Our Parliament did that prevent,
 And wisely them defended;
 For plots they will discover still,
 Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word
 Against the Parliament.
 An informer swore, it letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed;
 I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
 It could neither write nor read.

The committee said, that verily
 To popery it was bent ;
 For ought I know, it might be so,
 For to church it never went.
 What with excise, and such device,
 The kingdom doth begin
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
 Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
 Of it have taken pity,
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
 So firmly to the city.
 Since crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith, if I were as you,
 For fear the king should rule again,
 I'd pull down Tiburn too.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

WRITTEN, according to tradition, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, who died December 11, 1704, aged eighty-eight. He was the Court pamphleteer, pert, affected, and clever. But this Song is in a purer vein.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas blow ;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;
 Your incivility doth show,
 That innocence is tempest proof ;
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ;
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me :
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty :
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorit.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
 Into this private room was turn'd ;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
 The salamander should be burn'd ;
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty ;
 The pelican her wilderness ;
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :
 Contentment cannot smart Stoicks, we see ;
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear ;
 And for to keep my ancles warm,
 I have some iron shackles there :
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
 Like some high-prized margarite,¹
 Or, like the Great Mogul or Pope,
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight :
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
 And thus proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
 Where tempting objects are not seen ;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep vice out, and keep me in :
 Malice of late's grown charitable sure.
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,²
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
 By a malicious friendly knife
 Did only wound him to a cure :
 Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
 Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem ;
 And to make smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him :
 Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
 When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

¹ Margarite—a pearl.

² See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum, lib. iii. c. 28 ; Cic. de Offic. lib. i. c. 30 : see also Val. Max. i. 8.

What though I cannot see my king
 Neither in person or in coin ;
 Yet contemplation is a thing
 That renders what I have not, mine :
 My king from me what adamant can part,
 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart ?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
 A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
 How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
 In that her narrow hermitage ?
 Even then her charming melody doth prove,
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty ;
 But though they do my corps confine,
 Yet maugre hate, my soul is free :
 And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
 Although my baser part's immew'd,
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
 T' accompany my solitude :
 Although rebellion do my body binde,
 My king alone can captivate my minde.

VERSES BY KING CHARLES I.

WRITTEN in Carisbrook Castle (1648), and preserved by Burnet.

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power springs
 The potency and power of kings,
 Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
 Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
 To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
 (The only root of righteous royaltie)
 With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe :
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrownèd head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucifièd with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier :
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forcèd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed ?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate ;
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.¹

¹ Hume remarks of these verses, which are almost the only known metrical composition of Charles, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic."

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSEHOLD-STUFF.

FROM an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others.

REBELLION hath broken up house,
 And hath left me old lumber to sell;
 Come hither, and take your choice,
 I'll promise to use you well:
 Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
 Which was warm and easie to sit in,
 And oft hath been clean'd, I declare,
 When as it was fouler than fitting.
 Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
 The fattest that ever were spent?
 They're the sides of the old committees,
 Fed up in the long Parliament.
 Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
 And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
 They are made of the presbyters' lungs,
 To blow up the coals of rebellion.

I had thought to have given them once
 To some black-smith for his forge;
 But now I have considered on't,
 They are consecrate to the church:
 So I'll give them unto some quire,
 They will make the big organs roar,
 And the little pipes to squeake higher,
 Than ever they could before.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
 One's square, and t'other is round;
 Betwixt them both the tail
 Of the RUMP fell down to the ground.
 Will you buy the states council-table,
 Which was made of the good wain Scot?
 The frame was a tottering Babel
 To uphold the Independent plot.

Here's the beesom of Reformation,
 Which should have made clean the floor;
 But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
 And left us dirt good store.

Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the roper's trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,¹
And has been safely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrim's-Salve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to this.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have took't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
To Rebellion by innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.

Will you buy the Rump's great saddle,
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt, and the bridle,
And curb of Dissimulation:
And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd:
But Hell will buy that if the worst is.

¹ Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison, a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653.

Here's Joan¹ Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
 With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
 When he was got drunk with false bumpers.

Here's the purse of the public faith ;
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth,
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.²
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
 And here are Lambert's commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
 And here are his dray, and his slings ;
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles ;³
 With diverse other odd things :
 And what is the price doth belong
 To all these matters before ye ?
 I'll sell them all for an old song,
 And so I do end my story.
 Says old Simon the king, &c.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY

GIVEN (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed copies in Roman character in the Pepys Collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
 A riding along the way, sir ;
 And there he met with a lady fine,
 Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
 Among the grass lye down-a :
 And I will have a special care
 Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

¹ This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household. See "Gent. Mag." March, 1788, p. 242.

² See Grey's "Hudibras," Part I., cant. 2, v. 570, &c.

³ Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huddington. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir:
My gowne and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free
Among the cocks of hay, sir;
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, sir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,
It's made of finest gold-a;
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir:
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir:
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir;
And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, sir.

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a;
And cursed, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown-a;
And curs'd be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir:
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a:
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather:
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushèd scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger:
How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer;
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand:
She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover.

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the river's brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plungèd in,
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drownèd!

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu !
You see what comes of fooling :
That is the fittest place for you ;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her father's park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke ;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee :
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a :
I vow and swear I thought no harm ;
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe, he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me !
What if I had in the river dy'd ?——
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure ;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir :
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance ;
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance.

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters :
You shall not make of me your prey ;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had servèd soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled :
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir :
I'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle :
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a ;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a :
I'll ride at once to her father's hall ;
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred ;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard ;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated :
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour :
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley :
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir :
Therefore a-cross the water come ;
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive ;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a :
If thou wouldst have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
 My father he has the keys, sir;
 But I have for my love prepar'd
 A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank
 Full seventeen feet in measure:
 Then step a-cross to the other bank,
 And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words she had no sooner spoke,
 But strait he came tripping over:
 The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke;
 And sous'd the unhappy lover.

WHY SO PALE?

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prethee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prethee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prethee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing doe't?
 Prethee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her.
 The devil take her!

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

OF these six Mad Songs, the three first are originals, while the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. The first and second were probably written at the beginning of the seventeenth century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within the eighteenth century. The English are said to have more songs on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours, and Mr. Payne Collier explains the fact by the dissolution of the religious Houses, which left the poor without any fixed provision, while idle wanderers assumed the character most likely to awaken sympathy, and secure them from detection. Accordingly madness was a favourite disguise, and "Bedlam beggars" became a distinctive title. The author of this rhapsody is said, by Walton, to have been William Basse, who composed the "choice song" of the "Hunter in his Career;" but Mr. Chappell thinks that the "Toms of Bedlam" were so numerous as to prevent the identification of the particular song to which Walton alludes.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe,
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, howe the angrie Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses.
In an angrie moode I mett old Time,
With his Pentateuch of tenses:

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For Time will stay for no man:
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye!
Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed¹ Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
A little drinke for charitye!
Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinckes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

¹ Gorrel—fat.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

WAS written, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Richard Corbet [b. 1582, d. 1635], successively Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. Aubrey tells some amusing stories of his humour, and describes his aspect as "grave and venerable."

Am I mad, O noble Festus,
 When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the Pope,
 As well as the best in the college?
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
 Mitres, copes, and rochets;
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel¹
 I had my education,
 Where my friends surmise
 I dazel'd my eyes
 With the sight of revelation.

They bound me like a bedlam,
 They lash'd my four poor quarters;
 Whilst this I endure,
 Faith makes me sure
 To be one of Foxe's martyrs.

These injuries I suffer
 Through antichrist's perswasion:
 Take off this chain,
 Neither Rome nor Spain
 Can resist my strong invasion.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
 I have knock'd off three already;
 If they let me alone
 I'll leave him none:
 But they say I am too heady.

¹ Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a seminary of Puritans.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
 I met the great red dragon ;
 I kept him aloof
 With the armour of proof,
 Though here I have never a rag on.

With a fiery sword and target,
 There fought I with this monster :
 But the sons of pride
 My zeal deride,
 And all my deeds misconster.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,
 With the lance of Inspiration ;
 I made her stink,
 And spill the drink
 In her cup of abomination.

I have seen two in a vision
 With a flying book¹ between them.
 I have been in despair
 Five times in a year,
 And been cur'd by reading Greenham.²

I observ'd in Perkins' tables³
 The black line of damnation ;
 Those crooked veins
 So stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
 I plac'd my chiefest pleasure :
 Till I prick'd my foot
 With an Hebrew root,
 That I bled beyond all measure.

¹ Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech., ch. v. ver. 1 ; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's "Athenæ," vol. ii. p. 501. He was author of a book, entitled "The Fiery Flying Roll;" and afterwards published a recantation, part of whose title is, "The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings Clipt," &c.

² See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract entitled "A Sweet Comfort for an Afflicted Conscience."

³ See Perkins's Works, fol. 1616, vol. i. p. 11 ; where is a large half sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c.," the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad, black, zig-zag line.

I appear'd before the archbishop,¹
 And all the high commission ;
 I gave him no grace,
 But told him to his face,
 That he favour'd superstition.
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
 Mitres, copes, and rochets :
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crotchets.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

Is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys Collection ; both in black-letter.

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
 And bring hither all your train ;
 See how the pale moon does waste,
 And just now is in the wane.
 Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
 And revelling witches away,
 And hug me close in your arms ;
 To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain :
 I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kiss her, and kiss her again :
 But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then, a pise on her love ! let her go ;
 I'll seek me a winding shroud,
 And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
 Since reason departs away ;
 I call to those hags for a cure,
 As knowing not what I say.
 The beauty, whom I do adore,
 Now slights me with scorn and disdain ;
 I never shall see her no more :
 Ah ! how shall I bear my pain !

¹ Laud.

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint ;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint.
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure ;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high ;
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved awhile,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep ;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie :
Ah ! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover ? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.
To the Elysian shades I post
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

WAS probably composed by Tom D'Urfey, a popular Songster, who died February 26, 1723.

FROM rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,

Hither ye little wanton cupids fly ;

Teach me in soft melodious strains to move

With tender passion my heart's darling joy :

Ah ! let the soul of musick tune my voice,

To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing

Is to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,

With a frisk from the ground,

I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing

Were three celestial bodies :

With an air, and a face,

And a shape, and a grace,

I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! 'tis in vain ! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain !

Death and despair must end the fatal pain :

Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,

Falls on my breast ; bleak winds in tempests blow ;

My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow :

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,

And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,

Shall I thaw myself, and drown

Among the foaming billows ?

Increasing all with tears I shed,

On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,

Lay down, lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad ;

That soon my heart will warm ;

When once the sense is fled, is fled,

Love has no power to charm.

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,

Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore !

A thousand, thousand times I'll dye

Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

WAS written by Henry Carey, a well-known musician, and the author of the words and music of "Sally in our Alley." He died, by his own hand, October 4, 1743.

I go to the Elysian shade,
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me ;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly ;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears ;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store :
Then, like the clouds that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains !
Cover me with ice and snow ;
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow !

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below !
Where yelling, and howling,
And grumbling, and growling,
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
 Fiery lakes,
 Would be a pleasure and a cure;
 Not all the hells,
 Where Pluto dwells,
 Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
 On a mossy carpet lay me,
 Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
 Let me die, and so have ease!

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH,

ORIGINALLY sung in one of D'Urfey's comedies of "Don Quixote," first acted about the year 1694, and probably written by that popular composer.

I BURN; my brain consumes to ashes!
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!
 Bring the Po and the Ganges hither;
 'Tis sultry weather;
 Pour them all on my soul,
 It will hiss like a coal,
 But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,
 That first made me rebell,
 From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell;
 And mourn now my fate,
 Which myself did create:
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
 Off, ye vain fantastic toys!
 That dress this face—this body—to allure!
 Bring me daggers, poison, fire!
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire.
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

LILLI BURLERO.

GENERAL RICHARD TALBOT, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, and a furious papist, had been nominated by King James II. to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, 1686. This Ballad was written, or at least re-published, on the Earl's second visit to Ireland in October 1688, and we are told by Burnet, that its effect upon the royal army cannot be imagined by those who did not see it. Soldiers and people, the city and the country, were singing it continually. "Lilliburlero" and "Bullen-alah" are said to have been the distinctive watchwords of the Irish Romanists in their massacre of the Protestants, 1641. The Song was attributed to Lord Wharton; but, according to Lord Dartmouth, the Ballad contains a particular expression which the King remembered to have used to Lord Dorset, whom, therefore, he concluded to be the writer.

Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree ?

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho ! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbôte :

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

But if dispence do come from de pope,

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,

Lilla, &c.

And with brave lads is coming aboard :

Who all in France have taken a sware,

Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no protestant heir.

Ara ! but why does he stay behind ?

Lilli, &c.

Ho ! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore.¹

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.

By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.

"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.

For Talbot's de dog, and JA**s is de ass.
Lilli, &c.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER.

THIS Song was written in imitation of an old Scottish Ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza. The Author, William Hamilton, of Bangour, died March 25, 1754, aged fifty.

A. BUSK² ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to lieve
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

¹ Gillore—*plenty*.

² Busk—*dress*.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint¹ her luvver, luvver dear,
 Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
 And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?²
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weids
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
 And weep around in waeful wise
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvve?
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
 Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

¹ Tint—lost.

² Reid—red.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
 In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
 Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
 Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my luve,
 My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:
 But ere the toofall¹ of the night
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning:
 But lang ere night the spear was floun,
 That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

¹ Toofall—*twilight*.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
 With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
 My luvèr nailèd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threatning words to muve me :
 My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :
 Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee !
 Yet lye all night between my breists,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth !
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter :
 And lye all night between my breists ;
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow :
 Thy luvèr heeds none of thy sighs,
 He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

WAS a Party Song, written by Glover, the author of "Leonidas," on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, November 22, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, he was sent with a strong fleet to the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or if they presumed to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Porto Bello; but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruizing in these seas, till the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying
 Our triumphant navy rode;
 There while Vernon sate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat:
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands were seen to muster
 Rising from their watery grave.
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford¹ rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

¹ Admiral Vernon's ship.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story ;
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost !
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold :
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain !

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done .
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen ;
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam deprived of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

JEMMY DAWSON.

JAMES DAWSON, a Manchester rebel, was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common, July 30, 1746. This Ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by William Shenstone soon after the event, and is here given with some slight variations from the printed copy.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd :
Oh had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh, Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though, dear you'h, thou should'st be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

END OF SERIES THE SECOND.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Book F.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

Is printed verbatim from the folio MS. The incidents of the Mantle and the Knife are believed not to have been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's Girdle. (F. Q., b. iv., c. 5, st. 3). The trial of the Horn occurs in the old Romance "Morte d'Arthur," which was translated out of French in the time of Edward IV., and first printed 1484. In other respects the two stories differ widely; and the Ballad was probably written before the translation of the Romance. Queen Guenever maintains the character which is given of her in old Chronicles. Holinshed observes that "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband."

IN the third day of May,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold¹ much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brouches' and ringes
Full richelye bedone.²

He had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

God speed thee, king Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly queene Guénever,
I cannott her forgett.

¹ Cold—*knew*.

² Bedone—*wrought*.

I tell you, lords, in this hall ;
 I hett¹ you all to ' heede ;'
 Except you be the more surer
 Is you for to dread.

He plucked out of his ' poterner,'²
 And longer wold not dwell,
 He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
 Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, king Arthur ;
 Have thou heere of mee :
 Give itt to thy comely queene
 Shapen as itt is alreadye.

Itt shall never become that wiffe,
 That hath once done amisse.
 Then every knight in the kings court
 Began to care for ' his.'

Forth came dame Guénever ;
 To the mantle shee her ' hied ;'
 The ladye shee was newfangle,³
 But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle ;
 Shee stode as shee had beene madd :
 It was from the top to the toe
 As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it ' gule ;'⁴
 Another while was itt greene ;
 Another while was it wadded :⁵
 Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke,
 And bore the worst hue :
 By my troth, quoth king Arthur,
 I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
 That bright was of blee ;
 Fast with a rudd⁶ redd,
 To her chamber can⁷ shee flee.

¹ Hett—*bid.*

² Poterner—*perhaps pocket, or pouch.*

³ Newfangle—*fond of new fashions.*

⁴ Gule—*red.*

⁵ Wadded—*perhaps from woad ; i. e. of a light blue colour.*

⁶ Rudd—*ruddy.*

⁷ Can—*gan, began.*

She curst the weaver, and the walker,¹
That clothe that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,
Under a greene tree;
Than in king Arthur's court
Shamed for to bee.

Kay called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about;
Then was shee bare
'Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,
That was in the king's court,
Talked, laughed, and showed
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he profered to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Doe his wiffe some need.

¹ Walker—*fuller*.

When she had tane the mantle,
 Of cloth that was made,
 Shee had no more left on her,
 But a tassell and a threed :
 Then every knight in the king's court
 Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
 That bright was of blee ;
 And fast, with a redd rudd,
 To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
 And bade her come in ;
 Saith, Winne this mantle, ladye,
 With a litle dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
 And it shal be thine,
 If thou never did amisse
 Since thou wast mine.

Forth came Craddocke's ladye
 Shortlye and anon ;
 But boldlye to the mantle
 Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
 And cast it her about,
 Upp att her great toe
 It began to crinkle and crowt :¹
 Shee said, bowe downe, mantle,
 And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,
 I tell you certainlye,
 When I kist Craddocke's mouth
 Under a greene tree ;
 When I kist Craddocke's mouth
 Before he marryed mee.

When shee had her shreeven,
 And her sines shee had tolde ;
 The mantle stooode about her
 Right as shee wold :

¹ Crowt—*pucker up*.

Seemelye of coulour
 Glittering like gold :
 Then every knight in Arthur's court
 Did her behold.

Then spake dame Guénever
 To Arthur our king ;
 She hath tane yonder mantle
 Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,
 That maketh herself soe ' cleane ?'
 I have seene tane out of her bedd
 Of men fiveteene ;¹

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
 From her bedeene :²
 Yett shee taketh the mantle,
 And maketh her self cleane.

Then spake the litle boy,
 That kept the mantle in hold ;
 Sayes, King, chasten thy wiffe,
 Of her words shee is to bold :

Shee is a bitch and a witch,
 And a whore bold :
 King, in thine owne hall
 Thou art a cuckold.

The litle boy stooode
 Looking out a dore ;
 ' And there as he was lookinge
 ' He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore,
 Wold have werryed a man :
 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
 Fast thither that he ran :
 He brought in the bore's head,
 And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the bore's head,
 And was wonderous bold :
 He said there was never a cuckold's kniffe
 Carve itt that cold.

¹ Fiveteen—*fifteenc*.

² Bedcene—*continuously*.

Some rubbed their knives
Upon a whetstone :
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
Stood looking upon them ;
All their knives' edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knive
Of iron and of steele ;
He britled¹ the bore's head
Wonderous weele ;
That every knight in the king's court
Had a norssell.

The litle boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge :
He said, there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne ;
But he shold it sheede
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee ;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye :
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bore's head :
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such a lovely ladye
God send her well to speede.

¹ Britled—*carved*.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the folio MS., and is thought to have supplied Chaucer with his "Wife of Bath's Tale." Gower has a story upon the same subject; but, like Chaucer, he may have been acquainted with an earlier version in the "Gesta Romanorum." Scott was reminded of this Ballad by the copy of "King Henrie," which he printed in the "Minstrelsy," iii. 274.

PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride so bright in bowre:
And all his barons about him stooode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princely cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round:
Before them came a faire damselle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent¹ my love and mee.

At Tearne-Wadling² his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudlye rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

¹ Shent—*abused*.

² Tearne-Wadling is the name of a small lake near Hesketh, in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. Tearn, in the dialect of the country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
 May pass that castle-walle :
 But from that foule discourteous knighte,
 Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,
 Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge,
 And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
 That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme baròne 'twas our harde happe
 But yester morne to see ;
 When to his bowre he bare my love,
 And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, king Arthùre
 As lyttle shold him spare ;
 Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
 To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted king Arthùre,
 And sware by hille and dale,
 He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme baròne,
 Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar :
 Goe saddle mee my steede ;
 Nowe, by my faye, that grimme baròne
 Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge
 Benethe the castle walle :
 " Come forth ; come forth ; thou proude baròne,
 Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stode,
 And fenc'd with many a spelle :
 Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
 But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
 King Arthur felte the charme :
 His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,
 Downe sunke his feeble arme.

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthùre,
 Now yield thee unto mee :
 Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
 Noe better termes maye bee,

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,
 And promise on thy faye,
 Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
 Upon the new-yeare's daye :

And bringe me worde what thing it is
 All women moste desyre :
 This is thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes,
 Ile have no other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
 And sware upon his faye,
 Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone,
 And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
 And did of all inqyre,
 What thing it is all women crave,
 And what they most desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state ;
 Some rayment fine and brighte ;
 Some told him mirth ; some flatterye ;
 And some a jollye knichte.

In letters all king Arthur wrote,
 And seal'd them with his ringe :
 But still his minde was helde in doubte,
 Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
 He saw a ladye sette
 Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,
 All clad in red¹ scarlette.

Her nose was crookt, and turnd outwàrde ;
 Her chin stooode all awrye ;
 And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
 Lo ! there was set her eye :

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute
 Her cheekes of deadlye hewe :
 A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
 No man mote ever viewe.

¹ This was a common phrase in our old writers. So Chaucer, in his Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," says of the wife of Bath—

Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.

To hail the king in seemelye sorte
This ladye was fulle faine :
But king Arthùre all sore amaz'd,
No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd,
That wilt not speake to mee ;
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,
And helpe me in my neede ;
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,
And promise on thy faye ;
And here the secrette I will telle,
That shall thy ransome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And sware upon the roode ;
The secrette then the ladye told,
As lightlye well shee cou'de.

Now this shall be my paye, sir king,
And this my guerdon bee,
That some yong fair and courtlye knight,
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then prickèd king Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe :
And soone he founde the barone's bowre :
And soone the grimme baroûne.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee stoode bothe stiffe and stronge ;
And when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yelde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee ;
For this is not thy paye, sir king,
Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proud baròne,
I praye thee hold thy hand ;
And give mee leave to speake once more
In reskewe of my land.

This morne, as I came over a more,
 I saw a ladye sette
 Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
 All clad in red scarlèt.

Shée sayes, all women will have their wille,
 This is their chief desyre ;
 Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
 That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her !
 The carlish baron swore :
 Shée was my sister tolde thee this,
 And shée's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
 To dó her as ill a turne :
 For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
 In a fyre I will her burne.

PART THE SECONDE.

HOMEWARDE prickèd king Arthùre,
 And a wearye man was hee ;
 And soone he mette queene Guenever,
 That bride so bright of blee.

What newes ! what newes ! thou noble king,
 Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped ?
 Where hast thou hung the carlish knight ?
 And where bestow'd his head ?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,
 And free fro mortal harme :
 On magicke grounde his castle stands,
 And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
 And yielde mee to his hand :
 And but for a lothly ladye, there
 I sholde have lost my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woc,
 And sorrowe of my life ;
 I swore a yonge and courtlye knight,
 Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him sir Gawàine,
 That was ever a gentle knighte :
 That lothly ladye I will wed ;
 Therefore be merrye and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good sir Gawàine ;
 My sister's sonne yee bee ;
 This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
 And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt, and turn'd outwàrde ;
 Her chin stands all awrye ;
 A worse form'd ladye than shee is
 Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,
 And shee be foule to see :
 I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,
 And I'll thy ransome bee.

Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good sir Gawàine ;
 And a blessing thee betyde !
 To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
 And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

And wee'll have hawkes, and wee'll have houndes,
 To cover our intent ;
 And wee'll away to the greene forèst,
 As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, sir Stephen bolde,
 They rode with them that daye ;
 And foremoste of the companye
 There rode the stewarde Kaye :

Soe did sir Banier and sir Bore,
 And eke sir Garratte keene ;
 Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
 To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,
 Beneathe a faire holley tree,
 There sate that ladye in red scarlèt
 That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
 And looked upon her sweere ;¹
 Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
 Of his kisse he stands in feare.

¹ Sweere—neck.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout ;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, sayde sir Gawaine,
And amend thee of thy life :
For there is a knight amongst us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I' the devil's name anone ;
Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth shee shall be none.

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some took up their houndes ;
And sayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him king Arthùre,
And sware there by this daye ;
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye.

Peace, lordlings, peace ; sir Gawaine sayd ;
Nor make debate and strife ;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good sir Gawaine,
And a blessinge be thy meede !
For as I am thine owne ladyè,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then up they took that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe :
And there sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye :
“Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord,
Come turne to mee, I praye.”

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care ;
When, lo ! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheek,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe:
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire,
Lying upon the sheete:
And swore, as he was a true knighte,
The spice was never soe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side:
"The fairest flower is not soe faire:
Thou never can'st bee my bride."

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The same which thou didst knowe,
That was soe lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,
And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or else by daye,
Shall I be foule or faire?

"To have thee foule still in the night,
When I with thee should playe!
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye."

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not goe with mine?

"My faire ladyè," sir Gawaine sayd,
"I yield me to thy skille;
Because thou art mine owne ladyè
Thou shalt have all thy wille."

Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawaine,
And the daye that I thee see;
For as thou seest mee at this time,
Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced soe,
He tooke to wife a false ladyè,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the greene forèst to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life:
Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte
Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille;
Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke groundes,
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turnde to righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee be a gentle knighte.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE;

SUNG before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, in 1575, and probably composed for that occasion. The story in "Morte d'Arthur," whence the Song is taken, runs thus:—"Came a messenger hastily from King Ryence of North Wales, saying, that King Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off; wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard; for King Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings' beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said King Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of; but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. i., c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. i., c. 92.]

Stow tells us, that King Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet, in Somersetshire." This Camalet, "sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a very high tor or hill, &c." (Stow's "Annals," ed. 1635, p. 55.)

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,

King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,

With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay;

And many bold barons sitting in hall;

With ladies attired in purple and pall;

And heraults in hewkes,¹ hooting on high,

Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse,*² *Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas³

Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;

With steven⁴ fulle stoute amids all the preas,⁵

Sayd, Nowe sir king Arthur, God save thee, and see!

Sir Ryence of North-gales⁶ greeteth well thee,

And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,

Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,

With eleven king's beards bordered⁷ about,

And there is room lette yet in a kantle,⁸

For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:

This must be done, be thou never so stout;

¹ Hewkes—heralds' coats.

² *Largesse, Largesse.* The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. The expression is still used in the form of installing Knights of the Garter.

³ Deas—high table.

⁴ Steven—voice.

⁵ Preas—press.

⁶ North-gales—North Wales.

⁷ i. e. set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of magistrates.

⁸ Kantle—corner.

This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower :
The king fum'd ; the queene screecht ; ladies were aghast ;
Princes puff'd ; barons blustred ; lords began lower ;
Knights stormed ; squires startled, like steeds in a
stower ;

Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my sovereigns, quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre¹ began still :

'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight ;
Of wine and wassel² he had his wille :

And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold message I do him defye ;

And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales ; where he and I

With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,
Whether he or king Arthur will prove the best barbor ;
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalàbor.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

THE subject of this Ballad is taken, with some variations, from "Morte d'Arthur." In the concluding stanzas the writer seems to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who believed that King Arthur was only conveyed by the Fairies into a pleasant place, from whence he would return, after a season, and reign again in triumph. According to a popular superstition in Sicily, Arthur is preserved alive by his sister, La Fata Morgana, whose "fairy palace is occasionally seen from Reggio, in the opposite sea of Messina."

ON Trinity Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee ;
Where manye a knight cry'd, Well-awaye !
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

¹ That moment the tumult was hushed.

² Wassel—good cheer

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte sir Gawaine to him came,¹
And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them howe sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes king Arthure chose,
The best of all that with him were:
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he chargèd all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee:
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe;
The beste of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

¹ Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing, on his return from abroad. See the next Ballad, v. 73, p. 401.

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell :
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte ;
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte ;

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee :
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme¹ hanginge there ;
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe :
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye ;
Till of soe manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye :
Ay mee ! it was a bloodye field,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye,
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and scattered on the molde ;
The teares fast trickled downe his face ;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reste yee all, brave knights, he said,
Soe true and faithfull to your trust :
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust !

¹ Wild-worme—*serpent*.

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
 Most true and faithful unto deathe:
 And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
 How freelye could I yield my breathe!

But see the traitor's yet alive,
 Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
 Nowe bitterlye he shall abyë:¹
 And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke;
 O staye for love and charitie;
 Remember what the vision spake,
 Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O staye mee not, thou worthy wight,
 This debt my loyal knights I owe:
 Betide me life, betide me death,
 I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straite he grasp'd his trustye speare,
 And on his horse then mounted hee:
 As his butler holpe him to his horse,
 His bowels gushèd to his knee.

Alas! then sayd the noble king,
 That I should live this sight to see!
 To see this good knight here be slaine,
 All for his love in helping mee!

He put his speare into his reste,
 And to sir Mordred loud gan crye;
 Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
 For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
 And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
 The king his speare he through him thrust;
 A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
 And found that he was wounded soe;
 He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
 And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed sir Mordered,
 Presentlye upon that tree:
 And bloody streames ranne from the kinge
 Ere to the duke returnèd hee.

¹ Abye—suffer.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
 Sir knighte, thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,
 Nowe take my sword Excalibar,¹
 That hangs so freelye by my syde:

O take my sword Excalibar,
 And there into the river throwe:
 For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
 All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
 A better neer had valiant knighte,
 With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
 Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
 Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde:
 But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
 That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke to the river side he went,
 And there his owne sword in threwe he:
 But he kept back Excalibar,
 He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne² was the blade;
 And all the hilde of precious stone:
 And ever, alacke! then sayd the knighte,
 Must such a sword awaye be throwne?

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
 Who sayd, sir Lukyn, what did yee see?
 Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
 Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then said the kinge,
 O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:
 Into the rivere throwe my sword,
 Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
 And the king's scabberd in threwe hee;
 But hee kept backe Excalibar,
 And hid it undernethe a tree.

¹ More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio MS. *Escalberd*.

² Coleyne—steel.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
 Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?
 Nothings, my liege, save that the winde
 Nowe with the angrie waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,
 Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:
 Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
 When suche a knighte soe false can bee?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead;
 All for a sword, that wins thine eye:
 Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
 Or here the one of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
 No aunswere made unto the kinge:
 But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
 And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
 And flourishd three times in the air;
 Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,
 And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
 He stood as still, as still mote bee:
 Then hastend backe to telle the kinge;
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
 For never after hee did him spye:
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.¹

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
 For from that sad and direfulle daye,
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

¹ Not unlike that passage in Virgil—

Summoque ulularunt vertice nymphæ.

“Ladies” was the word our old English writers used for “Nymphs.”

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR;

AMENDED from the folio MS. We have here a short summary of Arthur's History, as it is told by Geoffrey of Monmouth and the old Chronicles; a few circumstances being added from "Morte d'Arthur."

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittainne borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,¹
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeeve;
I am a christyan bore:²
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
Over Brittainne I did rayne,³
After my Savior Christ his byrth:
What time I did maintaine

The fellowship of the table round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongst all other nations
Wer feared throwgh the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill⁴
King Uther mee begate
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,⁵
And come of 'hie' estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crownèd kinge:
All Brittainne that was att an upròre,
I did to quiett bringe.

¹ The heathen part of the world.

² Bore—born.

³ He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the "Chronicles."

⁴ Tyntagill—*Tintagel Castle*, in Cornwall.

⁵ She is named *Igern*a in the old "Chronicles."

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land ;
All Scotland then throughe manly feats
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes wan I all ;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland ;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is callèd France ;
And slew the hardye Froll¹ in feild
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew :

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke ;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe :

Five kinges of ' paynims ' I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife ;
Besides the Grecian emperour
Who alsoe lost his liffe

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere ;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode :
Then word to mee was brought
Howe Mordred had oppressd the crowne :
What treason he had wrought

¹ Froll, according to the "Chronicles," was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul.

Att home in Brittainē with my queene;
Therefore I came with speede
To Brittainē backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede :

And soone at Sandwicke I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode:
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordred away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittainē tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates¹ depend!

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escape away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes:
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprivèd of the same.

Feates—feats of arms.

A DYTIE TO HEY DOWNE;

COPIED from an old MS. in the Cotton Library [Vesp. A. 25], intituled
 "Divers Things of Hen. viij.'s time."

Who sekes to tame the blustering winde,
 Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,
 Or els against dame nature's kinde
 To 'change' things frame by cunning skyll:
 That man I thinke bestoweth paine,
 Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,
 Or goeth about to staye the sunne;
 Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,
 Which never can by force be done:
 That man likewise bestoweth paine,
 Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,
 And for to sayle without a maste;
 Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine,
 His travell ys forelorne and waste;
 And so in cure of all his paine,
 His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about
 To please eche eye and every eare,
 Had nede to have withouten doubt
 A golden gyft with hym to beare;
 For evyll report shall be his gaine,
 Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend;
 God send us all a happy place;
 And let us pray unto the end,
 That we may have our prince's grace:
 Amen, amen! so shall we gaine
 A dewe reward for all our paine.

GLASGERION ;

FROM the folio MS. Glasgerion (whom Chaucer celebrates under the name of Glaskerion) was a Celtic bard, whose musical powers were the theme of old Scottish poets. Bishop Douglas compared him to Orpheus, and he was said to "harp" the fishes out of the sea, and water from stones. It is thought that Otway, in his tragedy of the "Orphan," had this "old ditty" in remembrance when he wrote.

GLASGERION was a king's owne sonne;
And a harper he was goode:
He harped in the kinge's chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stooode.

And soe did hee in the queen's chamber,
Till ladies waxed 'glad.'
And then bespake the kinge's daughter;
And these wordes thus shee sayd.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne:¹
There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harpe;
But it glads my hart withinne.

Faire² might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,
Who taught you nowe to speake!
I have loved you, ladye, seven long yeere;
My minde I neere durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,
When all men are att rest:
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee.
And come thou hither, Jacke my boy;
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinge's daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone:
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

¹ Blinne—*cease*.

² Faire, &c.—*well may he thrive*.

O master, master, then quoth hee,
 Lay your head downe on this stone:
 For I will waken you, master deere,
 Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither¹ ladd,
 And hose and shoone did on:
 A collar he cast upon his necke;
 Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladie's chamber,
 He thrild upon a pinn;²
 The lady was true of her promise,
 Rose up, and lett him in.

He did not take the lady gaye
 To boulster or to bed:
 'Nor, thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
 'A single word he sed.'

He did not kisse that ladye's mouthe,
 Nor when he came, nor youd;³
 And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,
 He was of some churl's bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
 And did off his hose and shoone;
 And cast the collar from off his necke:
 He was but a churle's sonne.

Awake, awake, my deere master,
 The cock hath well-nigh crowen;
 Awake, awake, my master deere,
 I hold it time to be gone.

For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,
 Well bridled I have your steede;
 And I have served you a good breakfast:
 For thereof ye have need.

Up then rose good Glasgeriòn,
 And did on hose and shoone;
 And cast a collar about his necke:
 For he was a kinge his sonne.

¹ Lither—worthless.

² This is elsewhere expressed "*twirled the pin,*" or "*tirled at the pin,*" and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

³ Youd—went.

And when he came to the ladye's chamber,
 He thrild upon the pinne :
 The ladye was more than true of promise,
 And rose and let him inn.

Saies, whether have you left with me
 Your bracelett or your glove ?
 Or are you returned backe againe
 To know more of my love ?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
 By oake, and ashe, and thorne ;¹
 Lady, I was never in your chambèr,
 Sith the time that I was borne.

O then it was your lither foot-page ;
 He hath beguilèd mee ;
 Then shee pulled forth a little pen-kniffe,
 That hangèd by her knee.

Sayes, there shall never noe churlè's blood
 Within my body spring :
 No churlès blood shall ever defile
 The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Glasgèrion,
 And woe, good lord, was hee ;
 Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
 Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
 Jacke, I would tell it thee :
 But if I have not killed a man to night,
 Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And he puld out his bright brown sword,
 And dryed it on his sleeve,
 And he smote off that lither ladd's head,
 Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the sword's poynt till his brest,
 The pummil untill a stone :
 Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
 These three lives were all gone.

¹ Mr. Finlay thinks that of the meaning of these *three* oaths nothing satisfactory can be said ; but in the *thorn* he suspects an allusion to the Crown of Thorns.

OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

Corrected from the folio MS.

LET never again soe old a man
 Marrye soe yonge a wife,
 As did old Robin of Portingale;
 Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayor's daughter of Lin, god wott,
 He chose her to his wife,
 And thought with her to have lived in love,
 But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
 And scarce was hee asleepe,
 But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
 To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir¹ Gyles?
 Or be you not within?
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles
 Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,
 Sweete ladye, what is your will?
 I have unbethought² me of a wile
 How my wed-lord weell spill.³

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,
 That dwell about this towne,
 Even twenty-four of my next cozèns,
 Will helpe to dinge⁴ him downe.

All that beheard his litle footepage,
 As he watered his master's steed;
 And for his master's sad perille
 His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore;
 I sweare by the holy roode
 The teares he for his master wept
 Were blent water and bloude.

¹ The title of "Sir" is given to the steward, not as being a knight, but as, probably, belonging to some inferior order of priesthood.

² Unbethought—properly *onbethought*, for *bethought*, and still used in the Midland counties.

³ Spill—*destroy*.

⁴ Dinge—*knock*.

And that beheard his deare master
 As he stood at his garden pale :
 Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,
 What causes thee to wail ?

Hath any one done to thee wronge,
 Any of thy fellowes here ?
 Or is any of thy good friends dead,
 That thou shedst manye a teare ?

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,¹
 Aggrieved he shal bee :
 For no man here within my howse
 Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,
 Nor none of his degree :
 But, on to-morrow ere it be noone
 All deemed² to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
 And thank your gay ladie.
 If this be true, my litle foot-page,
 The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear master,
 No good death let me die.
 If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
 A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,
 O call her downe to mee :
 And tell my ladye gay how sicke,
 And like to die I bee.

Downe then came his ladye faire,
 All clad in purple and pall :
 The rings that were on her fingers,
 Cast light thorow the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord ?
 What is your will with mee ?
 O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
 And like to die I bee.

¹ Bookes-man—*clerk*, or *secretary*.

² Deemed—*doomed*.

And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,
 Soe sore it grieveth me :
 But my five maydens and myselfe
 Will 'watch thy' bedde for thee.

And at the waking of your first sleepe,
 We will a hott drinke make :
 And at the waking of your 'next' sleepe,
 Your sorrowes we will slake.

He put a silk cote¹ on his backe,
 And mail of manye a fold :
 And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
 Was gilt with good red gold.

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
 And another att his feete :
 'And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
 To watch him in his sleepe.'

And about the middle time of the night,
 Came twentye-four traitours inn :
 Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
 The leader of that ginn.²

Old Robin with his bright browne sword
 Sir Gyles' head soon did winn :
 And scant of all those twenty-four
 Went out one quick³ agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,
 Crept forth at a window of stone :
 And he had two armes when he came in,
 And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
 With torches burning bright :
 She thought to have brought sir Gyles a drinke,
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight.

The first thinge that she stumbled on
 It was sir Gyles his foote :
 Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee !
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.

¹ Cote—coat.² Ginn—plot.³ Quick—alive.

The next thing that she stumbled on
 It was sir Gyles his heade :
 Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is mee !
 Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,
 And did her body spille ;
 He cutt the eares beside her heade,
 And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,
 And made him there his heyre ;
 And sayd, henceforth my worldlye goodes
 And countrie I forswear.

He shope¹ the crosse on his right shouldèr,
 Of the white ' clothe ' and the redde,²
 And went him into the holy land,
 Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

CHILD WATERS.

CHILD is used as a Title by our old writers, and is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the " Faerie Queen." In the same poem the son of a king is called " Child Tristram."

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stode,
 And stroakt his milke-white steede :
 To him a fayre yonge ladye came
 As ever ware woman's weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters ;
 Sayes, Christ you save, and see :
 My girdle of gold that was too longe,
 Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,
 I feele sturre att my side :
 My gowne of greene it is too straighte ;
 Before, it was too wide.

¹ Shope—*shaped*.

² Every person who went on a crusade to the Holy Land usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: thus the English wore white, the French red, &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad.

If the child be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine as you tell mee ;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare ;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee saies, I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth ;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by North and South.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee :
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countrie ;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must go with mee.

‘ Thoughe I am not that lady fayre,
‘ Yet let me go with thee :’
And ever I pray you, Child Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page be, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee ;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee :

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee :
You must tell no man what is my name ;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his side ;
Yett was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome ;
Yett hee was never soe curteous a knighte,
To say, Put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
 Why doe you ryde soe fast?
 The childe, which is no man's but thine,
 My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seest thou yonder water, Ellen,
 That flows from banke to brimme.—
 I trust to God, O Child Waters,
 You never will see¹ mee swimme.

But when shee came to the water's side,
 Shee saylèd to the chinne :
 Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,
 Now must I learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes ;
 Our Ladye bare upp her chinne :
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
 To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
 Shee then came to his knee :
 He said, Come hither, thou faire Ellèn,
 Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?
 Of redd gold shines the yate :
 Of twenty-foure faire ladyes there,
 The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?
 Of redd gold shines the towre :
 There are twenty-four faire ladyes there,
 The fairest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
 Of redd gold shines the yate :
 God give you good now of yourselfe,
 And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
 Of redd golde shines the towre :
 God give you good now of yourselfe,
 And of your paramoure.

¹ i. e. permit, suffer, &c.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
 A playing att the ball:
 And Ellen, the fairest ladye there,
 Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
 A playinge at the chesse;
 And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
 Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters' sister;
 These were the wordes said shee:
 You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,
 That ever I saw with mine ee.

But that his bellye it is soe bigg,
 His girdle goes wonderous lie:
 And let him, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
 Goe into the chamber with mee.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,
 To go into the chamber with any ladye,
 That weares soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a litle foote-page,
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,
 To take his supper upon his knee,
 And sitt downe by the kitchen fyre.

But when they had supped every one,
 To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
 He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page,
 And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
 And low into the street;
 The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,
 Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
 And take her up in thine armes twaine,
 For flinge¹ of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne
 And low into the streete:
 The fairest ladye that shee cold find,
 Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe;
 And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
 For filing of her feete.

¹ i. e. fear of defiling.

I praye you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
 Let mee lye at your bedd's feete :
 For there is noe place about this house,
 Where I may 'saye¹ a sleepe.

'He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
 'Down at his bed's feet laye :'
 This done the nighte drove on apace,
 And when it was neare the daye.

Hee sayd, Rise up, my litle foot-page,
 Give my steede corne and haye ;
 And soe doe thou the good black oats,
 To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the faire Ellèn,
 And gave his steede corne and haye :
 And soe shee did the good blacke oates,
 To carry him the better awaye.

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side,
 And grievouslye did groane :
 Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
 And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deere,
 Shee heard her there monànd.²
 Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
 I think thee a cursèd man.

For in thy stable is a ghost,
 That grievouslye doth grone :
 Or else some woman laboures of childe,
 She is soe woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,
 And did on his shirte of silke ;
 And then he put on his other clothes,
 On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
 Full still there hee did stand,
 That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
 Howe shee made her monànd.

¹ i. e. essay, attempt.

² i. e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deere child,
 Lullabye, dere child, dere ;
 I wold thy father were a king,
 Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee said, good faire Ellèn,
 Be of good cheere, I praye ;
 And the bridal and the churching both
 Shall bee upon one day.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON,

By Nicholas Breton [b. 1555, d. 1624], a musical writer of pastoral verses. This song won the honour of being commanded a second time, and "highly graced with cheerful acceptance and commendation," by Elizabeth, at an entertainment given to her by the Earl of Hertford.

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,
 In a morne by break of daye,
 With a troope of damselles playing
 Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a-Maying :

When anon by a wood side,
 Where as Maye was in his pride,
 I espièd all alone
 Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot ;
 He wold love, and she wold not.
 She sayde, never man was trewe ;
 He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe :
 She sayes, love should have no wronge.
 Corydon wold kisse her then :
 She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all
 When she made the shepperde call
 All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
 Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and faith and trothe;
Suche as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the lady of the Maye.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD;

FROM an old printed copy, with corrections, in the British Museum. Ritson declared the only genuine copy to be in Dryden's "Collection of Miscellaneous Poems." The Ballad is quoted in many old plays; and it exists, according to Motherwell, under many forms in Scotland.

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When yong men and maides together do goe,
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door;
The priest was at the mass;
But he had more mind of the fine women
Then he had of our Ladye's grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall;
And then came in my lord Barnarde's wife,
The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave
As bright as the summer sunne:
O then bethought him little Musgrave,
This ladye's heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
Fulle long and manye a daye.
So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never durst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
Full daintilye bedight;
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,
Thoust lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindness yee shew to mee;
And whether it be to my weale or woe,
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a litle foot-page,
By his ladye's coach as he ranne:
Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladye's page,
Yet I'me my lord Barnarde's manne.

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
Although I lose a limbe.
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleep or awake, thou lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife.

If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foote-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my good steede;
This night must I to Bucklesford-bury;
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever lord Barnarde's horne it blewe,
Awaye, Musgrave, awaye.

Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,
Methinkes I heare the jay,
Methinkes I heare lord Barnard's horne;
I would I were awaye.

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold ;
For it is but some shepharde's boye
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,
Thy horse eating corne and haye ?
And thou a gay lady within thine armes :
And wouldst thou be awaye ?

By this lord Barnard was come to the dore,
And lighted upon a stone :
And he pulled out three silver keyes,
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheete ;
How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete ?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgrave,
The more is my griefe and paine ;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
And put thy cloathes now on ;
It shall never be said in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbarde,
Full deare they cost my purse ;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,
He hurt lord Barnard sore ;
The next stroke that lord Barnard strucke,
Little Musgrave never strucke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas she laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave,
Yet for thee I will praye :

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life ;
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her brest ;
 Great pitye it was to see
 The drops of this fair ladye's bloode
 Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all,
 You never were borne for my goode :
 Why did you not offer to stay my hande,
 When you sawe me wax so woode ?¹

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,
 That ever rode on a steede ;
 So have I done the fairest lady,
 That ever ware woman's weede.

A grave, a grave, lord Barnard cryde,
 To putt these lovers in ;
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
 For shee comes o' the better kin.

THE EW-BUGHTS, MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The writer of this simple Song is unknown.

Will ze gae to the ew-bughts,² Marion,
 And wear in the sheip wi' mee ?
 The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
 But nae half sae sweit as thee.
 O Marion's a bonnie lass ;
 And the blyth³ blinks in her ee :
 And fain wad I marrie Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theire's gowd in zour garters, Marion ;
 And siller on zour white hauss-bane :⁴
 Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
 At eene quhan I cum hame.

¹ Woode—*frantic*.

² Small enclosures, or pens, into which farmers drive their milch ewes morning and evening to milk them.

³ Blyth—*joy*.

⁴ *Hauss-bane*—*i. e.* the neck-bone. Marion had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a riband, an usual ornament in Scotland, where a sore throat is called "*a sair hause*," properly *halse*.

Theire's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion.
 Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee
 At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;
 Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawney quay;¹
 Ise gie them au to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.
 And zees² get a grein sey³ apron.
 And waistcote o' London broun;
 And wow bot ze will be vapping
 Quhaneir ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,
 None dance lik mee on the greine;
 And gin ze forsak me, Marion,
 Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
 Sae put on zour pearlins,⁴ Marion,
 And kirtle oth' cramasie,⁵
 And sune as my chin has nae haire on,
 I sall cum west, and see zee.

THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

THIS Ballad (given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it. It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the "Pilgrim," Act iv., sc. 1.

THERE was a shepherd's daughter
 Came tripping on the waye;
 And there by chance a knighte shee mett,
 Which causèd her to stayer.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,
 These words pronouncèd hee:
 O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,
 If Ive not my wille of thee.

¹ Quay—young heifer.

² Zees—ye shall.

³ Sey—say, a kind of woollen stuff.

⁴ Pearlins—a coarse sort of bone lace.

⁵ Cramasie—crimson.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,
That you shold waxe so wode!¹
'But for all that shee could do or saye,
'He wold not be withstood.'

Sith you have had your wille of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a courteous knyghte,
Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille;
But when I come to the king's faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode watèr,
She sett her brest and swamme;
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knyghte,
To saye, faire maide, will ye ride?
And she was ever too loving a maide
To saye, sir knyghte abide.

When she came to the king's faire courte,
She knocked at the ring;
So readye was the king himself
To let this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see,
You have a knyghte within your courte
This daye hath robbèd mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbèd mee, my leige,
Of purple nor of pall :
But he hath gotten my maiden head,
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee ;¹
But if he be a married man,
High hangèd he shall bee.

He called downe his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three ;
Sir William used to bee the first,
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,
Tyed up withinne a glove :
Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee ;
Go, seeke thee another love.

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee ;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.

'Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,
These words then answered shee ;
But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherd's brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine !

Would I had dranke the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherd's brat
Shold tell me such a tale !

¹ *His bodye Ile give to thee.* This was agreeable to the feudal customs : The lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well."

A shepherd's brat even as I was,
 You mote have let me bee ;
 I never had come to the king's faire courte,
 To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
 And himself upon a graye ;
 He hung a bugle about his necke,
 And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
 Where marriage-rites were done,
 She proved herself a duke's daughter,
 And he but a squire's sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,
 Your pleasure shall be free :
 If you make me ladye of one good towne,
 Ile make you lord of three.

Ah ! cursed bee the gold, he sayd,
 If thou hadst not been trewe,
 I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
 And have changed her for a newe.

And now their hearts being linkèd fast,
 They joynèd hand in hande :
 Thus he had both purse and person too,
 And all at his commande.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

BY N. BRETON.

Good Muse, rocke me aslepe
 With some sweete harmony :
 This wearie eyes is not to kepe
 Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,
 Thou seest my heavines :
 Beautie is borne but to beguyle
 My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,
That lovde to feede on highe,
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,
And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so freshe and greene,
Doe all their deintie colours leese,¹
And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushe,
That made the woodes to ringe,
With all the rest, are now at hushe,
And not a note they singe.

Swete Philomele, the birde
That hath the heavenly throte,
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have loste their savoure;
And Phillida the faire hath lost
'For me her wonted' favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit:
That now to hope upon delights,
It is but meere deceite.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,
That knowest what helpe is best,
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use
To sett my harte at rest:

And in a dreame bewraie
What fate shal be my frende;
Whether my life shall still decaye,
Or when my sorrowes ende.

¹ Leese—lose

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

CORRECTED from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection. Jamieson prints a long ballad, "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," upon the same subject, and which he "took down" from the recitation of a lady in Aberbrothick.

LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrestèr,
And a chaser of the king's deere ;
Faire Ellinor was a fine womàn,
And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd,
And riddle us both as one ;
Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinòr,
And let the browne girl alone ?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
Faire Ellinor she has got none,
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinòr,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinor's bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so readye as faire Ellinòr,
To lett lord Thomas withinn.

What newes, what newes, lord Thomas, she sayd ?
What newes dost thou bring to mee ?
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad newes for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she sayd,
That such a thing should be done ;
I thought to have been the bride my selfe,
And thou to have been the bridegrome.

Come riddle my riddle,¹ dear mother, she sayd,
And riddle it all in one ;
Whether I shall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether shall tarry at home ?

¹ It should probably be *Reade me, read, &c.*—i. e. Advise me, advise.

There are manye that are your friendes, daughtèr,
And manye a one your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr ;
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To lord Thomas his wedding I'd goe.

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merrye men all in greene ;
And as they rid through every towne,
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring ;
And who was so readye as lord Thomàs,
To lett faire Ellinor in ?

Is this your bride ? fair Ellinor sayd ;
Methinks she looks wonderous browne ;
Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn,
As ever trod on the grounde.

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,
Despise her not unto mee ;
For better I love thy little fingèr,
Than all her whole bodèe.

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte.

O Christ thee save, lord Thomas hee sayd,
Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan ;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colòur,
As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas ? she sayd,
Or canst thou not very well see ?
Oh ! dost thou not see my owne heart's bloode
Run trickling down my knee ?

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side ;
As he walked about the halle,
He cut off his bride's head from her shouldèrs,
And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilde against the grounde,
 And the point against his harte.
 There never three lovers together did meete,
 That sooner againe did parte.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

FROM the third Act of "Alexander and Campaspe," by John Lyly [b. 1554, d. 1600], the once famous author of "Euphues"—a book which affected not only the Court of Elizabeth, but the literature of the age. Lyly "wrote nine plays, in some of which there is considerable wit and humour, rescued from the jargon of his favourite system."

CUPID and my Campaspe playd
 At cardes for kisses ; Cupid payd :
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows ;
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these, the crystal of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne ;
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of mee ?

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

FROM a written copy, with modern improvements, upon the popular Ballad, entitled "The famous flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man."

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you, one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient baron's only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knichte's bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our love's decay;
For there came foes so fierce a band,
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in man's array,
I scant¹ with life escap'd away.

In the midst of this extremitie,
My servants all did from me flee:
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From faire Elise, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Resolv'd my man's attire to weare;
And in my beaver, hose, and band,
I travell'd far through many a land.

¹ Scant—scarce.

At length all wearied with my toil,
I sate me downe to rest awhile;
My heart it was so fill'd with woe,
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And seeing me weepe, upon the same
Askt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye,
I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
For thee a service I'll provyde:
But tell me first what thou canst do;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.
Then I reply'd, If it please your grace
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde so faithfullie,
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide;
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former state came in my mind:
I wept to see my man's array;
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladye's vest,
Within the same myself I drest ;
With silken robes, and jewels rare,
I deckt me, as a ladye faire :

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play ;
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

“ My father was as brave a lord,
“ As ever Europe might afford ;
“ My mother was a lady bright ;
“ My husband was a valiant knight :

“ And I myself a ladye gay,
“ Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array ;
“ The happiest lady in the land
“ Had not more pleasure at command.

“ I had my musicke every day
“ Harmonious lessons for to play ;
“ I had my virgins fair and free
“ Continually to wait on mee.

“ But now, alas ! my husband's dead,
“ And all my friends are from me fled ;
“ My former days are past and gone,
“ And I am now a serving-man.”

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his sport anone,
And leaving of his gallant traine,
Turn'd on the sudden home againe :

And when he reach'd his statelye tower,
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen, and to see
Who sung there so melodiouslye.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,
And saw the pearlye teares I shed,
And found to his amazement there,
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, Faire ladye, rise,
And dry, said he, those lovelye eyes,
For I have heard thy mournful tale,
The which shall turne to thy availe.

A crimson dye my face orespred,
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,
To find my sex and story knowne,
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be briefe, his royall grace
Grewe so enamour'd of my face,
The richest gifts he proffered mee,
His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,
I'll rather in my grave be layd;
And though your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act soe base a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee,
Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,
And since it is soe fairly tryde
Thou shalt become my royal bride.

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
He tooke sweet William to his wife.
The like before was never seene,
A serving-man became a queene.

GIL MORRICE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

GIL MORRICE is one of the most popular ballads preserved among the Scottish peasantry. Tradition refers it to some remote period, and points out the scene of the story. From Mr. Motherwell we learn that the "green wood" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, while "Lord Bernard's castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn which joins the Carron, about five miles above these lands, is called the Earls-burn, and the hill, near the source of that stream, is called the Earls-hill; both deriving their appellations from the unfortunate 'Erle's-son,' who is the hero of the Ballad." According to the same tradition, he was remarkable for the length and beauty of his yellow hair. "Gil Morrice" has been fruitful in offspring, having suggested the tragedy of "Douglas" to Home, and "Owen of Carron" to Langhorn. Burns regarded the Ballad as a modern composition, and classed it with "Hardyknute." Mr. Jamieson ["Popular Ballads and Songs," i. 8] has reprinted, from the folio MS. the "very old and imperfect copy" which Percy mentions.

GIL MORRICE¹ was an Erlè's son;
 His name it waxèd wide;
 It was nae for his great richès,
 Nor zet his mickle pride;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That livd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoen;
 That will gae to lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum?
 And ze maun rin my errand, Willie;²
 And ze may rin wi' pride;
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
 On horse-back ze sall ride.

O no! Oh no! my master dear!
 I dare nae for my life;
 I'll no gae to the bauld baròn's,
 For to triest furth his wife.
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
 My dear Willie, he sayd:
 How can ze strive against the stream?
 For I sall be obeyd.

¹ Mr. Motherwell sees in "Morrice" an evident corruption of "Norice," a nursing or foster.

² Something seems wanting here.

Bot, O my master dear ! he cryd,
 In grene wod ze're zour lain ;¹
 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,²
 For fear ze should be tain.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi speid :
 If ze refuse my heigh command,
 Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
 'Tis a' gowd bot³ the hem ;
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane bot hir lain :
 And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
 Speir⁴ nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
 Though it be to zour cost ;
 Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ze sall find frost.
 The baron he is a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ze will see before its nicht,
 How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
 Sae sair against my will,
 I'se mak a vow, and keip it trow,
 It sall be done for ill.
 And quhen he came to broken brigue,⁵
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 And quhen he came to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnard's ha',
 Would neither chap⁶ nor ca' :
 Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
 And lichtly lap the wa'.⁷

¹ Zour lain, your lane—alone by yourself.

² I would you advise.

A' gowd bot, &c.—all gold about the hem.

⁴ Speir—ask.

⁵ Brigue—bridge.

⁶ Chap—knock.

Could this be the wall of the castle ?

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
 Though he stude at the gait ;
 Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
 Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
 My message winna waite ;
 Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
 Before that it be late.
 Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
 Tis a' gowd bot the hem :
 Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
 Ev'n by your sel alane.

And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice :
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
 The lady stampèd wi' hir foot,
 And winkèd wi' hir ee ;
 Bot a' that she coud say or do,
 Forbidden he wad nae bee.

It's surely to my bow'r-womàn ;
 It neir could be to me.
 I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady ;
 I trow that ze be she.
 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon hir knee)
 If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
 It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
 Sae loud I heird ze lee ;¹
 I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady ;
 I trow ze be nae shee.
 Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
 An angry man was hee ;
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till siller cup and ' mazer '² dish
 In flinders³ he gard⁴ flee.

¹ Perhaps, *loud say I heire.*

² *i. e.* a drinking-cup of maple.

³ Flinders—*splinters.*

⁴ Gard—*made.*

Gae bring a rope of zour clidding,¹
 That hings upon the pin ;
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
 And speik wi' zour lemmàn.
 O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,
 I warde² ze bide at hame ;
 Neir wyte³ a man for violence,
 That neir wate⁴ ze wi' nane.

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,⁵
 He whistled and he sang :
 O what mean a' the folk coming,
 My mother tarries lang.
 His hair was like the threeds of gold,
 Drawne frae Minerva's loome :
 His lipps like roses drapping dew,
 His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
 Gilt by the morning beam :
 His cheeks like living roses glow :
 His een like azure stream.
 The boy was clad in robes of grene,
 Sweete as the infant spring :
 And like the mavis on the bush,
 He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
 Wi' mickle dule and care,
 And there he first spied Gill Morice
 Kameing his zellow hair :
 That sweetly wafd around his face,
 That face beyond compare :
 He sang sae sweet it might dispel
 A' rage but fell despair.⁶

¹ Clidding—*clothing*.

² Warde—*warn*.

³ Wyte—*blame*.

⁴ Wate—*blamed*.

⁵ In the beautiful and simple ballad of "Gil Morris" some affected person has stuck in one or two factitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a drawing-room, betray themselves by their over-finery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the reader for the coming tragedy—

"Gil Morrice sat in good green wood," &c.—

Some such "vicious intromitter" as we have described (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding) has introduced the following quintessence of affectation :—

"His looks were like," &c.

—Walter Scott, "Minstrelsy," iv., 19.

⁶ So Milton—

"Vernal delight and joy : able to drive
 All sadness but despair." B. iv., v. 155.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
 My lady loed thee weel,
 The fairest part of my bodie
 Is blacker than thy heel.
 Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
 For a' thy great beautiè,
 Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
 That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slaited¹ on the strae ;
 And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
 He's gar cauld iron gae.
 And he has tain Gill Morice' head
 And set it on a speir ;
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
 Laid him across his steid,
 And brocht him to his painted bowr,
 And laid him on a bed.
 The lady sat on castil wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 And there she saw Gill Morice' head
 Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
 Both and that zellow hair,
 Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and thair.
 And she has tain her Gill Morice,
 And kissd baith mouth and chin :
 I was once as fow² of Gill Morice,
 As the hip³ is of the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
 Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain.

¹ Slaited—*whetted*, or perhaps *wiped*. Mr. Motherwell says—"This line, to get at its meaning, should be printed, 'And slait it on the strae ;'" and he adds, "that the expressions of *wiping on the sleeve*, *drying on the grass*, and *slaiting o'er the strae*, always occur in such ballads as indicate a dubious and protracted and somewhat equal combat."

² Fow—*full*.

³ Hip, &c.—*the berry is of the stone*.

Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
 And fondly seen thee sleip;
 But now I gae about thy grave,
 The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin:
 O better I loe my Gill Morice
 Than a' my kith and kin!
¹Away, away, ze ill womàn,
 And an il deith mait ze dee:
 Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
 He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
 Obraid me not for shame!
 Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart!
 And put me out o' pain.
 Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
 Thy jelous rage could quell,
 Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
 That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
 Will eir be saft or kind;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet² till I am blind.
 Enough of blood by me's bin spilt,
 Seek not zour death frae mee;
 I rather lourd it had been my sel
 Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
 Sair, sair I rew the deid,
 That eir this cursed hand of mine
 Had gard his body bleid.
 Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
 Ze neir can heal the wound;
 Ze see his head upon the speir,
 His heart's blude on the ground.

¹ The scene of "wire-drawn reerimination" between Lord Barnard and his lady, which is quite out of keeping with the character of the "bold baron," is enough to show that the ballad has passed through refining hands. Mr. Ritson and Mr. Jamieson agree in rejecting as spurious the stanzas which follow—"Awa, awa, ze ill woman." Mr. Motherwell recovered a copy, from the recitation of an old woman, which appears to confirm this view.

² Greet—weep.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
 The heart that thocht the ill;
 The feet that bore me wi' silk speid,
 The comely zouth to kill.
 I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
 As gin he were mine ain;
 I'll neir forget the dreiry day
 On which the zouth was slain.

Book II.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

CONTAINS a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story-books, and is commonly entitled "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick." The history of Sir Guy, though of English growth, was an early favourite with other nations. It appeared in French in 1525, and is mentioned in the old Spanish romance, "Tirante el Blanco," written soon after 1430. We are told by Dugdale, that an English traveller, about the year 1410, was hospitably received at Jerusalem "by the Soldan's lieutenant; who, hearing that he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, whose story they had in books of their own language, invited him to his palace," and presented him with many costly gifts. The original of all these stories is traced to a very ancient Romance in English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a favourite piece even in his time, being sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and marriage feasts. The following Legend is printed from an old copy in the folio MS., collated with two printed copies, of which one, in black-letter, is in the Pepys Collection.

WAS ever knight for ladye's sake
 Soe tost in love, as I sir Guy
 For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
 As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,
 The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
 Ere that her love shee wold grant me;
 Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then provèd I a baron bold,
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those dayes in England was,
With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:
In faith of Christ a christyan true:
The wicked lawes of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When king Athèlstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke Erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladye's love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchievèd for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperour's daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece
To helpe the emperour in his right;
Against the mighty souldan's hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldan's cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

Eskeldered a famous knight
To death likewise I did pursue:
And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldan's hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head away with mee;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercely mett me by the waye
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright :
Where I the duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis lady bright :
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this lady faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand :
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought :
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye ;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength;
Whose like in England never was
For hugeness both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doe lye:
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstros wyld and cruell beast,
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye;
And there exposed to looker's viewe
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrie sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermitt's life
A mile and more out of the towne;

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone;
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone:

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castlegate;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea sicke soe sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee, repairing to the cave
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closd up my dying eyes:
My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
 To bring my corpes unto the grave;
 And like a palmer dyed I,
 Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
 Though now it be consumed to mold;
 My statue faire engraven in stone,
 In Warwicke still you may behold.

GUY AND AMARANT.

FROM "the famous Historie of Guy Earl of Warwick," by Samuel Rowlands, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles the First, and is supposed to have died in 1634. He was a copious writer of prose and verse, and in his lighter manner sometimes anticipates Butler. The "Historie" was printed in 1649.

GUY journeyes towards that sanctified ground,
 Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,
 Wherin our Saviour's sacred head was crownd,
 And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:
 To see the sepulcher was his intent,
 The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
 And passed desart places full of danger,
 At last with a most woefull wight¹ did meet,
 A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger:
 For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all
 To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detaind them,
 Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength:
 Who in a castle, which he held, had chaind them:
 Guy questions, where? and understands at length
 The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,
 Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

¹ Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,
 Like one that sayes, I must, and will come in :
 The gyant never was soe rowz'd before :

For noe such knocking at his gate had bin :
 Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh out
 Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirra, quoth hee, what busines hast thou heere ?

Art come to feast the crowes about my walls ?
 Didst never heare, noe ransome can him cleere,

That in the compasse of my furye falls ?
 For making me to take a porter's paines,
 With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines.

Gyant, quoth Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,

Choller and you seem very neere of kin :
 Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee ;
 I have bin better armd, though now goe thin ;
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight,
 Keene is my weapon, and shall doe me right.

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same

About the head, the shoulders, and the side :
 Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
 Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride,
 Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,
 That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,

For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
 And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe,

Did brush his plated coat against his will :
 Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,
 To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble grewe,

And sayd to Guy, As thou'rt of humane race,
 Shew itt in this, give nature's wants their dewe,

Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place :
 Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,
 Then to graunt life, that's given by the spring.

I graunt thee leave, quoth Guye, goe drink thy last,

Go pledge the dragon, and the salvage bore :¹
 Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,

But never thinke to taste cold water more :
 Drinke deepe to Death, and unto him carouse :
 Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.

¹ Which Guy had slain before.

Soe to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst;
 Takeing the water in extremely like
 Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,
 Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke;
 Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands,
 That Guy admiring to behold it stands.

Come on, quoth Guy, let us to worke againe,
 Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
 The fish, which in the river doe remaine,
 Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:
 But I will see their satisfaction made,
 With gyant's blood they must and shall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee streight;
 Thy life shall pay thy daring tounge's offence:
 This clubb, which is about some hundred weight,
 Is deathe's commission to dispatch thee hence:
 Dresse thee for raven's dyett I must needes;
 And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incensèd much by these bold pagan bostes,
 Which worthy Guy cold ill endure to heare,
 He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,
 Which like two pillars did his body beare:
 Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,
 And desperatelye att Guy his clubb he throwes:

Which did directly on his body light,
 Soe violent, and weighty there-withall,
 That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;
 And, ere he cold recover from the fall,
 The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,
 And aimd a stroke that wonderfullye mist.

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,
 This coward act to intercept my bloode.
 Sayes Amarant, Ile murther any way,
 With enemyes all vantages are good:
 O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
 Besure of it I wold dispatch thee soe.

It's well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,
 Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell;
 Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,
 But will be landlords when thou comest in hell:
 Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,
 Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time, while I goe drinke ;
 For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
 Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke
 My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye :
 Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.
 Quoth Amarant, 'Thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
 How I shold use such enemyes as thou ;
 By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt,
 To understand that thirst constraines thee now ;
 For all the treasure, that the world containes,
 One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe ! why, 'twere a madman's part :
 Refresh an adversarye to my wrong !
 If thou imagine this, a child thou art :

Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long
 To be soe simple : now I know thy want,
 A minute's space of breathing I'll not grant.

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb
 Into the ayre, he swings the same about :
 Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
 And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth strout :¹
 Sirra, sayes hee, I have you at a lift,
 Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish forever : with this stroke I send thee
 A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much good ;
 Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,
 And then we'll have carouses of thy blood :
 Here's at thee with a butcher's downright blow,
 To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,
 That seemst a lumpe of crueltye from hell ;
 Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny
 The thing to mee wherin I used thee well :
 With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,
 On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyant's longitude shall shorter shrinke,
 Except thy sun-scoreht skin be weapon proof :
 Farewell my thirst ; I doe disdaine to drinke ;
 Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof ;
 Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto ;
 With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

¹ Strout—strut, or swell out.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will,
 For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout :

You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill ;

It is not that same clubb will beare you out ;
 And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne—
 A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monster's brest,

And from his shoulders did his head divide ;
 Which with a yawninge mouth did gape, unblest ;

Noe dragon's jawes were ever seene soe wide
 To open and to shut, till life was spent.

Then Guy tooke keyes, and to the castle went.

Where manye woefull captives he did find,

Which had beene tyred with extremities ;
 Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,

And reasoned with them of their miseries :
 Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladies in darke dungeons lay,

That were surprisèd in the desert wood,
 And had noe other dyett everye day,

But flesh of humane creatures for their food :
 Some with their lover's bodyes had beene fed,
 And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,

To enlarge the wrongèd brethren from their woes :
 And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,

By which sad sound's direction on he goes,
 Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,
 Arm'd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appears

The strangest object that he ever saw ;
 Men that with famishment of many yeares,

Were like deathe's picture, which the painters draw ;
 Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe ;
 Others head-downward : by the middle some.

With diligence he takes them from the walle,

With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint :
 Then the perplexèd knight their father calls,

And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though poore and faint :
 I promisd you their lives, accept of that ;
 But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,
 Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell:
 Procure the gentle tender ladies' ease,
 For pittyes sake, use wrongèd women well:
 Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do;
 But poore weake women have not strength thereto.
 The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
 Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guy's feete:
 Father, quoth he, refraine soe base a kiss,
 For age to honor youth I hold unmeete:
 Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
 I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

LATE in an evening forth I went
 A little before the sun gade down,
 And there I chanc't, by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun:
 A man and his wife wer fawn¹ in a strife,
 I canna weel tell ye how it began;
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
 Cryeng, Evir alake, mine auld goodman!

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:
 For he did spend and make an end
 Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan;
 He gart the poor stand frae the door;
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,
 Whan I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan ee, and gate sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend² drone;

¹ Fawn—*fallen*.

² Dosend—*dozing*.

Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And skin as white as ony swan,
 He was large and tall, and comely withall;
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein?¹ I thee maintein;
 For meal and mawt² thou disna want:
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant:
 Of houshold stuff thou hast enough;
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare;
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,³
 To think on those blyth days I had,
 Whan I and he together ley
 In armes into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh, and may be sad;
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep;
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae longer stay:
 Then up he gat, and ran his way,
 I trowe, the wife the day she wan;
 And aye the owreword⁴ of the fray
 Was, Evir alake! mine auld goodman.

¹ Plein—*complain*.² Mawt—*ma't*.³ Sell—*self*.⁴ Owreword—*the last word, or burden of the song*.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

THIS seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle;" although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, which is here given from a modern tall copy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
 'Two lovers they sat on a hill;
 They sat together that long summer's day,
 And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
 And you see none by mee;
 Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
 A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-windòw,
 Combing her yellow hair;
 There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
 As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
 And braided her hair in twain:
 She went alive out of her bower,
 But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and light was come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
 And stood at William's feet.

Are you awake, sweet William? shee said;
 Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
 God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
 And me of my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
 And all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady sayd,
 My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
 Such dreames are never good:
 I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'
 And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good ;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,'
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He callèd up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three ;
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladiè.

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knockèd at the ring ;
And who-so ready as her seven brethrèn
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
Pray let me see the dead ;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
Than any of thy kin ;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
Making most piteous mone :
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right ;
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine :¹
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow ;
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

¹ Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
 And William in the higher :
 Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
 And then they could grow no higher ;
 And there they tyed in a true lovers knot,
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you the truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

GIVEN, with corrections, from an old black-letter copy entitled "Barbara Allen's cruelty, or the young man's tragedy."

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
 There was a faire maid dwellin,
 Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
 When greene buds they were swellin,
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town where shee was dwellin ;
 You must come to my master deare,
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
 And ore his hart is stealin :
 Then haste away to comfort him,
 O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
 And ore his harte is stealin,
 Yet little better shall he bee
 For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him .
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing ;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my deth-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin ;
I cannot keep you from your death :
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in :
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin ;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turnd her bodeye round about,
And spied the corps a coming :
Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she lookèd downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin ;
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who lovèd me so dearlye :
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me !

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him ;
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in :
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

FROM Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany." The concluding stanza of this piece seems to be modern.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
 With many a grievous grone,
 And ay he tirlèd¹ at the pin ;
 But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip ?
 Or is't my brother John ?
 Or is't my true love Willie,
 From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father Philip ;
 Nor yet thy brother John :
 But 'tis thy true love Willie
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret ! O dear Margret !
 I pray thee speak to mee :
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
 'Of me shalt nevir win,'
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man :
 And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
 Thy days will not be lang.

¹ Tirlèd—twirled.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to mee :
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her best :
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee :
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie ?
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep ?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray :
Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That 'I' were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Margret cried :
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PRINTED, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves wer a fallan ;
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrie,
Fell in luvè wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne,
To the plaice wher she was dwellan :
O haste and cum to my maister deare,
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly raise she up,
To the plaice wher he was lyan ;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're dyan.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your hart's blude wer spillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,
Whan ye the cups wer fillan ;
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan ?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan ;
Adiew ! adiew ! my dear friends a'
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,
And hooly, hooly left him ;
And sighan said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan ;
And everye jow the deid-bell geid,
Cried, Wae to Barbara Allan !

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow :
Since my love died for me to day,
Ise die for him to morrowe.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

IMPROVED from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection. Islington in Norfolk is supposed to be the place here meant.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe ;
Noe, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see :
Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffe's daughter deare ;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
 Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;
 One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,
 Will ease me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
 Praye tell me where you were borne.
 At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee,
 Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
 O tell me, whether you knowe
 The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.
 She is dead, sir, long agoe.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and bridle also ;
 For I will into some farr countrye,
 Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
 She standeth by thy side ;
 She is here alive, she is not dead,
 And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
 Ten thousand times therefore ;
 For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
 Whom I thought I should never see more.

THE WILLOW TREE.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

FROM the small black-letter collection entitled "The Golden Garland of princely Delights;" collated with two other copies, and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

How now, shepherde, what meanes that ?
 Why that willowe in thy hat ?
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
 Turn'd to branches of greene willowe ?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I ;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die :
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis ! shee that lov'd thee long ?
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong ?
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love turned to a jest ?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,
She hath robb'd my heart of rest :
For she a new love loves, not mee ;
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine :
For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu.

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease ;
Companye doth sorrowe ease :
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree :
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsmen, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lyes grief and willowe-tree :
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day.

THE LADY'S FALL.

FROM the folio MS., collated with two printed copies in black-letter.

MARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,
 You loyall lovers all,
 And heedfully beare in your brest
 A gallant ladye's fall.
 Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne,
 To lead a wedded life;
 But folly wrought her overthrowe
 Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! she gave consent,
 And yeelded to his will,
 Though he protested to be true,
 And faithfull to her still.
 Shee felt her body altered quite;
 Her bright hue waxed pale;
 Her lovely cheeks chang'd color white,
 Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,
 This beauteous ladye milde,
 With greevèd hart perceived herselfe
 To have conceived with childe.
 Shee kept it from her parent's sight,
 As close as close might bee,
 And soe put on her silken gowne
 None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly
 Her greefe shee did bewray,
 And, walking with him hand in hand,
 These words to him did say;
 Behold, quoth shee, a maid's distresse
 By love brought to thy bowe;
 Behold I goe with childe by thee,
 Tho none thereof doth knowe.

The litle babe springs in my wombe
 To heare its father's voyce;
 Lett it not be a bastard called,
 Sith I made thee my choyce:

Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe
 And wed me out of hand ;
 O leave me not in this extreme
 Of grieve, alas ! to stand.

Think on thy former promises,
 Thy oathes and vowes eche one ;
 Remember with what bitter teares
 To mee thou madest thy moane.
 Convey me to some secrett place,
 And marry me with speede ;
 Or with thy rapyer end my life,
 Ere further shame proceede.

Alacke ! my beauteous love, quoth hee,
 My joye, and only dear ;
 Which way can I convey thee hence,
 When dangers are so near ?
 Thy friends are all of hye degree,
 And I of meane estate ;
 Full hard it is to gett thee forthe
 Out of thy father's gate.

Dread not thy life to save my fame,
 For if thou taken bee,
 My selfe will step betweene the swords,
 And take the harme on mee :
 Soe shall I scape dishonor quite ;
 And if I should be slaine,
 What could they say, but that true love
 Had wrought a ladye's bane.

But feare not any further harme ;
 My selfe will soe devise,
 That I will ryde away with thee
 Unknownen of mortall eyes :
 Disguisèd like some pretty page
 Ile meete thee in the darke,
 And all alone Ile come to thee
 Hard by my father's parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare,
 If God soe lend me life,
 On this day month without all fayle
 I will make thee my wife.

Then with a sweet and loving kisse,
They parted presentlye,
And att their partinge brinish teares
Stoode in eche others eye.

Att length the wishèd day was come,
On which this beauteous mayd,
With longing eyes, and strange attire,
For her true lover stayd.
When any person shee espyed
Come ryding ore the plaine,
She hop'd it was her owne true love :
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe, and sore bewayle
Her most unhappy fate ;
Then did shee speake these woefull words,
As succourless she sate ;
O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,
Disloyall in thy love,
Hast thou forgott thy promise past,
And wilt thou perjured prove ?

And hast thou now forsaken mee
In this my great distresse,
To end my dayes in open shame,
Which thou mightst well redresse ?
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
That flattering tongue of thine :
Wold God that I had never seene
The teares of thy false eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,
Homewards shee went againe ;
Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
Shee felt such privye paine.
In travail strong shee fell that night,
With many a bitter throwe ;
What woefull paines shee then did feel,
Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,
That lay at her bedd's feete,
Who musing at her mistress' woe,
Began full fast to weepe.

Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the dores,
And windowes round about;
Let none bewray my wretched state,
But keepe all persons out.

O mistress, call your mother deare;
Of women you have neede,
And of some skilfull midwife's helpe,
That better may you speed.
Call not my mother for thy life,
Nor fetch no woman here;
The midwife's helpe comes all too late,
My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe sprang from her wombe,
No creature being nye,
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,
This gentle dame did dye.
The lovely litle infant younge,
The mother being dead,
Resigned its new receivèd breath
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
Affrighted at the newes,
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,
Whom eche one did accuse.
The mother with her new borne babe,
Were laide both in one grave:
Their parents overworne with woe
No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daynty damsells all,
Of flattering words beware,
And to the honour of your name
Have an especial care.
Too true, alas! this story is,
As many one can tell:
By others' harmes learne to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

THE heroine of this Song was Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. "This lady, married in 1670, was divorced, or at least expelled from the society of her husband, in consequence of scandals which a disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, basely insinuated into the ear of the Marquis."

O WALY¹ waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn side,
 Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lichtly² me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new;
 But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherfore shuld I busk my head?
 Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat³ sall be my bed,
 The sheets shall neir be fyl'd⁴ by me:
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaws' inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me

¹ Waly—*alas!*

² Lichtly—*lightly.*

³ Arthur-seat—a hill near Edinburgh, at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's Well.

⁴ Fyl'd—*defiled.*

Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
 We were a comely sight to see,
 My love was cled in black velvet,
 And I my sell in cramasie.¹

But had I wist, before I kisst,
 That love had been sae ill to win;
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinnd it with a siller pin.
 And, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane!
 For a maid again Ise never be.

THE BRIDE'S BURIAL.

FROM two ancient copies in black-letter: one in the Pepys Collection,
 the other in the British Museum.

COME mourne, come mourne with mee,
 You loyall lovers all;
 Lament my loss in weeds of woe,
 Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine,
 Cut by the gardener's knife,
 Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,
 Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost,
 My turtle dove is slaine,
 And I am left, unhappy man,
 To spend my dayes in paine.

Her beauty late so bright,
 Like roses in their prime,
 Is wasted like the mountain snowe,
 Before warme Phebus' shine.

Her faire red colour'd cheeks
 Now pale and wan; her eyes,
 That late did shine like crystal stars,
 Alas, their light it dies:

¹ Cramasie—crimson.

Her pretty lilly hands,
With fingers long and small,
In colour like the earthly claye,
Yea, cold and stiff withall.

When as the morning-star
Her golden gates had spread,
And that the glittering sun arose
Forth from fair Thetis' bed ;

Then did my love awake,
Most like a lilly-flower,
And as the lovely queene of heaven,
So shone shee in her bower.

Attired was shee then
Like Flora in her pride,
Like one of bright Diana's nymphs,
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fair Helens face
Did Grecian dames besmirche,¹
So did my dear exceed in sight
All virgins in the church.

When we had knitt the knott
Of holy wedlock-band,
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,
So stood we hand in hand ;

Then lo ! a chilling cold
Strucke every vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell,
As cold as any stone ;
Like Venus picture lacking life,
So was my love brought home

At length her rosye red,
Throughout her comely face,
As Phœbus beames with watry cloudes
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,
And voice both hoarse and drye,
Farewell, quoth she, my loving friend,
For I this daye must dye ;

¹ Besmirche—*discolour*.

The messenger of God
With golden trumpe I see,
With manye other angels more,
Which sound and call for mee.

Instead of musicke sweet,
Go toll my passing bell;
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,
That in my chamber smell.

Strip off my bride's arraye,
My cork shoes from my feet;
And, gentle mother, be not coye
To bring my winding-sheet.

My wedding dinner drest,
Bestowe upon the poor,
And on the hungry, needy, maimde,
Now craving at the door.

Instead of virgins yong,
My bride-bed for to see,
Go cause some cunning carpenter,
To make a chest for mee.

My bride laces of silk
Bestowd, for maidens meet,
May fitly serve, when I am dead,
To tye my hands and feet.

And thou, my lover true,
My husband and my friend,
Let me intreat thee here to staye,
Until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
And humblye on your knee,
Direct your prayers unto God:
But mourn no more for mee.

In love as we have livde,
In love let us depart;
And I, in token of my love,
Do kiss thee with my heart.

O staunch those bootless teares;
Thy weeping tis in vaine;
I am not lost, for wee in heaven
Shall one daye meet againe.

With that shee turn'd aside,
As one dispos'd to sleep,
And like a lamb departed life :
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
Did fetch a grievous groane,
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,
And thus he made his moane.

O darke and dismal daye,
A daye of grief and care,
That hath bereft the sun so bright,
Whose beams refresht the air.

Now woe unto the world,
And all that therein dwell ;
O that I were with thee in heaven,
For here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives
A discontented life,
Whose bride was brought unto the grave
A maiden and a wife.

A garland fresh and faire
Of lillies there was made,
In sign of her virginitye,
And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens all in white,
Did beare her to the ground :
The bells did ring in solemn sort,
And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then,
For hungry wormes a preye ;
So shall the fairest face alive
At length be brought to claye.

DULCINA.

FROM two ancient copies in black-letter. The Song is mentioned as very popular in Walton's "Angler;" and has been ascribed to Raleigh on very doubtful authority.

As at noone Dulcina rested
 In her sweete and shady bower,
 Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lapp to sleepe an hour.
 But from her looke
 A wounde he tooke
 Soe deepe, that for a further boone
 The nymph he prayes.
 Wherto shee sayes,
 Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
 To depart her presence soe;
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
 And but one to bid him goe;
 Where lipps invite,
 And eyes delight,
 And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,
 Persuade delay;
 What boots she say,
 Forgoe me now, come to me soone?

He demands what time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now:
 She sayes, night gives love that leysure,
 Which the day can not allow.
 He sayes, the sight
 'Improves delight;
 Which she denies: Night's mirkie noone
 In Venus' playes
 Makes bold, shee sayes;
 Forgoe me now, come to mee soone.

But what promise or profession
 From his hands could purchase scope?
 Who would sell the sweet possession
 Of suche beautye for a hope?

Or for the sight
 Of lingering night
 Forgoe the present joyes of noone?
 Though ne'er soe faire
 Her speeches were,
 Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
 Shee was fayre, and he was young;
 The tongue may tell what th'eye discovers;
 Joyes unseene are never sung.
 Did shee consent,
 Or he relent;
 Accepts he night, or grants shee noone;
 Left he her a mayd,
 Or not; she sayd,
 Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

FROM an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
 And a hunting he would ride,
 Attended by a noble traine
 Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine
 To see both sport and playe;
 His ladye went, as she did feigne,
 Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,
 Whose beauty shone so bright,
 She was belov'd, both far and neare,
 Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd;
 A creature faire was shee;
 She was her father's only joye;
 As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mothèr
Did envye her so much,
That daye by daye she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook,
To take her life awaye :
And taking of her daughter's book,
She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,
Go hasten presentlie ;
And tell unto the master-cook
These wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dresse to dinner streight
That faire and milke-white doe,
That in the parke doth shine so bright,
There's none so faire to showe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,
Obey'd her mother's will ;
And presentlye she hasted home,
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
Her message for to tell ;
And there she spied the master-cook,
Who did with malice swell.

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
Do that which I thee tell :
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands
He on the ladye layd ;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he sayd :

Thou art the doe that I must dresse ;
See here, behold my knife ;
For it is pointed presently
To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee ;
O save her life, good master-cook,
And make your pyes of mee !

For pitye's sake do not destroye
My ladye with your knife ;
You know shee is her father's joye,
For Christe's sake save her life.

I will not save her life, he sayd,
Nor make my pyes of thee ;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home
For to sit downe and eat ;
He callèd for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd,
O sit you downe to meat :
Into some nunnery she is gone ;
Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnlýe he made a vowe,
Before the companie,
That he would neither eat nor drinke
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
With a loud voice so hye :
If now you will your daughter see,
My lord, cut up that pye :

Wherein her fleshe is mincèd small,
And parched with the fire ;
All causèd by her step-mothèr,
Who did her death desire.

And cursèd bee the master-cook,
O cursèd may he bee !
I proffered him my own heart's blood,
From death to set her free.

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne ;
And for his daughter's sake
He judgèd her cruell step-mothèr
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
In boiling lead to stand ;
And made the simple scullion-boye
The heire of all his land.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

THIS song, from Ben Jonson's "Masque at the marriage of Lord Haddington," is freely translated from a poem of Tasso, who copied the first "Idyllium" of Moschus.

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,
 Callèd Love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blinde ;
 Cruel now, and then as kinde ?
 If he be amongst yee, say ;
 He is Venus' run-away.

Shee, that will but now discover
 Where the wingèd wag doth hover,
 Shall to-night receive a kisse,
 How and where herselfe would wish :
 But who brings him to his mother
 Shall have that kisse, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie ;
 You may know him among twentie :
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire :
 Which, being shot, like lightning, in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
 He will leape from lip to lip,
 Over liver, lights, and heart ;
 Yet not stay in any part.
 And, if chance his arrow misses,
 He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow,
 And a quiver hanging low,
 Full of arrowes, which outbrave
 Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
 Any head more sharpe than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,
 When his daies are to be cruell ;
 Lovers' hearts are all his food,
 And his baths their warmest bloud :
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
 And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet
 Seldome with his heart doe meet :
 All his practice is deceit ;
 Everie gift is but a bait :
 Not a kisse but poyson beares ;
 And most treason's in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne ;
 Then the straggler makes his gaine,
 By presenting maids with toyes,
 And would have yee thinke hem joyes ;
 'Tis the ambition of the elfe
 To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
 Though yee had a will to hide him,
 Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,
 Since yee heare this falser's play,
 And that he is Venus' run-away.

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

THE story of this Ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, King of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph King of England : but before the marriage was consummated Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France, whence she was carried off by Baldwin, Forester of Flanders ; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A.D. 863.

The following copy is given from the folio MS., collated with another in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection, and occasionally amended.

IN the dayes of old,
 When faire France did flourish,
 Storyes plaine have told,
 Lovers felt annoy.
 The queene a daughter bare,
 Whom beautye's queene did nourish :
 She was lovelye faire,
 She was her father's joye.

A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
But he was exil'd, and outcast :
Love his soul did fire,
Shee granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linkèd fast.
Which when her father proved,
Sorelye he was moved,
And tormented in his minde.
He sought for to prevent them ;
And, to discontent them,
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kinge's disdaine,
Which their joyes withstoode :
The lady soon prepar'd
Her jewells and her treasure :
Having no regard
For state and royall bloode ;
In homelye poore array
She went from court away,
To meet her joye and heart's delight ;
Who in a forrest great
Had taken up his seat,
To wayt her coming in the night.
But, lo ! what sudden danger
To this princely stranger
Chanced, as he sate alone !
By outlawes he was robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying grone.

The princesse, arm'd by love,
And by chaste desire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all :
Still unknowne she past
In her strange attire ;
Coming at the last
Within echoe's call,—
You faire woods, quoth shee,
Honoured may you bee,

Harboursing my heart's delight;
 Which encompass here
 My joye and only deare,
 My trustye friend, and comelye knight.
 Sweete, I come unto thee,
 Sweete, I come to woo thee;
 That thou mayst not angry bee
 For my long delaying;
 For thy curteous staying
 Soone amendes Ile make to thee.

Passing thus alone
 Through the silent forest,
 Many a grievous grone
 Sounded in her eares:
 She heard one complayne
 And lament the sorest,
 Seeming all in payne,
 Shedding deadly teares.
 Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,
 Whom I must never see;
 For why my life is att an end,
 Through villaine's crueltye:
 For thy sweet sake I dye,
 To show I am a faithfull friend.
 Here I lye a bleeding,
 While my thoughts are feeding
 On the rarest beautye found.
 O hard happ, that may be!
 Little knowes my ladye
 My heartes blood lyes on the ground.

With that a grone he sends
 Which did burst in sunder
 All the tender bands
 Of his gentle heart.
 She, who knewe his voice,
 At his wordes did wonder;
 All her former joyes
 Did to grieve convert.
 Strait she ran to see,
 Who this man shold bee,
 That soe like her love did seeme:
 Her lovely lord she found
 Lye slaine upon the ground,
 Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame.

Which his lady spying,
 Shrieking, fainting, crying,
 Her sorrows could not uttered bee :
 Fate, she cryed, too cruell :
 For thee—my dearest jewell,
 Would God ! that I had dyed for thee.

His pale lippes, alas !
 Twentye times she kissed,
And his face did wash
 With her trickling teares :
 Every gaping wound
 Tenderlye she pressed,
 And did wipe it round
 With her golden haire.
 Speake, faire love, quoth shee,
 Speake, faire prince, to mee,
 One sweete word of comfort give :
 Lift up thy deare eyes,
 Listen to my cryes,
 Thinke in what sad grieve I live.
 All in vaine she sued,
 All in vaine she wooed,
 The prince's life was fled and gone.
 There stood she still mourning,
 Till the sun's retourning,
 And bright day was coming on.

In this great distresse
 Weeping, wayling ever,
 Oft shee cryed, alas !
 What will become of mee ?
 To my father's court
 I returne will never :
 But in lowlye sort
 I will a servant bee.
 While thus she made her mone,
 Weeping all alone,
 In this deepe and deadlye feare :
 A for'ster all in greene,
 Most comelye to be seene,
 Ranging the woods did find her there.
 Moved with her sorrowe,
 Maid, quoth hee, good morrowe,

What hard happ has brought thee here ?
 Harder happ did never
 Two kinde hearts dissever :
 Here lyes slaine my brother deare.

Where may I remaine,
 Gentle for'ster, shew me,
 'Till I can obtaine
 A service in my neede ?
 Paines I will not spare :
 This kinde favour doe mee,
 It will ease my care ;
 Heaven shall be thy meede.
 The for'ster all amazed,
 On her beautye gazed,
 Till his heart was set on fire.
 If, faire maid, quoth hee,
 You will goe with mee,
 You shall have your heart's desire.
 He brought her to his mother,
 And above all other
 He sett forth this maiden's praise.
 Long was his heart inflamed ;
 At length her love he gained,
 And fortune crown'd his future dayes.

Thus unknowne he wedde
 With a king's faire daughter :
 Children seven they had,
 Ere she told her birth.
 Which when once he knew,
 Humblye he besought her,
 He to the world might shew
 Her rank and princelye worth.
 He cloath'd his children then,
 (Not like other men)
 In partye-colours strange to see :
 The right side cloth of gold,
 The left side to behold,
 Of woollen cloth still framèd hee.¹

¹ This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold and half frieze, with the following motto:—

"Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
 "Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize ;
 "Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,
 "Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

Men thereatt did wonder ;
Golden fame did thunder

This strange deede in every place :
The king of France came thither,
It being pleasant weather,
In those woods the hart to chase.

The children then they bring,

So their mother will'd it,

Where the royall king

Must of force come bye :

Their mother's riche array

Was of crimson velvet :

Their father's all of gray,

Seemelye to the eye.

Then this famous king,

Noting everything,

Askt how he durst be so bold

To let his wife soe weare,

And decke his children there

In costly robes of pearl and gold.

The forrester replying,

And the cause descrying,¹

To the king these words did say :

Well may they, by their mother,

Weare rich clothes with other,

Being by birth a princesse gay.

The king aroused thus,

More heedfullye beheld them,

Till a crimson blush

His remembrance crost.

The more I fix my mind

On thy wife and children,

The more methinks I find

The daughter which I lost.

Falling on her knee,

I am that child, quoth shee ;

Pardon mee, my souveraine liege.

The king perceiving this,

His daughter deare did kiss,

While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.

¹ i. e. describing.

With his traine he tourned,
And with them sojourned.
Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;
Then made him Erle of Flanders,
And chiefe of his commanders :
Thus were their sorrowes put to flight.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

FROM Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman" (Act i. sc. 1), and imitated from
a Latin Poem, printed at the end of "Petronius."

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast :
Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

ADDISON calls this Ballad one of the darling songs of the common people, and the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age. Percy considered the subject to be taken from an old play, entitled, "Two Lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to." And he writes: Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school: their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child, which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion; but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound, the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle; who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original; the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel. Ritson, however, assigned an earlier date to the ballad, and Mr. Chappell confirms it from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, October 15th, 1595: "Thomas Millington entred for his copie under the handes of bothe the Wardens, a ballad entituled, 'The Norfolk Gentleman, his Will and Testament, and howe he commytted the keeping of his children to his own brother, who delte moste wickedly with them, and howe God plagued him for it.'" This entry corresponds, almost literally, with the title of the Ballad in the Pepys Collection, which is of later date. Mr. Chappell quotes a conjecture of Sharon Turner, that the Ballad of "The Children in the Wood" may have been written on Richard III. and his nephews, before it was quite safe to stigmatise him more openly."

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,
 And both possest one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left too babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautye's molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stayer.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare.
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.

With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small :
 God bless you both, my children deare ;
 With that the teares did fall.¹

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sicke couple there,
 The keeping of your little ones
 Sweet sister, do not feare :
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And bringes them straite unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a daye,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young,
 And slaye them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send
 To be brought up in faire Londòn,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
 Rejoycing at that tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the waye,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives' decaye :

So that the pretty speche they had,
 Made Murder's heart relent ;
 And they that undertooke the deed,
 Full sore did now repent.

¹ "The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them."—Addison, "Spectator," No. 85.

Yet one of them more hard of heart,
 Did vowe to do his charge,
 Because the wretch, that hired him,
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the children's life:
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And look they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine:
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town:
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed;
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till deathe did end their grief;
 In one another's armes they dyed,
 As wanting due relief:
 No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.¹

¹ "As for the circumstance of this Robin red-breast, it is indeed a poetical ornament; and, to show the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion—I mean that passage in Horace, where he describes himself, when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him."—*Addison*.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye ;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye :
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about ;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out :

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye ;
Such was God's blessed will ;
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd :
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And oversēers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek ;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

A LOVER OF LATE.

FROM the folio MS.; with slight corrections.

A LOVER of late was I,
 For Cupid would have it soe;
 The boy that hath never an eye,
 As every man doth know:
 I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!
 For her that laught, and called me ass.

Then knew not I what to doe,
 When I saw itt was in vaine
 A lady soe coy to wooe,
 Who gave me the asse soe plaine:
 Yet would I her asse freely bee,
 Soe shee would helpe, and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as shee,
 Or she were as kind as I,
 What payre cold have made, as wee,
 Soe prettye a sympathye:
 I was as kind as shee was faire;
 But for all this wee cold not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,
 With her I will never paire;
 That cunningly can be coy,
 For being a little faire.
 The asse Ile leave to her disdaine;
 And now I am myselfe againe.

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

It has been a favourite subject with English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this Song of the "King and the Miller," we have "King Henry and the Soldier;" "King James I. and the Tinker;" "King William III. and the Forester," &c. Of the latter sort, are "King Alfred and the Shepherd;" "King Edward IV. and the Tanner;" "King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler," &c.—A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, entitled "John the Reeve," which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened betweene King Edward Longshanks and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. ; and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all the verses that have been since written in imitation of it.

The following is printed, with corrections, from the folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, entitled "A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summer's day rode the king pleasantlye,
 With all his princes and nobles eche one;
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
 Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
 With a rude miller he mett at the last:
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
 Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
 You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,
 Passing thy judgment upon me so brieve?
 Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee;
 I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
 Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
 Lest that I presentlye crack thy knave's crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus ;
 I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke.

Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse ;
 All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.

I have gold to discharge all that I call ;¹

If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,

I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.

Here's my hand, quoth the king ; that was I ever.

Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake ;

With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house :

Where they were seething of puddings and souse :

The miller first enter'd in ; after him went the king ;

Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.

Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are.

Quoth our king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.

I like well thy countenance ; thou hast an honest face ;

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.

Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth ;

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no run away, prythee, youth, tell ?

Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presently, making lowe courtesye,

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say ;

I have no passport, nor never was servitor,

But a poor courtier, rode out of my way :

And for your kindness here offered to mee,

I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,

Saying, It seemeth this youth's of good kin,

Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;

To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.

Yea, quoth hee, you may see he hath some grace

When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the miller's wife, young man, ye're welcome

And, though I say it, well lodgèd shall be : [here ;

Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,

And good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth shee.

Aye, quoth the good man ; and when that is done,

Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

¹ The king says this.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,

Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?

Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?

I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?

Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:

If thou beest, surely thou lvest not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.

Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes;

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,

Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,

And to all 'cuckholds, wherever they bee.'

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye

For mye welcome in every good degree:

And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.

Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,

And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.

A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.

Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.

Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith, sayd the king,

I never before eat so daintye a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,

For we doe eate of it everye day.

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;

Now and then we make bold with our king's deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.

Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:

But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;

We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secresye;

The king shall never know more on't for mee.

A cupp of lambs-wool¹ they dranke unto him then,

And to their bedds they past presentlie.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,

For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

¹ Lamb's-wool—a cant phrase for ale and roasted apples.

At last, at the miller's 'cott,' soone they espy'd him out,
 As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
 To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
 Which made the miller's heart wofully bleede;
 Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
 Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the Rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
 Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
 The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
 Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
 But he, his kind courtesye for to requite,
 Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE.

WHEN as our royall king came home from Nottingham,
 And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
 Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
 In this late progress along on the way;
 Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
 The miller of Mansfield's sport likèd him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined
 Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
 That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
 With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
 For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
 To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinge's pleasantness,
 They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:
 A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
 The which had often-times been in those parts.
 When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
 His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
 And grant your ladye her own heart's desire;
 And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
 That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
 Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
 You must come to the court on St. George's day;

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest :

What should we doe there ? faith, I am halfe afraid.

I doubt, quoth Richard, to he hang'd at the least.

Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake :

Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.

Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,

For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.

Let me see, hear thou mee ; tell to our king,

We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward ;

And his leave taking with great humilitie

To the king's court againe he repair'd ;

Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,

The knight's most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,

Here come expences and charges indeed ;

Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have ;

For of new garments we have great need :

Of horses and serving-men we must have store,

With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, sir John, quoth his wife, why should you fret, or

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee ; [frowne ?

For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,

With everye thing else as fine as may bee ;

And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,

With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide.

In this most statelie sort, rode they unto the court,

Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all ;

Who set up, for good hap,¹ a cock's feather in his cap,

And so they jettet² downe to the king's hall ;

The merry old miller with hands on his side ;

His wife, like maid Marian,³ did mince at that tide.

¹ For good hap—i. e. for good luck: they were going on a hazardous expedition.

² Jettet—strutted.

³ Maid Marian, in the morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
 Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;
 Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:
 Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
 And so is the squire of courage soe free.
 Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlye, how should I forget thee?
 That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
 Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
 Thou with thy f—— didst make the bed hot.
 Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
 Speake cleanly to our king, or else go ——.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
 While the king taketh them both by the hand;
 With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen of
 spades
 The miller's wife did soe orderly stand.
 A milk-maid's courtesye at every word;
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majesty,
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
 When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
 And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
 Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
 But then said our king, now I think of a thing;
 Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.
 Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
 'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
 In faith I take it now very unkind:
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
 heartily.

Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
 You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
 Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
 Could a man get but one here for to eate. [hose,
 With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his
 Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.

The king made a proffer to snatch it away :—
'Tis meat for your master : good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent ;
And then the ladyes preparèd to dance.

Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent¹

Unto their places the king did advance.

Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,

Asking young Richard then, if he would wed ;

Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee ?

Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head :

She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed ;

She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,

And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer ;

And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye :

Take heed now you steale no more of my deer :

And once a quarter let's here have your view ;

And now, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

FROM "The Mistresse of Philarete," by George Wither, b. June 11,
1588, d. May 2, 1667.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosie are ?
Be shee fairer then the day,
Or the flowry meads in May ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joynèd with a lovely feature ?

¹ Incontinent—*immediately*.

Be shee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican :
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or, her well-deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne ?
Be shee with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of Best ;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye ?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe ;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire :
If she love me, this beleewe ;
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woove,
I can scorne and let her goe :
If shee be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

QUEEN DIDO.

FROM the folio MS., collated with two printed copies, both in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection. The reader will observe the Gothic conclusion which the Ballad-maker has engrafted on the story of Virgil.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeeres 'past,'
 Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,
 Then did their foes encrease soe fast,
 That to resist none could suffice:
 Wast lye those walls, that were soe good.
 And corne now growes where Troy towne stooode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
 When he for land long time had sought,
 At length arriving with great joy,
 To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
 Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,
 Did entertaine that wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meate they sate,
 The queene, desirous newes to heare,
 'Says, of thy Troy's unhappy fate'
 Declare to me, thou Trojan deare:
 The heavy hap and chance soe bad,
 That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,
 With words demure, as he cold well,
 Of his unhappy ten yeares 'fight,'
 Soe true a tale began to tell,
 With words soe sweete, and sighes soe deepe,
 That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
 And every sigh brought teares amaine;
 That where he sate the place was wett,
 As though he had seene those warrs againe:
 Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,
 Said, Worthy prince, enough, no more.

And then the darksome night drew on,
 And twinkling starres the skye bespred;
 When he his dolefull tale had done,
 And every one was layd in bedd:
 Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
 Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,
 But in her chamber, all alone,
 As one unhappye, alwayes wept,
 And to the walls shee made her mone;
 That she shold still desire in vaine
 The thing she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,
 Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
 And Phœbus, with his glistering light,
 Through misty cloudes appeared red;
 Then tidings came to her anon,
 That all the Trojan shippes were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife
 Did arme her hart as hard as stone;
 Yet, something loth to loose her life,
 In woefull wise she made her mone;
 And, rowling on her carefull bed,
 With sighes and sobbs these words shee sayd:

O wretched Dido queene! quoth shee,
 I see thy end approacheth neare;
 For hee is fled away from thee,
 Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:
 What, is he gone and passèd by?
 O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye.

Though reason says, thou shouldst forbear,
 And stay thy hand from bloody stroke;
 Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,
 Which fetter'd thee in Cupid's yoke.
 Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart!—
 And with those words shee peered her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart
 Of Dido, Carthaginian queene;
 Whose bloody knife did end the smart,
 Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene;¹
 Æneas being shipt and gone,
 Whose flattery causèd all her mone;

Her funerall most costly made,
 And all things finisht mournfullye;
 Her body fine in mold was laid,
 Where itt consumèd speedilye:
 Her sister's teares her tombe bestrewde;
 Her subject's griefe their kindnesse shewed.

¹ Teene—sorrow.

Then was Æneas in an ile
 In Greycya, where he stayd long space,
 Wheras her sister in short while
 Writt to him to his vile disgrace ;
 In speeches bitter to his mind
 Shee told him plaine he was unkind.

False-harted wretch, quoth shee, thou art ;
 And traiterously thou hast betraid
 Unto thy lure a gentle hart,
 Which unto thee much welcome made ;
 My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,
 Whose folly bred her deere annoy.

Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,
 Shee prayd for thy prosperitye,
 Beseeching God, that every day
 Might breed thy great felicitye :
 Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend ;
 Heavens send thee such untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
 Perusèd had, and wayed them right,
 His lofty courage then did fall ;
 And straight appearèd in his sight
 Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale :
 Which made this valliant souldier quaille.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,
 My whole delight when I did live,
 Thee of all men I loved most ;
 My fancy and my will did give ;
 For entertainment I thee gave,
 Unthankefully thou didst me grave.

Therefore prepare thy flitting soule
 To wander with me in the aire :
 Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
 Because of me thou tookst no care :
 Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
 Thy date is past, thy life is done.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite,
 Be not soe hasty to convay
 My soule into eternall night,
 Where itt shall ne're behold bright day.
 O doe not frowne ; thy angry looke
 Hath 'all my soule with horror shooke.'

¹ MS. *Hath* made my breath my life forsooke.

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
 And bootless is my dismall crye;
 Time will not be recalled againe,
 Nor thou surcease before I dye.
 O lett me live, and make amends
 To some of my most dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
 And wilt no pittye on me show,
 Because from thee I did depart,
 And left unpaid what I did owe:
 I must content myselfe to take
 What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one being in a trance,
 A multitude of uglye feinds
 About this woffull prince did dance;
 He had no helpe of any friends:
 His body then they tooke away,
 And no man knew his dying day.

THE WITCHES' SONG.

FROM Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," presented at Whitehall,
 Feb. 2, 1609.

1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after
 A raven feeding upon a quarter:
 And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
 I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolve's haire,
 The madd dogges foames, and adder's eares;
 The spurging of a deadman's eyes:
 And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone
 O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
 And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
 And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull
 Form charnell houses that were full ;
 From private grots, and publike pits ;
 And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe
 By day ; and, when the childe was a-sleepe
 At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,
 And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?
 Killed an infant to have his fat.
 A piper it got at a church-ale.¹
 I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines ;
 The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines :
 I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his haire ;
 I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The scrich-owle's egges and the feathers blacke,
 The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe
 I have been getting ; and made of his skin
 A purset, to keepe sir Cranion² in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
 Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
 Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane ;
 And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
 Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch :
 Yet went I back to the house againe,
 Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

¹ Church-ale—a wake.² Cranion—skull.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breeds under the wall,
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
 I tore the batt's wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
 Hornèd poppie, cypresse boughes,
 The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
 And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
 The basiliske's bloud, and the viper's skin:
 And now our orgies let's begin.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

ALIAS Pucke, alias Hobgoblin, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this Ballad, and in the well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*.

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry bee,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
 About this aery welkin¹ soone,
 And, in a minute's space, descrye
 Each thing that's done belowe the moone.
 There's not a hag,
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
 But Robin I
 Their feates will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

¹ Welkin—the sky.

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home;
 With counterfeiting voice I greeete
 And call them on, with me to roame
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
 Or else, unseene, with them I go,
 All in the nicke
 To play some tricke,
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
 And to a horse I turn me can;
 To trip and trot about them round.
 But if, to ride,
 My backe they stride,
 More swift than wind away I go,
 Ore hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds
 ! I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with juncates¹ fine;
 Unseene of all the company,
 I eat their cakes, and sip their wine;
 And, to make sport,
 I — and snort;
 And out the candles I do blow:
 The maids I kiss;
 They shrieke—Who's this?
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
 At midnight I card up their wooll;
 And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still;
 I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
 If any 'wake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

¹ Juncates—dainties.

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
 I pinch the maidens black and blue;
 The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
 And lay them naked all to view.
 'Twixt sleepe and wake,
 I do them take,
 And on the key-cold¹ floor them throw.
 If out they cry,
 Then forth I fly,
 And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
 We lend them what they do require:
 And for the use demand we nought;;
 Our owne is all we do desire.
 If to repay,
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night,
 I them affright
 With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
 But study how to cog² and lye;
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretlye:
 I marke their gloze,³
 And it disclose,
 To them whom they have wrongèd so;-
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
 In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,
 Who from their foldes and houses get
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seeme a vermine taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

¹ Key-cold—very cold. ² Cog—cheat. ³ Gloze—dissimulation.

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairye king and queene
 We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
 When larks 'gin sing,
 Away we fling;
 And babes new borne steal as we go,
 And elfe in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!
 From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellòw.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nightes,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And beldames old
 My feates have told;
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

WE have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies.
 Dr. Rimbault mentions an early copy of this Ballad in a Tract
 entitled, "A Description of the King and Queen of Fairies, &c., 1635."

This Song is given (with some corrections) from a book entitled
 "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, &c." Lond. 1658, 8vo.

COME, follow, follow me,
 You, fairy elves that be:
 Which circle on the greene,
 Come follow Mab your queene.
 Hand in hand let's dance around,
 For this place is fairye ground.
 When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest;
 Unheard, and unesp'y'd,
 Through key-holes we do glide;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.
 And, if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep:

There we pinch their armes and thighes ;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the houshold maid,
And duely she is paid :
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester¹ in her shoe.

Upon a mushroome's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet,² which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
Tailles of wormes, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie ;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so, the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glee-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimble do we passe ;
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

¹ Tester—*sixpence.*

² Manchet—*best kind of white bread.*

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

BY BISHOP CORBET.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies !

Good housewives now may say ;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they :
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanness
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies' lost command ;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have chang'd your land :
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad ;
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine ;
Were footed in queene Marie's dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in ;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession :
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.

But now, alas ! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled;
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure ;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure :
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue :
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters ;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true :
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle :
For all the fairies' evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

Book III.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

THE incidents in this, and the other Ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the "Seven Champions of Christendome;" which, though now the plaything of children, was once in high repute.

The author, Richard Johnson, lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and the "History of the Seven Champions" is quoted as a popular book so early as 1598. It contains some strong Gothic painting, together with the richer colours of old Arabian romance. Warton thought Spenser to have been acquainted with the story, and observed that the departure of each of his twelve knights "from one place by a different way, to perform a different adventure, exactly resembles that of the seven knights entering upon their several expeditions in the Romance."

The following Ballad, for the most part, is modern.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,—
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth :

Distressed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the Christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme;
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife, a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell.
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell :

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprize :

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she ;
She nourisht constant woe :
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove ; her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look,
Discover'd soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain ;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods,
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Thro' lonely shades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung ;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom ;
He hears no chearful sound ;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damnèd ghosts
Ran howling thro' his ear :
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews :
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse ;
And, rousing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the enchanted cave.

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne ;
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine :
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

" Sir knight, thy lady beares a son,
" Who, like a dragon bright,
" Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
" And terrible in fight.

" His name advanc'd in future times
" On banners shall be worn :
" But lo ! thy lady's life must passe
" Before he can be born."

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time lord Albert stood ;
At length he winds his doubtful way
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
Then fast he travels back :
But when he reach'd his castle gate,
His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne ;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine ;

And bitterly lament and weep,
 With many a grievous grone :
 Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
 His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,
 Yet half affraid to goe ;
 With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
 Yet fears the cause to knowe.

"Three times the sun hath rose and set,"
 They said, then stopt to weep—
 "Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
 "In death's eternal sleep.

"For, ah ! in travel sore she fell,
 "So sore that she must dye ;
 "Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
 "Could ease her presentlye.

"But when a cunning leech was fet,
 "Too soon declarèd he,
 "She, or her babe must lose its life ;
 "Both savèd could not be.

"Now take my life, thy lady said ;
 "My little infant save :
 "And O, commend me to my lord,
 "When I am laid in grave.

"O tell him how that precious babe
 "Cost him a tender wife :
 "And teach my son to lisp her name,
 "Who died to save his life.

"Then calling still upon thy name,
 "And praying still for thee ;
 "Without repining or complaint,
 "Her gentle soul did flee."

What tongue can paint lord Albert's woe,
 The bitter tears he shed,
 The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
 To find his lady dead ?

He beat his breast : he tore his hair ;
 And shedding many a tear,
 At length he askt to see his son,—
 The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all :
 At length they faltering say :
 " Alas ! my lord, how shall we tell ?
 " Thy son is stoln away.

" Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
 " Such was his infant mien :
 " And on his little body stamp't
 " Three wonderous marks were seen :

" A blood-red cross was on his arm ;
 " A dragon on his breast :
 " A little garter all of gold
 " Was round his leg exprest.

" Three carefull nurses we provide
 " Our little lord to keep :
 " One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
 " And one did lull to sleep.

" But lo ! all in the dead of night,
 " We heard a fearful sound :
 " Loud thunder clapt ; the castle shook ;
 " And lightning flasht around.

" Dead with affright at first we lay ;
 " But rousing up anon,
 " We ran to see our little lord :
 " Our little lord was gone !

" But how or where we could not tell ;
 " For lying on the ground,
 " In deep and magic slumbers laid,
 " The nurses there we found."

O grief on grief ! lord Albert said :
 No more his tongue cou'd say,
 When falling in a deadly swoone,
 Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
 He nourisht endless woe ;
 No future joy his heart could taste,
 No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
 A fair and stately oake,
 Whose vigorous arms are torne away
 By some rude thund'ring stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew ;
 He loathes his wonted home ;
 His native country he forsakes,
 In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
 Clad in a palmer's gown :
 Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
 His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
 He laid his reverend head.
 Meantime amid the lonely wilds
 His little son was bred.

There the weird lady of the woods
 Had borne him far away,
 And train'd him up in feates of armes,
 And every martial play.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

CORRECTED from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection. The story of St. George and the faire Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the legend of "Syr Bevis of Hampton," an antique poem very famous in Chaucer's time.

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing ;
 And of the sack of stately Troy,
 What griefs fair Helena did bring,
 Which was sir Paris' only joy :
 And by my pen I will recite
 St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
 Fought he full long and many a day ;
 Where many gyants he subdu'd,
 In honour of the Christian way :
 And after many adventures past
 To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
 Within that countrey there did rest
 A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
 Whereby they were full sore opprest :
 Who by his poisonous breath each day,
 Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wise-men did intreat
To shew their cunning out of hand ;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king
This answer fram'd incontinent ;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent :
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteouslye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye :
Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might assuage ;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
Which truly must observèd be ;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the king's commission still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour :
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting ;
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir :
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the dragon's prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but faire,
For us thy daughter so should die.
O save my daughter, said the king;
And let ME feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,
Than all your subjects perish quite;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite:
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food.
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go;
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,
And my sweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me:
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willinglye.

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he,
What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go;
Here comes that cursèd fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along ;
For he could pierce no other place :
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm.
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm ;
Which when king Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy ;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turn'd unto their great annoy :
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant air,
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with lady Sabra talk :
Their love he shew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away.
With letters him in curteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia :
But wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly
By such vile meanes they had regard
To work his death most cruelly ;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
 Into a dungeon dark and deep ;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
 He bitterly did wail and weep :
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he diggèd out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia
 By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day ;
 And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the Sophy had ;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
 But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
 Most valiantly a summer's day :
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
 Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
 To work revenge ; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd
 For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
 He meant a tryal kind to make :
Mean while the king, o'ercome in field,
Unto St. George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
 And took fair Sabra to his wife ;
But meant to try if she were true
 Ere with her he would lead his life :
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
 The brave St. George conducted strait,
An cunuch also with them came,
 Who did upon the lady wait ;
These three from Egypt went alone.
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest;
Mean while St. George to kill a deer
For their repast did think it best:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his absence came
Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell:
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shew'd she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lion's sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry Lyons slay
Within the lady Sabra's sight:
Who all this while, sad and demurc,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew:
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place,
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
And fortune did his nuptials grace:
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

This ancient Song is given from a modern copy.

OVER the mountains,
 And over the waves ;
 Under the fountains,
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lye ;
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 If love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his might ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight :
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 By having him confin'd ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind ;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phenix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 He will find out his way.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

SEEMS to be composed—with improvements—out of two ancient English ballads printed in the former part of this volume. It is given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
 Sate a' day on a hill ;
 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
 They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest ;
 Fair Annet took it ill :
 A' ! I will nevir wed a wife
 Against my ain friends' will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee :

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to mee :
 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let faire Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gat nane ;
 And the little beauty fair Annet has,
 O it wull soon be gane !

And he has till his brother gane :
 Now, brother, rede ye mee ;
 A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye ;
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre ;
 And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
 Bot a fat fadge¹ by the fyre.

¹ Fadge—bundle.

And he has till his sister gane :
Now, sister, rede ye mee ;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free ?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane ;
Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace !
What is this we brought hame ?

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand ;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene ;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair ;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock ;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind ;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift¹ o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

¹ Tift—*puff of wind*.

And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,
 She sat on Marie's stean :
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled¹ in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
 She shimmer'd² like the sun ;
 The belt that was about her waist,
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 And he gave it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride ;
 She spak wi' meikle spite ;
 And whair gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak yee sae white ?

O I did get the rose-water
 Whair ye wull neir get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mither's wame.³

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
 Frae out her gay head-gear,
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word she never spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
 And marvelit what mote bee :
 But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
 A' wood-wroth⁴ wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
 That was sae sharp and meet,
 And drave into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.

¹ Skinkled—glittered.

² Shimmered—shone.

³ Wame—womb.

⁴ Wood-wroth—furiously enraged.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
 Now stay, my dear, he cry'd ;
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
 Fair Annet within the quiere ;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare ;
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They were twa luvvers deare.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

FROM Poems by Thomas Carew [b. 1589, d. 1639]. He was in the household of Charles I., and wrote some very graceful and refined verses. The third stanza is omitted, as being of unequal merit.

HEE, that loves a rosie cheeke,
 Or a corall lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
 Fuell to maintaine his fires,
 As old time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires :
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

GEORGE BARNWELL.

THIS Ballad inspired the well-known Play, by George Lillo, first acted about 1730. The narrative, which seems to be founded on fact, was printed before the middle of the seventeenth century.

THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair England
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound ;
My name George Barnwell ; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains ;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire ;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due :
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passèd right ;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one :
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down ;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seemèd so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,
Unto this homely place.

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be :
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair mistress, I you pray ;
For why, out of my master's house,
So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide ?

Faith, then the case is hard :
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee :

Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire ;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had
All wrought with silk and gold :
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange ;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand :
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand ?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy ;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then
For my farewel she gave;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George; have me in mind.
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,¹
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear? quoth I;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and die.*

But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.

¹ The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c. shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars. The strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to the change of manners at that period.

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say,
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch ;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay.
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go ;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once ;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on ;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say :
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort ;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

“ But how she us'd this youth,
“ In this his care and woe,
“ And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
“ The SECOND PART may showe.”

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight ;
I am undone, unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts
 Hath just occasion found ;
 And I am caught behind the hand
 Above two hundred pound :

And now his wrath to 'scape,
 My love, I fly to thee,
 Hoping some time I may remaine
 In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,
 And looking all aquoy,¹
 Quoth she, What should I have to do
 With any prentice boy ?

And seeing you have purloyn'd
 Your master's goods away,
 The case is bad, and therefore here
 You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,
 How all which I could get,
 I gave it, and did spend it all
 Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
 To charge me in this sort,
 Being a woman of credit fair,
 And known of good report :

Therefore I tell thee flat,
 Be packing with good speed ;
 I do defie thee from my heart,
 And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship that
 You did to me protest ?
 Is this the great affection which
 You so to me exprest ?

Now fie on subtle shrews !
 The best is, I may speed
 To get a lodging any where
 For money in my need.

False woman, now farewell,
 Whilst twenty pound doth last,
 My anchor in some other haven
 With freedom I will cast.

¹ Aquoy—*shyly*.

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there :
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick :
Why, man, I did but jeer :

Dost think for all my speech,
That I would let thee go ?
Faith no, said she, my love to thee
I wiss is more than so.

You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you. —
— Nay, George, hark in thine ear ;

Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe're befall :
But man we'll have a bed for thee,
O else the devil take all.

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to 'get' away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer ;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment ;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought !
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then
Should I want store of gold ?
Nay with a father sure, quoth she,
A son may well make bold.

I've a sister richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want.
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well
Consider of your scant.

Nay, I an uncle have ;
 At Ludlow he doth dwell :
 He is a grazier, which in wealth
 Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
 And have no coyn for thee :
 I'll rob his house, and murder him.
 Why should you not ? quoth she :

Was I a man, ere I
 Would live in poor estate ;
 On father, friends, and all my kin,
 I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
 A man is but a beast :
 But bringing money, thou shalt be
 Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
 With twenty hues and cries,
 And with a warrant searchèd for
 With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe ;
 Such privy ways there be,
 That if they sought an hundred years,
 They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
 Their pleasures to content :
 George Barnwell had in little space
 His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
 He did provide to go,
 To rob his wealthy uncle there ;
 His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
 His father by the way,
 But that he fear'd his master had
 Took order for his stay.¹

¹ i. e. for stopping, and apprehending him at his father's.

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,
Until it chancèd so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took :
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head ;
So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed.¹

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone :
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door :
Which is the just reward of those
Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he.
She call'd him thief and murderer,
With all the spight might be :

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended ;
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

¹ Descryed—described.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
 To sea he got straightway;
 Where fear and sting of conscience
 Continually on him

Unto the lord mayor then,
 He did a letter write;
 In which his own and Sarah's fault
 He did at large recite.

Whereby she seizèd was
 And then to Ludlow sent:
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
 For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,¹
 Such was her greatest gains:
 For murder in Polonia
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
 That after harlots haunt;
 Who in the spoil of other men
 About the streets do flaunt.

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,
 Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;
 Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,
 (Though thou prove a thousand charmes).
 Fie, fie, forbear;
 No common snare
 Can ever my affection chaine:
 Thy painted baits,
 And poore deceits,
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

¹ Quean—base woman.

I'me no slave to such as you be ;
 Neither shall that snowy brest,
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby
 Ever robb me of my rest :
 Goe, goe, display
 Thy beautie's ray
 To some more soone enamour'd swaine :
 Those common wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie ;
 Turne away thy tempting eye :
 Shew not me a painted beautie ;
 These impostures I defie :
 My spirit lothes
 Where gawdy clothes
 And fainèd othes may love obtaine :
 I love her so,
 Whose looke sweares No ;
 That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every brest are worne ;
 That may plucke the virgin roses
 From their never-touchèd thorne ?
 I can goe rest
 On her sweet brest,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine :
 Then stay thy tongue ;
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him :
 Shall I haunt the throngèd vallies,
 Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe ?
 No, no, though clownes
 Are scar'd with frownes,
 I know the best can but disdaine :
 And those Ile prove :
 So will thy love
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
 Where each lustfull lad may woode :
 Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
 Buzzards dare not soare unto :

Shee, shee it is
 Affoords that blisse
 For which I would refuse no paine :
 But such as you,
 Fond fooles, adieu ;
 You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
 Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
 Craftie wiles can not deceive me,
 Who am prooffe against your charmes :
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart that constant shall remaine :
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vaine.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THE subject of this Ballad is taken from a collection of tragical stories, entitled "The Theatre of God's Judgments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642." Pt. ii. p. 89.—The text is given (with corrections) from two copies ; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich, by way of burden :—

" Oh jealousy ! thou art nurst in hell :
 " Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

ALL tender hearts, that ake to hear
 Of those that suffer wrong ;
 All you, that never shed a tear,
 Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy
 My tale doth far exceed :
 Alas, that so much cruelty
 In female hearts should breed !

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
 Who was of high degree ;
 Whose wayward temper did create
 Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head
With many a vain surmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait;
With bravest dames she might compare;
Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid;
And taxt her with disloyaltye;
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft as she came in his way,
Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,
She burnt with wrath extreame;
At length the fire that long did glow
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell,
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence,
And many a grievous fault;
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore :
 A dungeon dark and deep :
 Where they were wont, in days of yore,
 Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
 Dispers'd the hideous gloom ;
 But dank and noisome vapours play
 Around the wretched room :

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
 As afterwards was known,
 Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
 And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
 The fair one innocent
 Was cast, before her lady's face,
 Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
 But strait, alas ! she hears
 The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss :
 Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
 And fiercely her assail :
 Which makes the damsel sorely weep,
 And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
 Her body to defend :
 With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
 But all is to no end.

A servant listning near the door,
 Struck with her doleful noise,
 Strait ran his lady to implore ;
 But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen
 To mark the maiden's groans ;
 And plainly hears, within the den,
 How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies
 With all the haste he may :
 She into furious passion flies,
 And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries ;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn ;
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls ;
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls.

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,
Your cruelty hath sped ;
Make hast, for shame, and come and see ;
I fear the virgin's dead.

She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run :
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found
The virgin stretch'd along :
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her wast,
Had twin'd his fatal wreath :
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so fill'd,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady, at this sight,
With horror strait ran mad ;
So raving dy'd, as was most right,
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,
Of jealousy beware :
It causeth many a one to fall,
And is the devil's snare.

JEALOUSY, TYRANT OF THE MIND.

FROM "Love Triumphant," a Tragi-Comedy, by John Dryden [b. 1631, d. 1700]; acted early in 1694, and printed during the same year.

WHAT state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the gentle brest;
Two souls in one; the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require?

If in this heaven a hell we find,

Tis all from thee,

O Jealousie!

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love:

In absence, or unkind disdain,

Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain:

But oh, no cure but death we find

To sett us free

From jealousy,

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,

Some sett too near, and some too far:

Thou art the fire of endless night,

The fire that burns, and gives no light.

All torments of the damn'd we find

In only thee,

O Jealousie!

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

From the original black-letter in the Pepys Collection.

WHEN Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,
 And lords in armour bright were seen;
 When many a gallant lost his life
 About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;
 Ulysses, general so free,
 Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
 That he would to the warrs of Troy;
 For grief she shed full many a tear,
 At parting from her only joy:
 Her ladies all about her came,
 To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
 Unto her then did mildly say,
 The time is come that we must part;
 My honour calls me hence away;
 Yet in my absence, dearest, be
 My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,
 Then to my lord I true remain;
 My honour shall not be betray'
 Until I see my love again;
 For I will ever constant prove,
 As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
 And to the ships his way he took;
 Her tender eyes dropt many a tear;
 Still casting many a longing look:
 She saw him on the surges glide,
 And unto Neptune thus she cry'd:

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,
 And rulest in the ocean main,
 My loving lord in safety keep
 Till he return to me again:
 That I his person may behold,
 To me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
Were all convey'd out of her sight :
Her cruel fate she then bewails,
Since she had lost her heart's delight.
Now shall my practice be, quoth she,
True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,¹
My charity I will extend ;
Since for my woe there is no cure,
The helpless now I will befriend :
The widow and the fatherless
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
In doing good to every one ;
Her fame was noisèd every where,
To young and old the same was known,
That she no company would mind,
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,
'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life :
Young gallants, hearing of her name,
Came flocking for to tempt his wife :
For she was lovely, young, and fair,
No lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
They did endeavour her to win ;
With banquets and the choicest wine,
For to allure her unto sin :
Most persons were of high degree,
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace
Their wanton suits she did denye :
No tempting charms could e'er deface
Her dearest husband's memorye ;
But constant she would still remain,
Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her daily comfort was,
And that she often did peruse ;
She seldom lookèd in her glass ;
Powder and paint she ne'er would use.
I wish all ladies were as free
From pride as was Penelope.

¹ Ure—use.

She in her needle took delight,
 And likewise in her spinning-wheel;
 Her maids about her every night
 Did use the distaff and the reel:
 The spiders, that on rafters twine,
 Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss
 And absence of her dearest love:
 Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
 Her fortune on the waves to prove.
 I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
 He stays so from Penelope.

At length the ten years' siege of Troy
 Did end; in flames the city burn'd;
 And to the Grecians was great joy,
 To see the towers to ashes turn'd:
 Then came Ulysses home to see
 His constant, dear Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad
 When she her lord again had seen.
 Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,
 A long time absent thou hast been:
 The wars shall never more deprive
 Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies all, example take;
 And hence a worthy lesson learn,
 All youthful follies to forsake,
 And vice from virtue to discern:
 And let all women strive to be
 As constant as Penelope.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

From the "Lucasta" of Richard Lovelace.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
 That from the nunnerie
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
 To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.
 Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Lov'd I not honour more.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

THE old Story-book of "Valentine and Orson," which suggested the plan of this tale, but is not strictly followed in it, was originally a translation from a very early French Romance. The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the metrical legend of "Sir Bevis." An old and mutilated poem in the folio MS. furnished some particulars.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields
 With colours fresh and fine,
 Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
 To good Saint Valentine !
 The king of France that morning fair
 He would a hunting ride :
 To Artois forest prancing forth
 In all his princelye pride.
 To grace his sports a courtly train
 Of gallant peers attend :
 And with their loud and cheerful cryes
 The hills and valleys rend.
 Through the deep forest swift they pass,
 Through woods and thickets wild ;
 When down within a lonely dell
 They found a new-born child ;
 All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
 Of silk so fine and thin :
 A golden mantle wrapt him round
 Pinn'd with a silver pin.
 The sudden sight surpriz'd them all ;
 The courtiers gather'd round ;
 They look, they call, the mother seek ;
 No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, king Pepin says,
This child is passing fair :
I wot he is of gentle blood ;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may :
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day :

And look me out some cunning nurse ;
Well nurtur'd let him bee ;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurse,
And nurtur'd well was hee ;
Nor aught was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine,
Belov'd of king and peers ;
And shew'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grewe to man's estate
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin ;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee !
The first adventure that befalls,
May be reserv'd for mee.

The first adventure shall be thine ;
The king did smiling say.
Nor many days, when lo ! there came
Three palmers clad in graye.



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VALENTINE AND URSINE.

"At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,"



Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd;
And knelt, as it was meet:
From Artoys forest we be come,
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods
There wends a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den:
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill:
For arms, ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still:

Up then rose sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed.
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow;
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round:
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spyed a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat ;
So sprung the savage foe ;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize :
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low ;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke ;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand :
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt ;
Three times he felt the blade ;
Three times it fell with furious force ;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd ;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire ;
Each hairy limb with fury shook ;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe :
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long :
Skilful and active was the knight ;
The savage he was strong

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield :
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring ;
And kneeling downe upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew ;
And to sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name ;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere
Now liv'd sir Valentine :
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast :
And there came lords and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
Their revelry, and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound :
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass ;
At length, upon a moated lake,¹
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble stone :
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung ;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will ;
He cried with hideous roar ;
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee :
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust ;
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel :
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

¹ i. e. a lake that served for a moat to a castle.

It haply mist; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew :
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush :
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust ;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke :
“ Now caytiff breathe thy last ! ”

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend :
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes :
The hairy youth repeats his blows :
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly sir Valentine reviv'd
With Ursine's timely care :
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
They found where'er they came :
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears ;
Her cheeks were pale with woe :
And long sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

“Alas! young knight,” she weeping said,
“Condole my wretched fate;
“A childless mother here you see;
“A wife without a mate.

“These twenty winters here forlorn
“I’ve drawn my hated breath;
“Sole witness of a monster’s crimes,
“And wishing aye for death.

“Know, I am sister of a king,
“And in my early years
“Was married to a mighty prince,
“The fairest of his peers.

“With him I sweetly liv’d in love
“A twelvemonth and a day:
“When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
“Y-wrought our loves’ decay.

“His seeming goodness wan him pow’r;
“He had his master’s ear:
“And long to me and all the world
“He did a saint appear.

“One day, when we were all alone,
“He proffer’d odious love:
“The wretch with horror I repuls’d,
“And from my presence drove.

“He feign’d remorse, and piteous beg’d
“His crime I’d not reveal:
“Which, for his seeming penitence,
“I promis’d to conceal.

“With treason, villainy, and wrong,
“My goodness he repay’d:
“With jealous doubts he fill’d my lord,
“And me to woe betray’d.

“He hid a slave within my bed,
“Then rais’d a bitter cry.
“My lord, possest with rage, condemn’d
“Me, all unheard, to dye.

“But, ’cause I then was great with child,
“At length my life he spar’d:
“But bade me instant quit the realme,
“One trusty knight my guard.

- “Forth on my journey I depart,
“Opprest with grief and woe;
“And tow’rds my brother’s distant court,
“With breaking heart, I goe.
- “Long time thro’ sundry foreign lands
“We slowly pace along:
“At length, within a forest wild,
“I fell in labour strong:
- “And while the knight for succour sought,
“And left me there forlorn,
“My childbed pains so fast increast
“Two lovely boys were born.
- “The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
“That tips the mountain hoar:
“The younger’s little body rough
“With hairs was cover’d o’er.
- “But here afresh begin my woes:
“While tender care I took
“To shield my eldest from the cold,
“And wrap him in my cloak,
- “A prowling bear burst from the wood,
“And seiz’d my younger son:
“Affection lent my weakness wings,
“And after them I run.
- “But all forewearied, weak, and spent,
“I quickly swoon’d away;
“And there beneath the greenwood shade
“Long time I lifeless lay.
- “At length the knight brought me relief,
“And rais’d me from the ground:
“But neither of my pretty babes
“Could ever more be found.
- “And, while in search we wander’d far,
“We met that gyant grim;
“Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
“And bare me off with him.
- “But charm’d by heav’n, or else my griefs,
“He offer’d me no wrong;
“Save that within these lonely walls
“I’ve been immur’d so long.”

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,
You are lady Ballisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor :
Your brother's king of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had ;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime ;
And long your lord hath sought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wrongèd wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind ! the lady said ;
And dropt a joyful tear :
Shall I once more behold my lord ?
That lord I love so dear ?

But, madam, said sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee ;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see.

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found ;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon ;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth ? she said ;
He much resembles thee :
The bear devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen ?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
 Was stamp't a bloody rose.
 Here, lady, see the crimson mark
 Upon his body grows!

Then clasping both her new-found sons
 She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
 And soon towards her brother's court
 Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy,
 His sister thus restor'd!
 And soon a messenger was sent
 To cheer her drooping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,
 To fetch her home to Greece;
 Where many happy years they reign'd
 In perfect love and peace.

To them sir Ursine did succeed,
 And long the scepter bare.
 Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
 And was his uncle's heir.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

THIS humorous Song is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind,—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this Ballad is local and peculiar.

Warncliffe Lodge and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley) are in the parish of Penniston, Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved Monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster, and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk, who endowed with it a hospital for women, which he built at Sheffield. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by the arrangement, and wanted to get more; for Mr. Nicholas Wortley tried to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the modus in 37th Elizabeth. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville from Queen Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Elizabeth to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, third son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

The Ballad apparently relates to the lawsuit carried on concerning this claim of Tithes made by the Wortley family. "Houses and Churches were to him Geese and Turkeys:" which are titheable things the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the Tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of "the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack." The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I., and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney or counsellor who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall remains at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliffe] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the Dragon's den [Warncliffe Lodge] was at the top of the wood, "with Matthew's house hard by it." The Keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge to be Keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The slaying the "Dragon with nothing at all" refers to the payment—a rose a year—which was, in effect, nothing at all. The combat of "two days and a night" was probably the trial at law. Another legend, current in the Wortley family, states the dragon "to have been a formidable drinker, who was at length drunk dead by the chieftain of the opposite moors." But Mr. Ellis believed the monster to have been a wolf, or other fierce animal, who was finally hunted down by More of More Hall. The Ballad is printed from a copy in Roman-letter, in the Pepys Collection.

OLD stories tell, how Hercules

A dragon slew at Lerna,

With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,

To see and well discern-a:

But he had a club, this dragon to drub,

Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:

But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,

He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,

Each one upon each shoulder;

With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,

Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws

Four and forty teeth of iron;

With a hide as tough as any buff,

Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse

Held seventy men in his belly?

This dragon was not quite so big,

But very near, I'll tell ye.

Devoured he poor children three,
 That could not with him grapple ;
 And at one sup he eat them up,
 As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat.
 Some say he ate up trees,
 And that the forests sure he would
 Devour up by degrees :
 For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies ;
 He ate all, and left none behind,
 But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
 Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,¹
 The place I know it well ;
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell ;
 But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
 And Matthew's house hard by it ;
 O there and then was this dragon's den,
 You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this dragon was a witch ;
 Some say he was a devil,
 For from his nose a smoke arose,
 And with it burning snivel ;
 Which he cast off, when he did cough,
 In a well that he did stand by ;
 Which made it look, just like a brook
 Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all towns did ring,
 For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff
 and huff,
 Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :
 By the tail and the main, with his hands twain
 He swung a horse till he was dead ;
 And that which is stranger, he for very anger
 Eat him all up but his head.

¹ Wortley Montague's house, about six miles from Rotherham.

These children, as I told, being eat ;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise :
O save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods ;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ;
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,
With smiles about the mouth ;
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning ;
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down ;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town ;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong ;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig :
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog :
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too ;
But these put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excell ;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well ;
Where he did think this dragon would drink ;
And so he did in truth ;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh !
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
Thou disturb'st me in my drink :
And then he turn'd, and s—— at him ;
Good lack how he did stink :
Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam ;
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Our politick knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse,
He knew not what to think :
By cock, quoth he, say you so, do you see ?
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and so they went to't ;
And the word it was, Hey boys, hey !

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand ;
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small.
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground ;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More-hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the a——

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of leather;
 More of More-hall! O thou rascal!
 Would I had seen thee never; [gut,
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a——
 And I'm quite undone for ever.
 Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for grief;
 Had you but mist that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief.
 Then his head he shook, trembled and quaked,
 And down he laid and cry'd;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kickt, ——, and dy'd.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

THE FIRST PART.

THE former Song ridicules the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances, and the present is a burlesque of their style. The Ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, "imprinted at London, 1612."

WHY doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,
 Knowing 'well' how many men have endured fightes?
 For besides king Arthur, and Lancelot du Lake,
 Or sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies' sake;
 Read in old histories, and there you shall see
 How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resckued Lot
 Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:
 David was elected a prophet and a king,
 He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling:
 Yet these were not knightes of the table round;
 Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did con-
 found.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
 They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to flight :
 Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse ;
 And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of
 an asse,
 And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty
 spoyle :

But St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long to tell,
 And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did excell ;
 Hannyball and Scipio in many a field did fighte :
 Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte :
 Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yelde.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,
 The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did
 bring :¹
 He had a troope of mighty knightes, when first he did
 begin,
 Which sought adventures farre and neare, that conquest
 they might win ;
 The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight :
 But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine :
 Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine :
 Rowland of Beame, and good 'sir' Olivere,
 In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and beare :
 Besides that noble Hollander, 'sir' Goward with the bill :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

¹ This probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, king of Spain . . . to wear a red riband of three fingers breadth," &c.

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood ;
 Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good :
 The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine :
 Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine :
 These were all French knightes that lived in that age :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,
 And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the
 Moore :
 Sir Isenbras and Eglamore, they were knightes most
 bold ;
 And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told :
 There were many English knights that Pagans did
 convert :
 But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd sir Guy,
 The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie :
 He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
 Of that most ghastly dun cowe, the divell of Dunsmore
 heath ;
 Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Richard Cœur-de-lion, erst king of this land,
 He the lion gored with his naked hand :¹
 The false duke of Austria nothing did he feare ;
 But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare ;
 Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
 And quartered their arms, his honour to advance :
 He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,
 And his head he honoured with a double crowne :

¹ Alluding to the fabulous exploits attributed to this king in the old romances.

He thumped the French-men, and after home he came :
 But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance :
 St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance :
 St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. George's boy,
 Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away :
 For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

THE SECOND PART,

WAS written by John Grubb, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, on the following occasion. Some gentlemen of the University had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to have the name of George. Our author's disqualification was dispensed with, on condition of his composing a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and adding a new stanza to be sung on each Annual Festival. This diverting poem grew out of that undertaking, and after a long circulation in MS. was published at Oxford in 1688. Grubb was Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church; he afterwards held a similar appointment at Gloucester, where he died April 2, 1697, in the fifty-first year of his age.

THE story of king Arthur old
 Is very memorable,—
 The number of his valiant knights,
 And roundness of his table :
 The knights around his table in
 A circle sate, d'ye see :
 And altogether made up one
 Large hoop of chivalry.
 He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
 Y-cleped Caliburn,
 Would cut a flint more easily
 Than pen-knife cuts a corn ;

As case-knife does a capon carve,
 So would it carve a rock,
 And split a man at single slash,
 From noddle down to nock.
 As Roman Augur's steel of yore
 Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
 So this would cut both conjurer
 And whetstone thro' the middle.
 He was the cream of Brecknock,
 And flower of all the Welsh:
 But George he did the dragon fell,
 And gave him a plaguy squelsh.¹

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
 Was fed with milk of goat;
 And like him made a noble shield
 Of she-goat's shaggy coat:
 On top of burnisht helmet he
 Did wear a crest of leeks;
 And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod
 Drew tears down hostile cheeks.
 Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot,
 And very prone to ire;
 H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
 And would as soon take fire.
 As brimstone he took inwardly
 When scurf gave him occasion,
 His postern puff of wind was a
 Sulphureous exhalation.
 The Briton never tergivers'd,
 But was for adverse drubbing,
 And never turn'd his back to aught,
 But to a post for scrubbing.
 His sword would serve for battle, or
 For dinner, if you please;
 When it had slain a Cheshire man,
 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.
 He wounded, and, in their own blood,
 Did anabaptize Pagans:
 But George he made the dragon an
 Example to all dragons.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

¹ Squelsh—blow.

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
 Challeng'd a gyant savage;
 And streight came out the unweildy lout
 Brim-full of wrath and cabbage:
 He had a phiz of latitude,
 And was full thick i' th' middle;
 The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
 And paunch of squire Beadle.¹
 But the knight fell'd him, like an oak,
 And did upon his back tread;
 The valiant knight his weazon cut,
 And Atropos his packthread.
 Besides he fought with a dun cow,
 As say the poets witty,
 A dreadful dun, and hornèd too,
 Like dun of Oxford city:
 The fervent dog-days made her mad,
 By causing heat of weather,
 Syrius and Procyon baited her,
 As bull-dogs did her father:
 Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast,
 E'er of her frolick hindred;
 John Dosset² she'd knock down as flat,
 As John knocks down her kindred:
 Her heels would lay ye all along,
 And kick into a swoon;
 Frewin's³ cow-heels keep up your corpse,
 But hers would beat you down.
 She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,
 And proud was of the honour;
 Was pufft by mauling butchers so,
 As if themselves had blown her.
 At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,
 But all that would not fright him;
 Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn,
 As if he'd gone to knight him.
 He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
 And eke he did her gall rip;
 His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,
 Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib:
 He rear'd up the vast crookèd rib,
 Instead of arch triumphal:

¹ Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

² A butcher who then served the college.

³ A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-heel and tripe.

But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,
 As made him on his bum fall.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
 The Turkish squadrons slew ;
 And fetch'd the pagan crescent down,
 With half-moon made of yew :
 His trusty bow proud Turks did gall
 With showers of arrows thick,
 And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
 Grand-Visiers to old Nick :
 Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
 He made to humble in dust ;
 And heads of Saracens he fixt
 On spear, as on a sign-post :
 He coop'd in cage Bajazet, the prop
 Of Mahomet's religion,
 As if't had been the whispering bird,
 That prompted him, the pigeon.
 In Turkey-leather scabbard he
 Did sheath his blade so trenchant :
 But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
 And cut off every inch on't.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was
 Both beautiful and bold ;
 She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,
 And bang'd her foes with cold.
 Her hand was like the tool, wherewith
 Jove keeps proud mortals under :
 It shone just like his lightning,
 And batter'd like his thunder.
 Her eye darts lightning, that would blast
 The proudest he that swagger'd,
 And melt the rapier of his soul,
 In its corporeal scabbard.
 Her beauty, and her drum, to foes
 Did cause amazement double ;
 As timorous larks amazèd are
 With light, and with a low-bell :

With beauty, and that Lapland-charm,¹
 Poor men she did bewitch all;
 Still a blind whining lover had,
 As Pallas had her scrich-owl.
 She kept the chastness of a nun
 In armour, as in cloyster:
 But George undid the dragon just
 As you'd undo an oyster.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Stout Hercules was offspring of
 Great Jove and fair Alcmena:
 One part of him celestial was,
 One part of him terrene.
 To scale the hero's cradle walls
 Two fiery snakes combin'd,
 And, curling into swaddling cloaths,
 About the infant twin'd:
 But he put out these dragons' fires,
 And did their hissing stop;
 As red-hot iron with hissing noise
 Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.
 He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
 The horses of new-comers;
 And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame,
 As Tom Wrench² does cucumbers.
 He made a river help him through;
 Alpheus was under-groom;
 The stream, disgust at office mean,
 Ran murmuring thro' the room:
 This liquid ostler to prevent
 Being tired with that long work,
 His father Neptune's trident took,
 Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.
 This Hercules, as soldier, and
 As spinster, could take pains;
 His club would sometimes spin ye flax,
 And sometimes knock out brains:
 H' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift
 By Juno's wrath and hér-spice;
 Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
 As cook whips barking turn-spit.

¹ The drum.² He kept Paradise Gardens at Oxford.

From man, or churn, he well knew how
 To get him lasting fame :
 He'd pound a giant, till the blood,
 And milk till butter came.
 Often he fought with huge battoon,
 And oftentimes he boxèd ;
 Tapt a fresh monster once a month,
 As Hervey¹ doth fresh hogshead.
 He gave Anteus such a hug,
 As wrestlers give in Cornwall :
 But George he did the dragon kill,
 As dead as any door-nail.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,
 Were put into a cradle :
 Their brains with knocks and bottled-ale,
 Were often-times full addle :
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him,
 That hurls the bolt trisulcate,
 With helmet-shell on tender head,
 Did tustle with red-ey'd pole-cat.
 Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'
 A boxer was, I wist :
 The one was fam'd for iron heel ;
 Th' other for leaden fist.
 Pollux to shew he was a god,
 When he was in a passion
 With fist made noses fall down flat
 By way of adoration :
 This fist, as sure as French disease,
 Demolish'd noses' ridges :
 He like a certain lord² was fam'd
 For breaking down of bridges.
 Castor the flame of fiery steed,
 With well-spur'd boots took down ;
 As men, with leathern buckets, quench
 A fire in country town.
 His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,
 Is sung on oaten quill ;

¹ A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.

² Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's "Poems," p. 102: Lond. 1713.

This shelly brood on none but knaves
 Employ'd their brisk artillery :
 And flew as naturally at rogues,
 As eggs at thief in pillory.¹
 Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
 Much blood they did effund :
 Their whites they vented thro' the pores ;
 Their yolks thro' gaping wound :
 Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
 To make a heavenly sign ;
 The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd,
 And then hung up to shine ;
 Such were the heavenly double-Dicks,
 The sons of Jove and Tyndar :
 But George he cut the dragon up,
 As he had bin duck or windar.²

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
 For knot upon her shoulder ;
 She kemb'd her hissing periwig,
 And curling snakes did powder.
 These snakes they made stiff changelings
 Of all the folks they hist on ;
 They turned barbours into hones,
 And masons into free-stone :
 Sworded magnetic Amazon
 Her shield to load-stone changes ;
 Then amorous sword by magic belt
 Clung fast unto her haunches.
 This shield long village did protect,
 And kept the army from-town,
 And chang'd the bullies into rocks,
 That came t'invade Long-Compton.³
 She post-diluvian stores unmans,
 And Pyrrha's work unravels ;
 And stares Deucalion's hardy boys
 Into their primitive pebbles.

¹ It has been suggested, by an ingenious correspondent, that this was a popular subject at that time :—

“ Not carted bawd, or Dan Defoe,
 In wooden ruff ere bluster'd so.”—Smith's “Poems,” p. 117.

² Windar—perhaps the contraction of Windhover—a *kind of hawk*.

³ See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's “Hist. of Oxfordshire.”

Red noses she to rubies turns,
 And noddles into bricks :
 But George made dragon laxative ;
 And gave him a bloody flix.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

By boar-spear Meleager got
 An everlasting name,
 And out of haunch of basted swine,
 He hew'd eternal fame.
 This beast each hero's trouzers ript,
 And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,
 Prickt but the wem, and out there came
 Heroic guts and garbadge.
 Legs were secur'd by iron boots
 No more than peas by peascods :
 Brass helmets, with inclosed skulls,
 Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.
 His tawny hairs erected were
 By rage, that was resistless ;
 And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,
 Did stiffen his rising bristles.
 His tusk lay'd dogs so dead asleep,
 Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um :
 It made them vent both their last blood,
 And their last album-grecum.
 But the knight gor'd him with his spear,
 To make of him a tame one,
 And arrows thick, instead of cloves,
 He stuck in monster's gammon.
 For monumental pillar, that
 His victory might be known,
 He rais'd up, in cylindric form,
 A collar of the brawn.
 He sent his shade to shades below,
 In Stygian mud to wallow ;
 And eke the stout St. George eftsoon,
 He made the dragon follow.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Achilles of old Chiron learnt
 The great horse for to ride ;
 H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,
 The hinnible to bestride.

Bright silver feet, and shining face
 Had that stout hero's mother ;
 As rapier's silver'd at one end,
 And wounds you at the other.
 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,
 As Hawk pursuing sparrow :
 Hers had the metal, his the speed
 Of Braburn's¹ silver arrow.
 Thetis to double pedagogue
 Commits her dearest boy ;
 Who bred him from a slender twig
 To be the scourge of Troy :
 But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was
 In Stygian waters steeped ;
 As birch is soaked first in —
 When boys are to be whipt.
 With skin exceeding hard, he rose
 From lake, so black and muddy,
 As lobsters from the ocean rise,
 With shell about their body :
 And, as from lobster's broken claw,
 Pick out the fish you might :
 So might you from one unshell'd heel
 Dig pieces of the knight.
 His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
 And hen-roosts, says the song ;
 Carried away both corn and eggs,
 Like ants from whence they sprung.
 Himself tore Hector's pantaloons,
 And sent him down bare-breech'd
 To pedant Radamanthus, in
 A posture to be switch'd.
 But George he made the dragon look,
 As if he had been bewitch'd.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Full fatal to the Romans was
 The Carthaginian Hanni-
 bal ; him I mean, who gave them such
 A devilish thump at Cannæ :
 Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmure,
 Stood on the Alpes's front :

¹ Braburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln College, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the University of Oxford.

Their one-eyed guide,¹ like blinking mole,
 Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount :
 Who, baffled by the massy rock,
 Took vinegar for relief ;
 Like plowmen, when they hew their way
 Thro' stubborn rump of beef.
 As dancing louts from humid toes
 Cast atoms of ill savour
 To blinking Hyatt,² when on vile crowd
 He merriment does endeavour,
 And saws from suffering timber out
 Some wretched tune to quiver :
 So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight
 Of Affrican carnivor.
 The tawny surface of his phiz
 Did serve instead of vizzard :
 But George he made the dragon have
 A grumbling in his gizzard.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The valour of Domitian,
 It must not be forgotten ;
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
 Protected veal and mutton.
 A squadron of flies errant,
 Against the foe appears ;
 With regiments of buzzing knights,
 And swarms of volunteers :
 The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em
 With animating hum ;
 And the loud brazen hornet next,
 He was their kettle-drum :
 The Spanish don Cantharido
 Did him most sorely pester,
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
 Full many a plaguy blister.
 A bee whipt thro' his button-hole,
 As thro' key-hole a witch,
 And stabb'd him with her little tuck
 Drawn out of scabbard breech :
 By bards' immortal provender
 The nag surviveth still.

¹ Hannibal had but one eye.

² A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them, well known at that time in Oxford.

But the undaunted knight lifts up
 An arm both big and brawny,
 And slasht her so, that here lay head,
 And there lay bag and honey :
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,
 As weapon made by Cyclops,
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz,
 By dint of massy fly-flops.
 Surviving flies do curses breathe,
 And maggots too at Cæsar :
 But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,
 And Askelon¹ was his razor.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

MARGARET'S GHOST.

THIS Ballad, by David Mallet [b. 1698, d. 1765], appeared in the thirty-sixth number of Aaron Hill's "Plain Dealer," July 24, 1724. It was founded on the real history of a woman whom Mallet had often seen, and whose death happened in the manner here described. Some time after the writer had seen the "mother and her child laid in one grave together," he "chanced," as he informed the "Plain Dealer," to look into a comedy of Fletcher's, called "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." "The place I fell upon was where old Merrythought repeats these verses :—

' When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.'

These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy : I closed the book, and bethought myself that the unhappy adventure which I have mentioned above, which then came fresh into my mind, might naturally raise a tale upon the appearance of this ghost. It was then midnight. All around me was still and quiet. The concurring circumstances worked my soul to a powerful melancholy. I could not sleep. And at that time I finished my little poem, such as you see it here."

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

¹ The name of St. George's sword.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud :
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight grave ;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid
"Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour
"When injur'd ghosts complain ;
"Now yawning graves give up their dead,
"To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
"Thy pledge and broken oath :
"And give me back my maiden vow,
"And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
"And not that promise keep ?
"Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
"Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

"How could you say my face was fair,
"And yet that face forsake ?
"How could you win my virgin heart,
"Yet leave that heart to break ?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
"And made the scarlet pale ?
"And why did I, young witless maid,
"Believe the flattering tale ?

“That face, alas! no more is fair;
 “These lips no longer red:
 “Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,
 “And every charm is fled.

“The hungry worm my sister is;
 “This winding-sheet I wear:
 “And cold and weary lasts our night,
 “Till that last morn appear.

“But hark! the cock has warn’d me hence!
 “A long and last adieu!
 “Come see, false man, how low she lies,
 “Who dy’d for love of you.”

The lark sung loud; the morning smil’d
 With beams of rosy red:
 Pale William shook in ev’ry limb,
 And raving left his bed.

He hyed him to the fatal place
 Where Margaret’s body lay:
 And stretch’d him on the grass-green turf,
 That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call’d on Margaret’s name,
 And thrice he wept full sore:
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

LUCY AND COLIN

WAS written by Thomas Tickell [b. 1686, d. 1740]. Gray called it “the prettiest” ballad in the world. It is thought to have been composed at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of a lady, and was probably founded on some recent event in that neighbourhood.

OF Leinster, fam’d for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e’er did Liffy’s limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid ;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound ;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
“ Which says, I must not stay :
“ I see a hand you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart, and broken vows,
“ In early youth I die.
“ Am I to blame, because his bride
“ Is thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows ;
“ Vows due to me alone :
“ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
“ Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow in the church to wed,
“ Impatient, both prepare ;
“ But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
“ That Lucy will be there.

“ Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
“ The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
“ He in his wedding-trim so gay,
“ I in my winding-sheet.”

She spoke, she died ;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more !)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

WARTON derived the fiction of the "Boy and the Mantle" from an old French piece, "Le Court Mantel;" while Mr. Evans, the Editor of "Specimens of Welsh Poetry," affirmed it to have been taken from what is related in some ancient Welsh MSS., of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses, who is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest woman.

IN Carleile dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,¹
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet;
And thus, with seemely curtesy,
He did king Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
"Thus feasting in thy bowre;
"And Guenever thy goodly queen,
"That fair and peerlesse flowre.

"Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
"I wish you all take heed,
"Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
"Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape and hew.

¹ Owches—bosses or buttons of gold.

“Now have thou here, king Arthur,
“Have this here of mee,
“And give unto thy comely queen,
“All-shapen as you see.

“No wife it shall become,
“That once hath been to blame.”
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye.
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue.
“Beshrew me, quoth king Arthur,
“I think thou beest not true.”

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay;
But, storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

“I had rather live in desarts
“Beneath the green-wood tree:
“Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
“The sport of them and thee.”

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
“Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
“I pray thee now forbear.”

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear:
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b—side bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

“And all the time of Christmass
“Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
“If thou wilt let my lady fair
“Within the mantle shine.”

A saint his lady seemed,
With step demure and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare :
"Come win this mantle, lady,
"And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,
"For now it shall be thine,
"If thou hast never done amiss,
"Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle !
"And shame me not for nought,
"I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
"Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradocke
"Beneathe the green wood tree :
"Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth
"Before he married mee."

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone :
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye :
Where stood a boar's head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife
"Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife,
Of steel and iron made;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast;
And every knight in Arthurs court
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, "No cuckolde ever can
"Set mouth unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horne
"Lift fairly to his head;
"But or on this, or that side,
"He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle,
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spightful say,
"Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
"Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder shameless woman,
"That makes herselfe so clean:
"Yet from her pillow taken
"Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men,
 "Have her lewd pillow prest:
 "Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth
 "Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
 Who had the same in hold:

"Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,
 "Of speech she is too bold:

"Of speech she is too bold,

"Of carriage all too free;

"Sir king, she hath within thy hall

"A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolick light and wanton

"She hath her carriage borne:

"And given thee for a kingly crown

"To wear a cuckold's horne."

THE ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

A POEM in this Volume, intituled "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, having been offered to the Reader with large conjectural Supplements and Corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the folio MS. with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata; that such austere Antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been, if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate Reciters and Transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them.

This Ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about Nine Stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

KINGE Arthur lues in merry Carleile
 and seemely is to see
 and there he hath wth him Queene Genev^r
 y^t bride so bright of blee

And there he hath wth him Queene Genever
 y^t bride soe bright in bower
 & all his barons about him stooede
 y^t were both stiffe and stowre

The K. kept a royall Christmasse
 of mirth & great honor
 . . when . . .

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And bring me word what thing it is
 y^e a woman most desire
 this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes
 For Ile haue noe other hier

K. Arthur then held vp his hand
 according thene as was the law
 he tooke his leaue of the baron there
 and homword can he draw

And when he came to Merry Carlile
 to his chamber he is gone
 and ther came to him his Cozen S^r Gawaine
 as he did make his mone

And there came to him his Cozen S^r Gawaine¹
 y^t was a curteous knight
 why sigh yo^u soe sore vnckle Arthur he said
 or who hath done thee vnright

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine
 y^t faire may thee be ffall
 for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe
 thou wold not meruaile att all

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling
 a bold barron there I fand
 wth a great club vpon his backe
 standing stiffe & strong

And he asked me wether I wold fight
 or from him I shold be gone
 o² else I must him a ransome pay
 & soe dep't him from

To fight wth him I saw noe cause
 me thought it was not meet
 for he was stiffe & strong wth all
 his strokes were nothing sweete

¹ Sic.

² Sic.

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaine
 I ought to him to pay
 I must come againe as I am sworne
 vpon the Newyeers day

And I must bring him word what thing it is
[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde.
 in one soe rich array
 toward the foresaid Tearne wadling
 y^t he might keepe his day.

And as he rode over a more
 hee see a lady where shee sate
 betwixt an oke and a greene hollen
 she was cladd in red scarlett

Then there as shold have stood her mouth
 then there was sett her eye
 the other was in her forhead fast
 the way that she might see

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward
 her mouth stood foule a wry
 a worse formed lady then shee was
 neuerman saw wth his eye

To halch vpon him k. Arthur
 this lady was full faine
 but k. Arthur had forgott his lesson
 what he shold say againe

What knight art thou the lady sayd
 that wilt not speake tome
 of me thou nothing dismayd
 tho I be vgly to see

for I haue halched yo^u curteouslye
 & yo^u will not me againe
 yett I may happen S^r knight shee said
 to ease thee of thy paine

Giue thou ease me lady he said
 or helpe me any thing
 thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen
 & marry him wth a ring

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k. Arthur
 of thy owne hearts desiringe
 of gentle Gawaine

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And when he came to the tearne wadling
 the baron there cold he srinde¹
 wth a great weapon on his backe
 standing stiffe & stronge

And then he tooke k. Arthurs letters in his hands
 & away he cold them fling
 & then he puld out a good browne sword
 & cryd himselfe a k.

And he sayd I haue thee & thy land Arthur
 to doe as it pleaseth me
 for this is not thy ransome sure
 therfore yeeld thee to me

And then bespoke him noble Arthur
 & bad him hold his hands
 & give me leave to speake my mind
 in defence of all my land

the² said as I came over a More
 I see a lady where shee sate
 betweene an oke & a green hollen
 shee was clad in red scarlette

And she says a woman will haue her will
 & this is all her cheef desire
 doe me right as thou art a baron of skill
 this is thy ransome & all thy hyer

He sayes an early vengeance light on her
 she walkes on yonder more
 it was my sister that told thee this
 she is a misshappen hore

But heer Ile make mine avow to god
 to do her an euill turne
 for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get
 in a fyer I will her burne

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

THE SECOND PART.

SIR Lancelott & s^r Steven bold
 they rode wth them that day
 and the formost of the company
 there rode the steward Kay

Soe did S^r Banier & S^r Bore
 S^r Garrett wth them soe gay
 soe did S^r Tristeram y^t gentle k^t
 to the forrest fresh & gay

And when he came to the greene forrest
 vnderneath a greene holly tree
 their sate that lady in red scarlet
 y^t vnseemly was to see

S^r Kay beheld this Ladys face
 & looked vppon her suire
 whosoeuer kisses this lady he sayes
 of his kisse he stands in feare

S^r Kay beheld this lady againe
 & looked vpon her snout
 whosoeuer kisses this lady he saies
 of his kisse he stands in doubt

Peace coz. Kay then said S^r Gawaine
 amend thee of thy life
 for there is a knight amongst us all
 y^t must marry her to his wife

What wedd her to wiffe then said S^r Kay
 in the diuells name anon
 gett me a wiffe where ere I may
 for I had rather be slaine

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in hast
 & some tooke vp their hounds
 & some sware they wold not marry her
 for Citty nor for towne

And then be spake him noble k. Arthur
 & sware there by this day
 for a litle foule sight & misliking

Then shee said choose thee gentle Gawaine
truth as I doe say
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine
wth one soe mild of moode
sayes well I know what I wold say
god grant it may be good

To haue thee fowle in the night
when I wth thee shold play
yet I had rather if I might
haue thee fowle in the day

What when Lords goe wth ther seires¹ shee said
both to the Ale and wine
alas then I must hyde my selfe
I must not goe withinne

And then bespake him gentle gawaine
said Lady thats but a skill
And because thou art my owne lady
thou shalt haue all thy will

Then she said blesed be thou gentle Gawaine
this day y^t I thee see
for as thou see me att this time
from hencforth I wilbe

My father was an old knight
& yett it chanced soe
that he marryed a younge lady
y^t brought me to this woe

Shee witched me being a faire young Lady
to the greene forrest to dwell
& there I must walke in womans liknesse
most like a feeind of hell

She witched my brother to a Carlist B

[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

that looked soe foule & that was wont
on the wild more to goe

¹ Sic in MS. pro feires—i. e. mates.

Come kisse her Brother Kay then said Sr Gawaine
and amend the of thy liffe
I sweare this is the same lady
y^t I marryed to my wiffe.

Sr Kay kissed that lady bright
standing vpon his ffeete
he swore as he was trew knight
the spice was neuer soe sweete

Well Coz. Gawaine sayes Sr Kay
thy chance is fallen arright
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I euer saw wth my sight

It is my fortune said Sr Gawaine
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine
great Joy that I may take

Sr Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme
Sr Kay tooke her by the tother
they led her straight to k. Arthur
as they were brother & brother

K. Arthur welcomed them there all
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene
wth all the knights of the round table
most seemly to be seene

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire
that was soe faire & bright
he thanked christ in trinity
for Sr Gawaine that gentle knight

Soe did the knights both more and lesse
reioyced all that day
for the good chance y^t hapened was
to Sr Gawaine & his lady gay. Ffinis.¹

¹ In the fac-simile copies, after all the care which has been taken, it is very possible that a redundant e, &c., may have been added or omitted.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

BY BISHOP PERCY.

I TAKE this pleasant introduction to the Ballad from "Rambles in Northumberland and on the Scottish Border," (1835). "The Hermitage of Warkworth is situated on the north bank of the Coquet, and about a mile above the Castle. The person who has charge of the Castle has also care of the Hermitage, and a boat is kept by him for the accommodation of persons desirous of visiting the latter place. Leaving the Castle-yard, and passing round the exterior of the keep, —on the north side of which is the figure of a lion, the armorial distinction of the Percys—a foot-path leads down the declivity on the west to the river, and forms by its side a most delightful walk for upwards of a mile. Entering the boat about a quarter of a mile above the Castle, and rowing a short distance along the river, the banks of which are most beautifully adorned with trees, the visitor is landed at the foot of a pleasant walk which leads directly to the Hermitage. This secluded retreat consists of three small apartments, hollowed out of the freestone cliff which overlooks the river. An ascent of seventeen steps leads to the entrance of the outer and principal apartment, which is about eighteen feet long; its width being seven feet and a half, and its height nearly the same. Above the doorway are the remains of some letters, now illegible, but which are supposed, when perfect, to have expressed, from the Latin version of the Psalms, the words—"Fuerunt mihi lacrymæ meæ panes die ac nocte." "MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT." The roof is chiselled in imitation of a groin, formed by two intersecting arches; and at the east end, where the floor is raised two steps, is an altar occupying the whole width of the apartment. In the centre, immediately above the altar, is a niche in which there has probably stood a figure either of Christ or of the Virgin. Near to the altar, on the south side, there is carved in the wall a monumental figure of a female recumbent, and having at her feet what some antiquaries have called a dog and others a bull's head. There is not within the Hermitage the slightest vestige of arms or inscription to assist a curious inquirer in his endeavours to discover her name, her family, or her fate. In a niche near the foot of the monument is the figure of a man, conjectured to be that of the first hermit, on his knees, with his head resting on his right hand, and his left placed upon his breast. On the wall, on the same side, is cut a basin for the reception of holy water; and between the principal figure and the door are two small windows. At the west end there is a third small window, of the form of a quatrefoil. Over the entrance, on the inside, a shield is sculptured; but it is now so much effaced, that it is impossible to make out the arms with which it had been charged. Some persons have fancied that they could discern the figure of a gauntlet within the shield, but this bears a very remote resemblance to the arms of the Bertram family, one of whom is supposed to have formed this Hermitage.

"From this apartment, which appears to have been the Hermit's chapel, a door-way opens into an inner one, about five feet wide, and having also an altar at the east end, with a basin for holy water cut in

the wall. In the north wall of this inner chamber an arched recess is cut, the base of which is of sufficient length and breadth to admit of a middle-sized man reclining. An opening, cut slant-wise through the wall dividing the chambers, allows a person lying in this recess to see the monument in the chapel. This opening, however, Dr. Percy describes in his poem, as

‘ The lattice for confession framed.’

In the same wall there is rather an elegantly-formed window, which admits the light from the outer apartment. To the north of the inner chamber is a third excavation, much smaller than the other two, which led to an outer gallery to the west, commanding a view of the river. This gallery, which has been much injured by the fall of a part of the cliff, is said to have been arched like a cloister. After returning from those dimly-lighted cells to open day, and passing through a stone archway, a little to the east of the entrance to the chapel, a flight of steps cut in the side of the rock leads to the Hermit's garden at the top—a little patch of ground planted with a few shrubs and flowers—which gives to Dr. Percy's description another trait of verisimilitude. A small building, which appears to have been erected in addition to the Hermitage, when a later occupant no longer felt inclined to submit to the privations endured by his predecessors, is greatly decayed.

“ It is uncertain at what period the Hermitage was formed ; though judging from the style of architecture of the roof and windows of the chapel, and from the carving of the monuments, an earlier date cannot be assigned than the reign of Edward II. ; and as there is no record of its being formed since the Barony of Warkworth came into possession of the Percys, about the seventh year of the reign of Edward III., it is not unlikely that the date is between 1307 and 1334. As caves formed in the cliffs of the side of rivers are by no means uncommon in Northumberland and the border counties of Scotland, I am inclined to think that the first Hermit had found a great part of these excavations already made, and had thus been induced to make choice of them as a place of retirement, and that he had enlarged and ornamented them in later years.”

FIT I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the rev'rend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

“O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.”

“It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

“And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.”

“O ! trust in Heaven,” the Hermit said,
“And to my cell repair !
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.”

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :

“O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

“But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.”

“Praise Heaven, my son,” the Hermit said ;
“The lady's safe and well :”
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends,
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth he pressed her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright :
She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

"Sit down, my children," says the sage ;
"Sweet rest your limbs require :"
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

"Partake," he said, "my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;"
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

"Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare ;"
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

"Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail),
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?"

"First tell me, father," said the youth,
"(Nor blame mine eager tongue),
What town is near ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?"

"Alas ! my son," the Hermit said,
"Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away ?"

"Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

“Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia’s towers.

“One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country’s hope and heir ;
And, oh ! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire’s care.

“In Scotland safe he plac’d the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Braham lost his life.

“And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
Their honours reft and lost.

“No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

“Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

“Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

“Those towers, alas ! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o’erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

“Meantime far off, ’mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown :
On strangers’ bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

“O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !”—
He said, and dropt a tear.

“And is the Percy still so lov’d
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bless me, father,” said the youth,
“For I, thy guest, am he.”

Silent he gaz’d, then turn’d aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour’d blessings on his head:

“Welcome, our dear and much-lov’d lord,
Thy country’s hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?”

“Now, father! listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperience’d youth.

“In Scotland I’ve been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent’s¹ hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

“With fond impatience long I burn’d
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

“Then up and down in hunter’s garb
I wander’d as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville’s² house
I gain’d a hunter’s place.

“Some time with him I liv’d unknown,
Till I’d the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron’s daughter fair.”

“Now, Percy,” said the blushing maid,
“The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

¹ Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuation of Fordun’s “Scoti-Chronicon,” cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

² Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

“It happen’d on a summer’s day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander’d forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

“Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz’d me for their prey.

“My shrieks had all been spent in vain ;
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

“With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus’d them soon to stand.

“He fought till more assistance came :
The Scots were overthrown ;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.”

“O happy day !” the youth replied :
“Blest were the wounds I bear !
From that fond hour she deign’d to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

“And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow’d to be my bride ;
But oh ! we fear’d (alas, the while !)
Her princely mother’s pride :

“Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,¹
Our house’s ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banish’d wight,
Could ne’er such favour shew.

“Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

¹ Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

"This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood :

"Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower."

"Now rest ye both," the Hermit said ;
"Awhile your cares forego :
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed :
—We'll pass the night below."¹

FIT II.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast !
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride !—

"Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet :
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete."

"O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand ?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

"For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care ;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share."

¹ Adjoining to the cliff which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins ; whereas the chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

“ And wilt thou then, O generous maid!
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish’d wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

“ Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast:
For know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

“ Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle¹
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee;

“ ’Tis Father Bernard, so rever’d
For every worthy deed;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

“ To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.”

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix’d
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby’s distant walls
He kindly wends his way:
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view’d,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

¹ In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth Abbey.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill :

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows :
The chief, a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carv'd,
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.¹

The clift, the vault, but chief the tomb
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, " What hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair ?"

¹ This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c., here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek.

"Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know!"

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

YOUNG lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place;¹
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

¹ Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

But she, with studied fond delays,
 Defers the blissful hour ;
 And loves to try his constancy,
 And prove her maiden power.

“ That heart,” she said, “ is lightly priz’d,
 Which is too lightly won ;
 And long shall rue that easy maid
 Who yields her love too soon.”

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
 In Alnwick’s princely hall :
 And there came lords, and there came knights,
 His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
 The castle rang around :
 Lord Percy call’d for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms,
 Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
 They sung : their high command :
 How valiant Mainfred o’er the seas
 First led his northern band.¹

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
 With venturous Rollo came ;
 And, from his Norman castles won,
 Assum’d the Percy name.²

They sung how in the Conqueror’s fleet
 Lord William shipp’d his powers,
 And gain’d a fair young Saxon bride
 With all her lands and towers.³

¹ See Dugdale’s “ Baronetage,” p. 269, &c.

² In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy, whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

³ William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geffery de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions, in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain, fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married ; for, having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, “ he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle), wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.” See Harl. MSS., 692 (26). He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died ;
But first the silver crescent won,
Some paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The Queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred ;¹

How he the Percy name reviv'd,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With godlike ardour shine.

With loud acclaims the list'ning crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Stepp'd forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;
And, kneeling on her knee,—
“ Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.”

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,
Well plaited many a fold ;
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

“ Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried.”

Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
“ Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.”

¹ Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Louvaine, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

Lord Percy, and his Barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse or more :
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes ;
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd :

" Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helm,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain ;
That beauteous helm, his lady's gift !
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid th' unequal fight ;
“ And now, my noble friends,” he said,
“ Let's save this gallant knight.”

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
 And weltering in his gore,
 Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
 To Wark's fair castle bore.¹

"Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,"
 Her father kindly said;
 "And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went; no daughter came,
 Fair Isabel ne'er appears:
 "Beshrew me," said the aged chief,
 "Young maidens have their fears."

"Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,
 So soon as thou canst ride;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound;
 Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
 Hung trembling on the tree,
 Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose;
 His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
 Of courage firm and keen;
 And he would 'tend him on the way,
 Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
 By many a lonely tower;
 And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
 Ere they drew near her bower.

¹ Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern banks of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear,—
“What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?”

“’Tis Bertram calls, thy lady’s love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I’ve ridden o’er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair.”

“Now out, alas!” she loudly shriek’d;
“Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.”

Sad terror seiz’d Sir Bertram’s heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates were opened all.

“Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure, if no sad harm had happ’d,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

“For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
‘Alas! I’ve slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride!

“‘And now to atone for my sad fault
And his dear health regain,
I’ll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.’

“Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way.”

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram’s heart,
And grief o’erwhelm’d his mind:
“Trust me,” said he, “I ne’er will rest
Till I thy lady find.”

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad-boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

“ Now, brother, we'll our ways divide
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
And all our dress we'll change.

“ Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restor'd again.”

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of grey,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipe so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

“ All minstrels yet that e'er I saw
Are full of game and glee ;
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !”

“ Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find.”

“ Cheer up, my son ; perchance,” he said,
“ Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

“ Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

“ As late I chanc’d to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady’s voice
Lamenting in the tower.

“ And when I ask’d what harm had happ’d,
What lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.”

These tidings caught Sir Bertram’s ear,
He thank’d him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o’er the hills,
And soon he reach’d the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he ’gan to blow.

“ Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,
To hear a minstrel’s song;
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?”

“ My lord,” he said, “ is not at home,
To hear a minstrel’s song;
And, should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.”

He play’d again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter’s ear,
And mov’d his stubborn heart.

“ Minstrel,” he said, “ thou play’st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should’st win;
But, alas! I’m sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

“ Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou’lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.”

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night, the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
'Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall :
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly ;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said ;
"My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd !
For me what dangers run !

"And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:"—

Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried, "Vile traitor, stay!

"Vile traitor! yield that lady up!"
And quick his sword he drew;
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow;
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

"Die, traitor, die!"—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

"O stop," she cried, "O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!"—
And here the hermit paus'd, and wept;
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, "Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast."

"Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate!" they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

"O blind and jealous rage," he cried,
"What evils from thee flow?"
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curs'd my arm
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake never more,
His precious life was flown :
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

“ Bertram,” she said, “ be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

“ Bertram,” she said, “ I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

“ For thee I left my father’s hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo ! near Cheviot’s fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

“ Lord Malcolm’s son, whose proffer’d love
I had refus’d with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seiz’d on me
Upon that fatal morn ;

“ And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin’d ;
And fondly sued, and warmly press’d,
To win me to his mind.

“ Each rising morn increas’d my pain,
Each night increas’d my fear !
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

“ He quickly form’d the brave design
To set me, captive, free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

“ Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride.”

Thus, pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting, fond embrace,
And clos’d her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense, I lay :
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay.

And, rising up in furious haste,
I seiz'd the bloody brand :¹
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en ;
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites, were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram, now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

¹ i. e. sword.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise :
And here, a lonely anchorite,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave :
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here ;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart !
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken or forgot,
The Percy and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot ;

Oft the great Earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe !
I liv'd to mourn his fall :
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd ; and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid :
While they, with thanks and pitying tears,
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

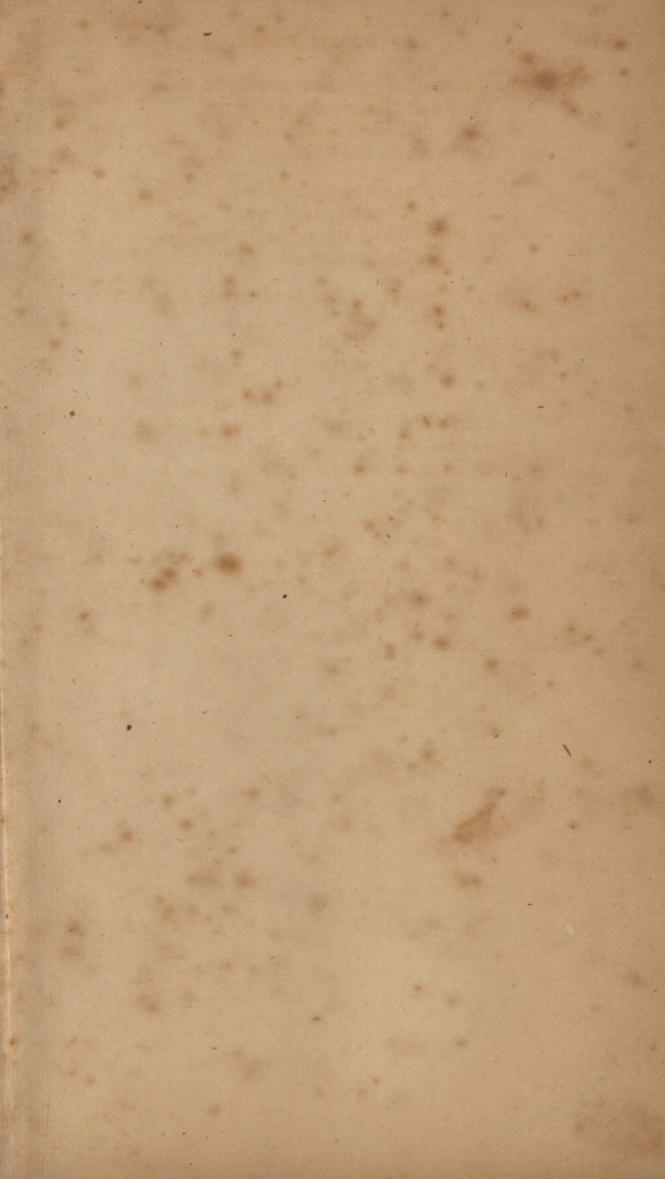
She, suppliant, at her nephew's¹ throne
The royal grace implor'd:
To ail the honours of his race
The Percy was restor'd.

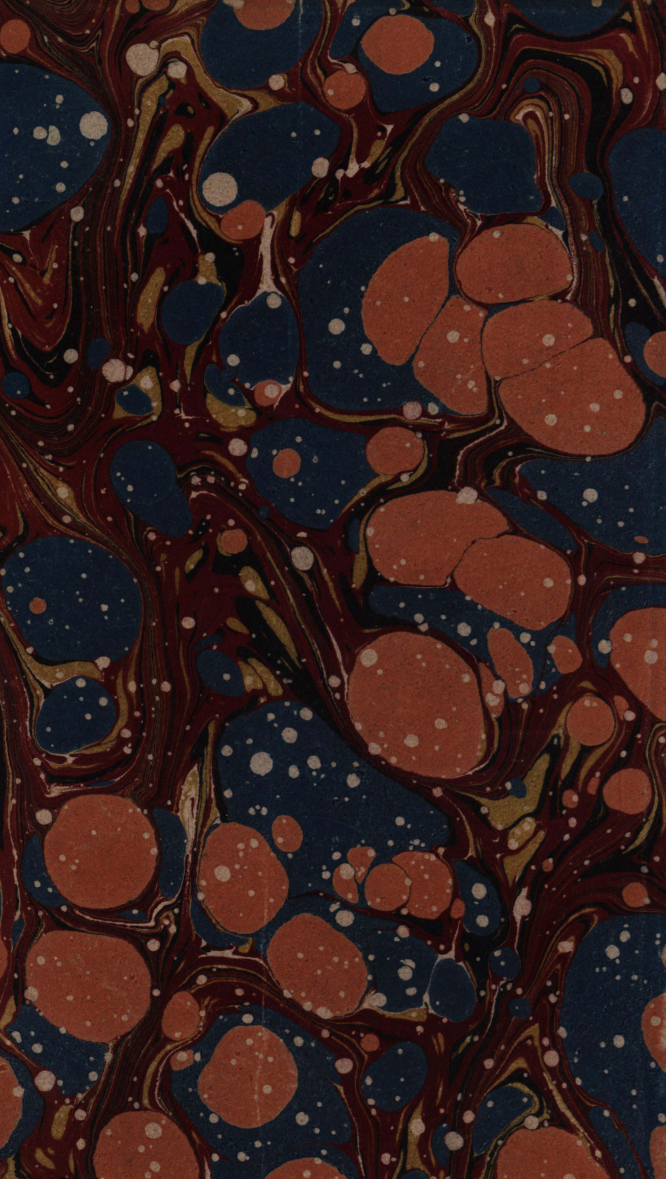
The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

¹ King Henry V.

THE END.

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